THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 198, Number 3

JULY 18, 1925

5cts. THE COPY

F. Britten Austin—Thomas McMorrow—Delos W. Lovelace—Francis Dana
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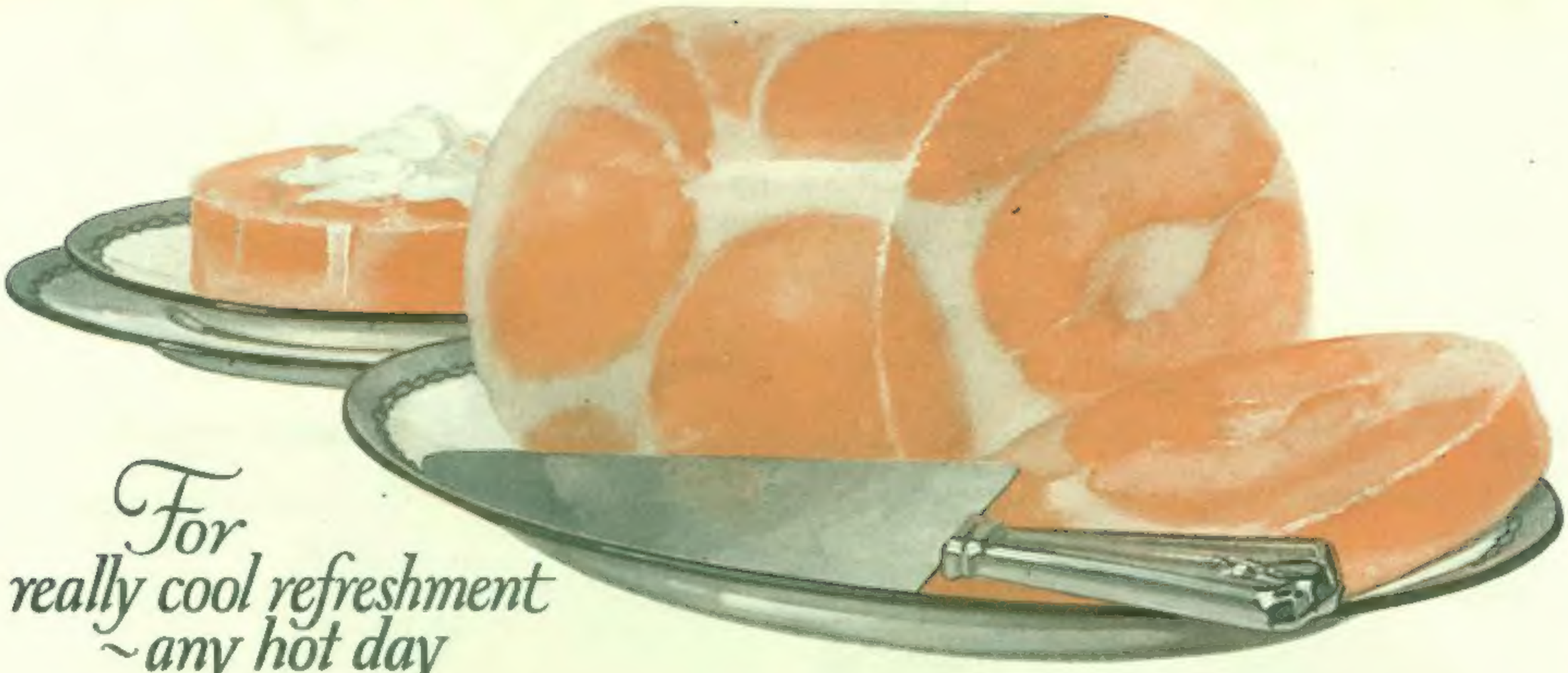


For really cool refreshment ~any hot day

FREEZE
DEL MONTE FRUITS IN THE CAN

The simple, modern way to prepare the most delicious frozen dainties you ever tasted—without any of the usual work of turning or freezing

What if the day is a scorcher? Here is refreshment you will surely enjoy—delicious fruit ices easily made and cool as a breeze from the ocean.

Just pack an unopened can of DEL MONTE Peach Halves or Sliced Peaches, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Berries, Fruits for Salad—any variety you wish—in an ordinary bucket, between equal parts of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt, in layers. Then forget it for three hours.

After that, take out the can—dip for just an instant in hot water—punch an airhole in one end of the can—cut off the other end as shown in the diagram—and there you have it—ready for service—one of the most delicious fruit treats that ever helped make hot days cool.

But be sure you get Del Monte

Only one precaution. Be sure it's a DEL MONTE Fruit that you freeze this way. There are various grades of canned fruits on the market, but only the right quality will freeze satisfactorily.

This is distinctly a DEL MONTE suggestion. If you use DEL MONTE, you are sure of success because the fruit is always of the same consistency—the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly—and, more important, to taste right for dessert without other additions, just as it comes frozen from the can.

Try freezing DEL MONTE Fruits on any hot day and for almost any occasion. Serve any of the varieties listed above—all are delicious, all freeze perfectly. But—to enjoy them at their best—be sure you use DEL MONTE.

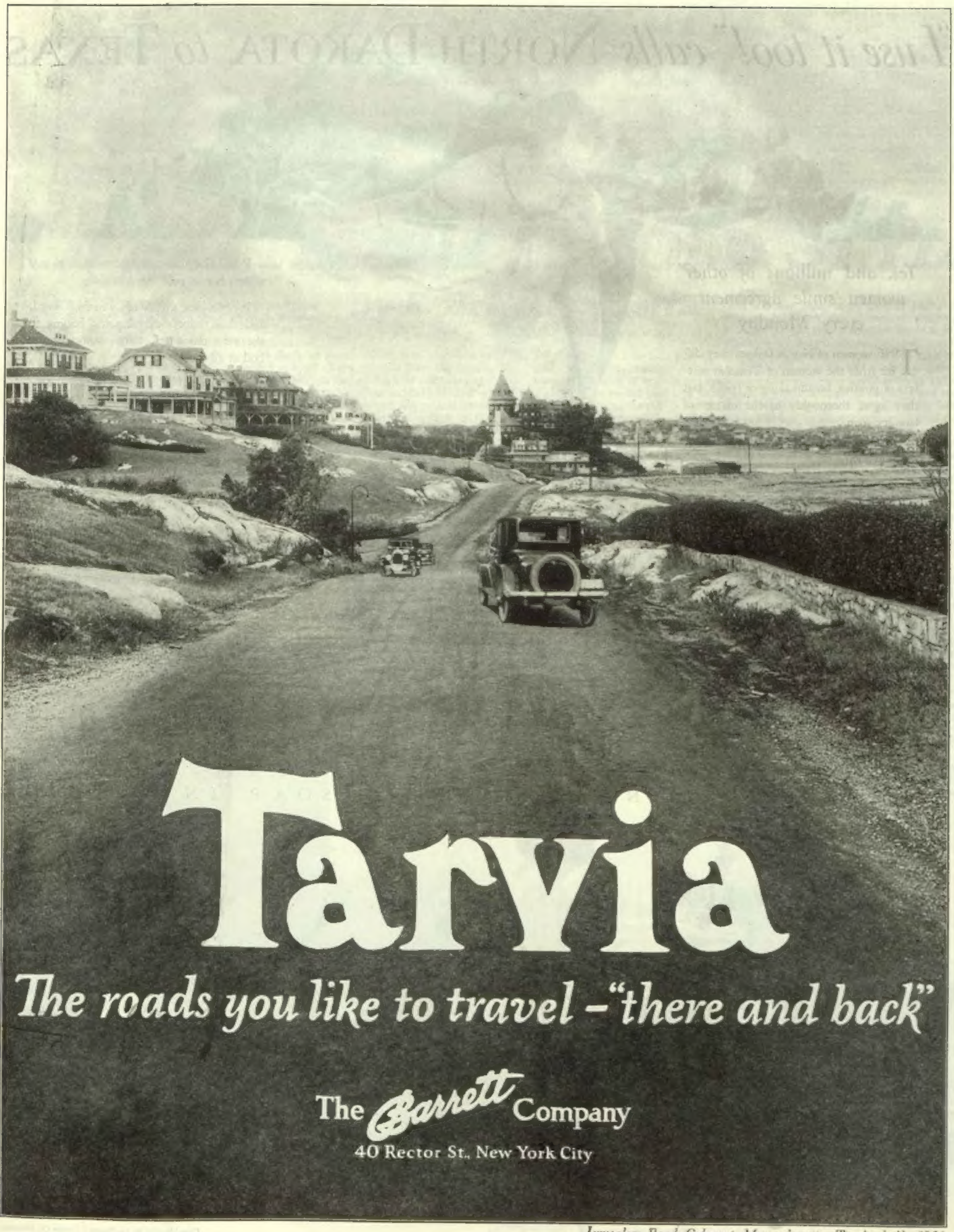
1 Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice cream salt.

2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

NOTE—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or shorter freezing. A trial or two will show you how to get just the results you prefer.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" contains further information about this new method, as well as many other tempting uses of canned fruits. For a free copy, address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Tarvia

The roads you like to travel – "there and back"

The Barrett Company

40 Rector St., New York City

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"I use it too!" calls NORTH DAKOTA *to* TEXAS

Yes, and millions of other women smile agreement every Monday

THE women of North Dakota may differ from the women of Texas in matters of politics, breadmaking or books, but they agree thoroughly in the matter of laundry soap.

Ask them why, and they will say something like this:

"P and G The White Naphtha Soap does our work easier, makes our clothes whiter, protects our colored clothes better, than any other soap we know of, and we've experimented with dozens."

So P and G has become the largest selling laundry soap in these two states, just as it is the largest-selling laundry soap in the country as a whole.

Oh, yes, there are also many other reasons for P and G's unprecedented success besides *ease, whiteness* and *safety*—

"Being the mother of four children, the care of whose clothes entails endless washing—and I am my own laundress—I use P and G The White Naphtha Soap for all of the reasons you give, and for one other reason—it is easy on the hands. My hands are always soft, a result I cannot get with any other laundry soap, and I have used many brands." MRS. G. C. T., WACO, TEXAS

P and G makes rich, lasting suds in any water, hot or cold, hard or soft;

It dissolves dirt with amazing speed, and thus reduces rubbing and boiling to the very minimum (many women never boil at all with it);

It rinses out like smoke before a summer breeze;

It leaves behind no hint of grayness or soapy odor;

By sudsing readily in lukewarm water, it helps you to keep your hands in good condition.

Let P and G lift the burden of your next washing from your arms. Watch its fine white suds build up in the tub. Compare your results with those you have been used to—for whiteness, for freshness.

Just keep this in mind: there is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

"For several years I used different kinds of soap. Finally I started using P and G White Naphtha. In the past three years I have lived in Iowa, Minnesota and North Dakota, and used all kinds of water, including some strong with alkali. But no soap can replace P and G in my home." MRS. H. R. F., GRAND FORKS, N. D.

THE LARGEST-SELLING LAUNDRY SOAP IN AMERICA

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 18, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 3

A BATTLE PIECE: OLD STYLE

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

THAT, gentlemen, will conclude the first phase of the attack. The brigade will then press on, at all costs——" The officers of four battalions filled the large barn. It was illumined, through the wide-open great doors in its flank, in a cool reflection of the blaze of hot summer sunshine outside. At the farther end, on chairs brought from the farmhouse, sat the red-tabbed brigadier, the red-tabbed brigade major, the four colonels and their four seconds in command. Among them, erect, stood another red-tabbed staff officer, middle-aged, tall, precise mannered, with an air of authority and the rank of lieutenant colonel. In front of him a table supported a large relief model of a section of country scriggled over with red and blue lines. Behind him, on the wall of the barn, was a large map similarly reticulated. As he talked he emphasized his points with a thrust of his cane to various features of the map and the relief model, "which he hoped all would presently come forward and study with the utmost care."

The infantry officers, in a curious mixture of ages that did not at all tally with their ranks, stood closely grouped or found precarious seats on such agricultural implements as had been left in the barn. There was a curious nervous tension in the silence with which they listened. And not without cause. They were listening to what, for an unknown percentage of them, was a sentence of certain death. No one voiced that aspect of the matter. A psychological X ray would have revealed each one resolutely suppressing any personal thought, focusing his attention on the technicalities being expounded to them, and attuning himself stoically to the unemotional professionalism of the tall, neatly uniformed, awkwardly spoken staff officer.

There was going to be another push. Here, in this peaceful back area of ancient farmhouses embosomed in full grown summer verdure where the divisions had, in cynical mess parlance, been fattened for the slaughter, the high gods of the army staff, having duly impressed upon the corps staffs and the divisional staffs what was expected of them, had explained their requirements, in a series of brigade conferences, to the people who would actually do the work. That humble, lowest-paid arm of the service which throughout the army had succinctly become known as the P. B. I.—translatable for delicate ears as Poor Blooming Infantry—should in consequence go forth to battle inspired to berserk ecstasy in that matter of close-quarter killing and dying which was its prerogative.

Bitterly though every infantry officer in that barn hated the staff, they nevertheless listened with an instinctive awe. It was an awe for which every infantry subaltern in the army kicked himself, and yet to which he could not but succumb. That symbol of red tabs on the lapels and a red band round the cap was so manifestly the symbol of a superior race. On those who wore it the gods had conferred immortality as well as authority. None of them would be killed, except by accident. Few of them had spent a night in the open since the war began. It was rumored that some of them even dressed for dinner every evening. And on the intermittent occasions when they were seen in the squalor of the trenches, for sojourns of brief duration, they had—awkward in rarely worn steel helmets—irresistibly the air of aristocratic philanthropists visiting the slums.

Even hard-faced infantry colonels of long and arduous service became soft spoken and polite when addressed by some second lieutenant A.D.C. wearing that mystic color. The prestige of it was irresistible. It betokened membership of the sacred caste to whom war was a matter of poring over maps or signing endless floods of paper; who could, and did, release with a word—written with cigarette in mouth in a quiet office—a fury of annihilating forces from whose destructiveness they themselves were happily exempt. They listened therefore to the staff officer at the table—he was some letters and a number at Army Headquarters and had a reputation for being uncommonly efficient—almost as pariahs might listen to a Brahman, with a sense of being in the Presence. He concluded his remarks:

"Coöperation with the other arms—tanks, artillery and aircraft—will be as nearly perfect as we can get it. I need not tell you that. But I need not tell you either that it is on the infantry that all finally depends—that it is the infantry that must advance with unflinching determination, regardless of whatever losses——"

"Poor b—— infantry again!" murmured a disillusioned youthful

"And I'm Quite Sure, Gentlemen, We're Going to Put Up a Really Good Show This Time"

subaltern in the throng. "All the kicks—and no ruddy ha'pence!"

The staff officer picked up his gloves from the table. He would have scorned to be an orator, and winding up a speech was even more difficult to him than commencing one. He coughed and hesitated over his last sentence, forbore to meet the disturbingly experienced eyes concentrated on him, sought refuge in a platitude that camouflaged ugly but distant realities:

"And I'm quite sure, gentlemen, we're going to put up a really good show this time."

He sat down.

The brigade major rose to explain the details of the relief model. The battalion officers crowded up to the table.

The gray dawn had already broken, revealing a landscape beyond imagining in its utter desolation. Its few trees had been splintered to short jagged points and the whole of it might have been stamped on by brutal giants. From unseen origins a violence of rolling, throbbing thunder, of ear-splitting crashes, of rending disruptions repeated in savage little groups, interwove itself with the whining, wailing, cascadelike rush of projectiles in the air, ceaselessly renewed. Founts of black smoke, of flying mud and débris leaped by thousands from the tortured earth. From under the low rain-swollen clouds handfuls of dark smoke puffs sprang from nothingness with quick sharp cracks and a prolonged menacing drone. On all the battlefield not a human figure was to be seen. It wanted ten minutes of zero hour. The preliminary bombardment—swelled by partial counter-bombardment—was at its height.

Behind a wrecked trench parapet an infantry subaltern, faceless and grotesque in a gas mask, crouched with his eyes upon the dial of his wrist watch. In the semifluid mud of the depression between one crumbled traverse and another crouched some of his platoon, similarly anonymous and grotesque in their masks—weird figures divorced from humanity in a demoniac world divorced from normality. Each had a hand upon the weapon of his job—bayonet-tipped rifle, the divided paraphernalia of Lewis guns, bags of bombs. Among them, rolled on to his face, was the body of a man half covered with a remnant of sack. The mud under him was red and very fluid. A shell had landed in the trench just before. Two other men had completely vanished in its flash and smoke and stunning detonation. Nevertheless, the others crouched patiently in the slush, their only horizon that broken trench parapet, beyond which the noise of their own bombardment of the enemy position was one vast paralyzing roar—the men they were about to kill, or by whom they would be killed, quite invisible to them.

The subaltern wondered what his men were feeling. His own heart was thudding violently. His chest was gripped in a curiously stifling constriction; there was an emptiness in his abdomen, an internal sinking of his viscera that seemed to deprive him of physical strength. Their stolidity was odd, fantastic. In half an hour, how many of them would be alive? He himself —— He shut off the thought, reverted to remembrance of his objective, repeated it doggedly to himself: "N 25 c." "N 25 c." It was the map reference to an infinitesimal section of the enemy second line. He was to press on to it, hang on, consolidate, wait for the second wave of the attack to pass over him, proceed "mopping up" behind that second wave. He visualized that objective as he had seen it in miniature on the relief model, prayed inwardly that he would recognize it. The chances of its not being blasted out of original semblance by that pulverizing rain of shells were remote. "N 25 c"—he must get there, hang on. At all costs.

He looked again at his watch. Six minutes. Quite a time yet. Curse these gas masks! One could not breathe in them. The nose clip already hurt him. He shivered with a cold that soaked into his bones. That was a nice comfortable billet, that last one. Pretty girl too. Duck your head!—*down! crash!* Fragments all gone over? Yes. Sickening sound, that hissing rush as it arrives. Brutes! We must be giving 'em hell though. Wonder how many of their machine guns are escaping? Don't think—no use wondering. Know presently. Five minutes. Still five minutes. He had a sudden vision of that nice clean staff officer at the brigade conference in the barn, heard his diffident cultured voice—"You will advance from here to there, and thence to somewhere else." Easy enough for him! He was sitting now, cool and neat in a quiet office somewhere far back, waiting for reports, a cigarette in his mouth.

If only one could smoke in a gas mask! He wondered if the war would come to a sudden end if all the staffs who ordered attacks had personally to participate in them. The ironic imagination of it gave him a grim amusement. Four minutes. He willed his heart to beat normally, refused to let himself wonder what death was really like. By Jove! That was a near one! Anyone hit? No. Good! Staff officers—yes—supposing they had to attack too; they wouldn't be so glib then with their "at all costs." Or would they? Good chaps, really, no doubt. Brave as anyone else probably. Part of a system, that's all. Doing their jobs—ordering other people to wounds and death. Nice job. Wish he hadn't been such an enthusiastic ass.

His father could have wangled it—nothing refused to really big contractors. His father—he'd be still in bed now, asleep—snoring. His mother—he saw his mother lying awake in the dawn —— Stop it, you ruddy fool! Three minutes. How the hand crawled! Was his watch stopping? Couldn't be—wound it when he synchronized last night. He would not think of anything—keep his brain a blank—blank—blank. Politicians at home, sleeping also in nice white beds, getting up to shout "Win the war at all costs." His uncle. Shut up—*shut—up!* Don't think. An eternity. Could one keep one's mind from thinking? Could understand chaps going mad. Two minutes. Only two minutes now. What's that? Three fellows blown up—best sergeant too. Keep down, you idiots! One minute? It couldn't be really only one minute! It was. Less than one minute. He rose automatically, still crouching, eyes on that watch. Half a minute. A fraction —— *Now!* He sprang for the parapet, waved his arm to the figures jerking up out of the trench. To right and left of him hordes of other faceless figures had emerged as by magic, were all going one way.

What followed was a dream—a phantasmagoria that had no reality. Those faceless men who dropped around him were not killed—or were phantoms who had never lived. The little group of tanks that lurched and plunged like ships in a rough sea were prehistoric creatures of a nightmare. The earth leaped up, almost at his feet, in quick red flash, black smoke and stunning concussion—leaped up all around him, in front, behind, on either side. The enemy

(Continued on Page 145)

Enemy Wire Blown to Bits. Enemy Trench Just Beyond—No One Visible

FIDDLEFOOT

By DELOS W. LOVELACE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

"What?" shouted Tippy. "Why, Say! You're Full of Prunes! Three Horses in This Country Ain't Worth That Much. Talk Sense!"

SO LONG, Rick!" Tippy called. "Don't take any tin money." His head, thrust through the day-coach window, made a black target for the admiring and envious glances of half of Indian Point.

"What you need to worry about is the mamselles!" Rick's banter floated up from the center of the farewell committee. "Or better still!" The train began to move and Tippy leaned out to hear above the racketing of the wheels. "Or better still, spend your time figuring out how you're going to explain that suitcase to the Frenchies."

"Leave that to me!" Tippy yelled. He tried to aim the retort squarely, but Rick was now lost in a confusion of uptossed hands and handkerchiefs.

The train lunged into the plowed fields beyond the village, and he dropped back into his seat, clearing his throat excitedly, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down the thin brown column.

This was what he had waited seven years for, and he didn't care at all that it was costing the last of the partnership surplus. Hadn't Rick insisted that he go? And hadn't Rick just spent as much on a honeymoon? He continued exuberant, a thin coil against the red plush seat, his face pressed against the window without seeing the green fields, the intermittent lakes and finally suburban Minneapolis.

When he changed to the Chicago flier the holiday mood continued. And it was there, five thousand miles from France, that the suitcase began to attract the interest Rick had forecast. A traveling salesman, a fat fellow with little, black, darting eyes, read the two blue-lettered words upon its face in an inquisitive voice like the whistle of a pop-corn wagon.

"Nach Paris! Nach Paris! Say, son, that idea went out the day the Kaiser skipped to Doorn. Don't you know the war is over?"

"Why," Tippy replied genially, "I did read something about it." He settled into his seat with a grin, his bony chin outthrust expectantly, his wiry length stiffening with that assurance proper in the half owner of a first-class, even though it wasn't very large, Minnesota stock farm. The slogan had caught them, just as he had felt it would. Now for the fun!

"Nach Paris!" the fat salesman piped again. "What the ——" His black eyes, darting up at two other travelers, seemed to demand, "Brothers, what do you make of this?"

"Don't you like it?" Tippy asked cheerfully.

"Oh, sure!" The fat man's gaze picked at the silver service button in Tippy's lapel. "Oh, sure!" He hesitated, then offered a fat cigar so astonishingly like himself in globular proportions that Tippy never was quite sure whether the man or the cigar piped the next question, "How come, brother?"

Tippy grinned and relaxed into a posture suited to a long narration. Everything was turning out as he had anticipated. The trip was going to be fun. It certainly was.

"Well," he began, "I always had a hen on to visit Paris." The gleam in his eyes was distantly reminiscent, as though his desire had endured threescore years instead of part of twenty-seven. "I always wanted to see that town," he repeated. He paused and puffed.

"Well," the salesman piped.

"Well," Tippy went on, "knowing that, you can imagine how the war hit me. A round trip free and all expenses, that's what it looked like. Mr. Wilson hadn't any more'n made up his mind to fight than I got into uniform. Yes, sir-ree! And when a leaky old transport snorted out of New York harbor—well! The papers said we were going to war. But I knew better. I knew I was going to Paris." Tippy chuckled. The joke had been on him, all right.

"And you didn't get there?" asked the salesman. "And you're going back now? Is that it?"

"That's it," said Tippy. "I'm going to take that old Nach Paris suitcase and plump it right on Napoleon's tomb."

"But I thought all the A. E. F. got to Paris."

"Say!" Tippy became vehement. "Say! You thought all wrong. Not that I didn't think the same way when we got to Brest—Camp Pontanezen. Only a night's ride from Paris. I figured I'd get there right off. But instead of Paris I got an assignment to a machine-gun school. That was my first setback."

"Tough, brother."

"It got tougher! I planned to sneak a few days in Paris on the return trip, no matter what my travel orders read. But, Christopher! The outfit got ordered into the line, up in Alsace—or maybe it was Lorraine; I never could get those two places separated."

The growing audience waggled a collective head in sympathy. Tippy concealed a satisfied grin. The Nach Paris slogan was certainly catching on. It had them going, all right.

And the interest which it aroused between Minneapolis and Chicago was no greater than that which it created between Chicago and New York. Before a new audience, on the Twentieth Century Limited, Tippy found himself retelling his story.

"Well," he said, "after we got out of Lorraine—or maybe it was Alsace—I figured I was entitled to a furlough. Not that we'd done much. The Germans didn't have any but some wooden-legged convalescents in front of us. And our general was too kind-hearted to make 'em trouble. Still, he called it war, and it did seem to me enough to earn a leave. But, Christopher!"

"You didn't get to go?" One of the audience offered a cigar.

"I got brigaded with the British. That's what I got," Tippy said in disgust. "And then I landed in a hospital. And when I got out I was put in charge of replacements and had to go back to the outfit without stop-overs."

"And then you had been in France nine months without reaching Paris?"

(Continued on Page 72)

ARE WOMEN COUNTED IN

EARLY in the last national campaign I, as an organization woman, was sent upstate by the speakers' bureau of my party to make a talk in one of the small industrial towns where the community is divided into distinct groups—those who belong to the country club, and those who do not belong.

If my party could operate as effectively in those small towns as it does in the big city we could control the legislature; but unhappily, from our standpoint, we have been unable to persuade our party workers in those towns to go after the votes as we do in the city. I was sent out as a missionary. I am the co-leader of my assembly district, which was converted to our political faith largely by means of painstaking work in changing housewives, office and factory girls into voters. It had belonged to the opposition party for many years, and some of the party leaders thought that I might be able to teach something to the upstate women; show them that if they were going to be of any real service to the party they would have to be politicians every day in the year instead of merely during the excitement of a campaign.

The women of the local committee, who met me at the train and ushered me into an expensive limousine in which there was a cut-glass vase containing lavender orchids matching the upholstery of the car, informed me that I was to address the women workers of the party at the country club, where we were to have luncheon.

My heart sank when we arrived and I had been welcomed and cooed over by the best-gowned women in town. I knew my speaking engagement was only a pleasant waste of time. Those women were not politicians. They were just nice window dressing, and I told them so.

The Work of a District Leader

"THIS is all fine," I said to them after being introduced and listening to their dainty applause; "the luncheon was delicious. Your club is charming, and so are you." And then I raised my voice to a soprano roar that brought the waitresses back onto the veranda where the luncheon had been served. "It's fine," I said, "but where's the vote?" I was not interrupted in my lecture on the woman in practical politics until I asked, as sarcastically as I knew how, "Do any of you ladies, by chance, happen to work in the paper mill?" The paper mill in that town employs nine hundred girls, most of them old enough to vote.

"My husband," icily explained one of my audience, "owns the paper mill."

"Ah, yes," I approved. "Well, then, do any of you happen to work in the shirt factory?"

Nudged by her seat neighbor, another woman arose and said, "My husband owns the shirt factory."

They were trying to chasten me, poor things, to show me how impossibly I was behaving in suggesting that they should associate with factory girls simply to get votes.

I suppose they still curl their lips when they speak about me in that town. I am sure they feel that I did not understand them. The unhappy truth of it is that I understand them too well to be deeply hopeful of seeing them change. But they and their sisters all over America will have to change if they are to accomplish anything in politics.

Counted In

They will have to learn that you play politics three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, not merely when the bands are playing. They will have to learn that you marshal votes months—yes, years—before election. They will have to learn about organization, but they can learn as well as I did if they want to. In the space of six years politics has become my meat and drink. Voters are my currency. Yet I was not a suffragist. In fact, when the White House was picketed by some of the militant seekers of votes for women I was shocked; and now, as I say, I am an organization woman and a district leader.

Sometimes when I pause to think about it I feel like that old woman of the nursery rime who, when her dog failed to recognize her, exclaimed in woe, "Lawk a mercy on me, this is none of I!" And yet I am not changed; or at least my friends and my married son tell me I am not. But my scheme of existence has changed.

Not long ago my telephone rang. A woman's voice, vaguely familiar, responded to my hello.

"This is Mrs. Waters," she said tremulously, "and I'm in trouble."

"What is the name, please?" I asked by way of making it clear to her that I did not recall her.

"Never mind the name," she replied tensely. "Come down, I beg of you, to the night court. I've been arrested."

"I'll be right down," I promised.

For more than an hour that afternoon I had worked in my kitchenette making an apricot whip from a recipe I had clipped from one of the newspapers, and when the phone rang I had been just about to eat it; but without tasting it I called a taxicab, put on my hat and hurried off.

They know me at the night court, and an attendant swung open for my entrance the little gate that separates the Greek chorus from the actors in the dramas that are unfolded there. In the iron cage where prisoners are kept were a few drunks, a beady-eyed pickpocket, a slatternly beldam, and a weepy, middle-aged woman who beckoned to me frantically. I recognized her, but her name was not Waters. Between sniffles she told me her story. The charge against her was shoplifting. A department-store detective had stopped her as she was walking down an aisle holding an umbrella. She told me she had been taking it to the front of the store so she could examine it by daylight. I did not learn until later, however, that she had put the umbrella under her long coat before she started for the front of the store. Now this woman was the wife of a professional man whose earnings are large enough to buy her a freight-car load of umbrellas if she wanted them badly enough. After talking with her I hastened to the telephone, got one of the boys at the club and told him to send one of our lawyers. I had the woman taken out of the pen and given a seat inside the railing. Then I spoke to the magistrate.

Please don't get the idea that I asked him to be lenient. All I was trying to do was to get some of the breaks for this woman, helping her as I would help the humblest, poorest resident of my district. I was performing my obligations under an unwritten treaty of alliance with the thirty thousand enrolled voters of my district. Nearly all of them know that, whether they be Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, the district leader is glad of a chance to perform a favor for them.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

New Jersey Women at the Polls in a Primary Election for Congress, the State Senate, the House of Assembly and Numerous County Offices

Favors

THE lawyer from our club, after a talk with the woman, went to see the owner of the department store, and author of the complaint. He was persuaded that the ends of justice would be served if the woman confessed her error in a signed statement. I talked to her as a mother, and when she came around to my way of thinking the department-store complaint was withdrawn. Her real name is signed to that confession and she is cured of shoplifting.

I took her out of the court room as I had taken her out of the prisoners' pen, and all the way home in the taxi she cried and squeezed my hand. If you think there is no such thing as gratitude in this world you don't know human nature. That woman would leave a sick bed to do something for me now. Naturally I shall never ask her to do very much besides vote for our candidates, unless it might be that she could help me sometime to get a job for a deserving person in the district. Right now her cook is a woman who came weeping to the district club a few months ago. A scaffolding on a big new apartment house had given way and carried four men to their death from a dizzy height. One of them, a hod carrier, was her husband. We saw that she had good, and free, legal advice while she was collecting from the contractor under the Workmen's Compensation Act. We talked to the undertaker and explained to him that his bill should be as moderate as possible and not submitted too quickly. As one of our workers, he was more than reasonable, and then, when the poor woman was able to work, I got her that job as cook in the home of the reformed shoplifter.

Just the other day an Italian woman came to see me. She was a thin creature, sallow-faced and with black hair skinned back in a tight ugly knot. A baby was pulling at her dress and a girl about two clutched one of her lean hands. She put a small piece of paper in my hand and then, as if seized by a wave of hysteria, dropped to her knees at my feet and began to cry. Sometimes I think my chief task as a politician is the drying of eyes. Anyway, I read the little slip of paper. It bore the signature of the woman principal of one of the schools in the district and introduced the woman before me simply as "Mrs. Blanko." Below the name was a suggestion as to the

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ING IN POLITICS?

Counted Out

THE other day came a letter in my mail. "I've to write a paper for my club," it ran, "on what women have done in politics. I hear," my unknown correspondent wrote, "that you're in politics. Please tell me what you women in politics have done and how you've done it, and what you're going to do and how you're going to do it. I think my women will be interested in knowing that."

Well, so should I. In the first place, far be it from me to assert that I am in politics. True, I am one of those trusting females who took the politicians at their words when they said to us women after suffrage was granted in 1920, "Come on in, girls, the water's fine."

I believed them and hopped right in when they said we women would never accomplish anything by staying on the side lines of nonpartisanship, but that we could do great things if we only got inside the parties; announced my allegiance to the party of my fathers and incidentally of my own convictions. When they told us we must serve an apprenticeship before we could expect to be given place, I did the jobs assigned me, be they bill passing, poll taking or stump speaking. When they told me I must learn the technic before I should expect recognition, I canvassed my women, delivered my vote; and verily I had my reward. I passed up steadily from chairmanship to chairmanship. If holding an office in a political machine, if planning campaigns and writing publicity and attending mass meetings and having my picture taken, if having opposition and defeating it mean being in politics, then might I accept without debate the statement that I am there.

PHOTO, FROM PICTORIAL PRESS, N. Y. C.

A Woman Seconds the Nomination of Al Smith, at the National Democratic Convention, Madison Square Garden, New York

"Don't Go Near the Water"

BUT in spite of all that, I know that I am not in politics. Neither, I may add, is any other woman in the U. S. A. There are two words that explain this. One, à la crossword puzzle, is one half of the human race, "man." The other is the better half of the human race, "woman"—man and woman.

Let me be clear in this matter. I went into—or rather I tried to get into—politics because I had been told that I was peculiarly fitted for this work, because while women trusted me and believed I had their viewpoint, I did not antagonize men. I used to say laughingly that it was my job to make women's entrance into politics as palatable to men as possible.

I had a tremendous sympathy with them. Here was a sphere of which they had had sole possession suddenly invaded by the other sex. Here was a game they had made up outen their own heads for their delectation and amusement being played by people who didn't know one card from another, or a rule or a pawn or a stake. Great Scott! No wonder they felt as we might if H. G. Wells' men of Mars were to descend upon our earth or as if a no-limit poker game were invaded by some penny-ante-ers.

But even though I understood all this, I did think these men who ruled the political parties which they told us ruled the country were sage men who burned the midnight oil studying ways and means to carry elections. And so, thought I, they will say to themselves: "Well, here are the ladies. God bless 'em. We didn't want 'em. But here they are. So long as women have got the votes, the only thing for us to do is to have women help us get other women's votes." I thought they had figured it all out, and that when they said "Come on in, girls, the water's fine," they meant just what they said.

Now I know, of course, that they had just one idea under their hats—namely, that they must keep the women from organizing a third party. For the women's attitude of nonpartisanship and the organization of the League of Women Voters filled them with the holy fear that these women might any day become the balance of power. Of course, there was no danger of this; but they didn't know women, so they did the first thing that occurred to them. To keep the women from becoming nonpartisan, they threw out this invitation.

"Come on into the parties, ladies," they said. "That is the only way to count."

The women accepted, great numbers of them, and looked about for a place inside the parties, a diving board or a nice quiet pool or even a shallow space in which to wade; for, being modest creatures, they did not expect to go beyond their depth before they could swim.

And there wasn't any place. What they were told in effect was: "We're glad to see your willing spirit, ladies, but don't bother us." In other words, "Don't go near the water."

Now this, of course, is where these men politicians were incomprehensible to us women. We thought, having invited us, that they would provide a place for us. In some cases, of course, seats were to be found on the shore—that is, committeeships were provided for women, nice high-sounding ones, but with no authority or responsibility attached to them.

I've never been quite able to make up my mind whether politics offers a very special attraction to men of a type antipathetic to women or whether politics makes men so. But I've often pondered over the fact that a woman may go into the masculine game of horse racing and win a Derby without starting anything like the antagonism or resentment raised by any woman who ventures into politics. Even the men who believe in suffrage, who helped to win it, men who are charming and agreeable husbands or dinner partners, seem to stiffen when they meet a woman politically.

One of them was frank enough once to tell me the truth. He was a man well known nationally, a clubman, a millionaire, prominent in councils of his party and had held important political offices:

"I can never be comfortable when a woman is mixed up in a political conference, for I can never forget she is a woman. Either she interests me as a woman or she offends me as a woman, and in either case I cannot treat with her as with a confrere."

I think this man expressed what many men feel.

And there is another thing that irks men about having women on political committees. I speak now not of the formal committees which meet like conventions for publicity purposes only; I speak of the caucuses and subcommittees. From time immemorial politicians have done their political confabbing over the glasses and the card table. These political confabs are jaunts, they are in the nature of diversion, and women of the type that is elected to committees and nominal leadership do not fit in with the convivial nature of the jaunts.

Ladies' Luck

SAID a very distinguished politician to me once when I protested because I had not been notified of some meeting at which an important decision had been made:

"My dear lady, you are a lady. Our meeting was held in the chairman's bedroom last night at two o'clock. We were in dishabille, mental and physical. What would you?"

Most of these men are gentlemen. It irritates them to place a lady in this position, and this irritation expresses itself in an irritation against the whole proposition of women in politics.

The entire mechanism of politics, from the handing out of the cigar when the henchman enters the room of the chief to the last inside conference at the national convention, is built out of the habits and the ways of men. Nor are men to blame for this. It is as if women suddenly found themselves on a Pullman entirely equipped for men passengers.

I need not mention the embarrassment a situation such as the one mentioned causes to the lady. It also seriously cripples her usefulness. She feels that she owes it to her followers, those women who placed her in office and expect her to express their desires as to policies, to be present at these conferences. She knows she is not functioning 100 per cent if she is not. And yet shall she ask that ten men, as there were on that occasion, should make themselves uncomfortable so that she might sit in the meeting?

The question being decided was an important one. It involved negotiations between various factions in the party. Various members of the committee were detailed by the chairman to feel out this leader and that and report back. And then there were hours of jockeying between leader and leader. Not only would the woman have been of no help here, for she was of no faction, but negotiations such as these are not well conducted from a forum under Robert's Rules of Order. If she had insisted on a formal committee meeting, what would have happened would have been that the negotiators would have withdrawn into the adjoining bedroom, and if pursued there, on into another room of the suite.

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TRIPPERS AND TRESPASSERS

What the Rural Host Can Do With His Uninvited Guests—By Francis Dana

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

FIRST, lest this lack the weight of recognized authority, let me explain that this article is written from what may be described as the advantage of an amphibious position—that of a person who is neither exactly the oppressed and harassed native nor the wildcat excursionist, but partakes about equally of the nature and circumstances of each; in other words, a creature of natural vagrant, predatory and destructive instincts, subject and sensitive to the lure of the open road and woods and fields adjacent, fond of other people's fruit and flowers and the joy of building fires in the woods, but doomed for many years to absolute responsibility for the well-being of a tract of rural land comprising some miles of the shore of a lake that has long been a popular resort in summer and largely and increasingly infested by trippers from every part of the country, who, if left entirely to their own devices, would soon reduce the place to the condition depicted in Mr. Johnson's recent cartoon.

Therefore the writer—hereinafter to be described for brevity's sake as I or me—begs to be regarded, for the purposes of this disquisition, as a qualified expert on trippers, or, as I believe they prefer to be called, tourists, as well as on rural owners; and to be allowed to state emphatically and endeavor to prove that all that is needed and the best that can be had to check the plague is simply a better understanding between the two classes, each of which is under certain delusions concerning the other.

"Don't You Think, 'Fore You Take Them Berries, You'd Ought to Ax the Owner?"

Tourist Types

THEY come and come, the trippers, good and bad, of every sort and grade. There are courteous, amiable persons who ask and are pleasantly grateful for leave to use the ground, who never abuse it; there are consequential individuals of conspicuous opulence who seem to take pride in showing a callous disregard for the rights, convenience and feelings of their rural hosts; there are their imitators—usually office drudges on vacation trying to show off; there are thorough blackguards, mischievous, dishonest, willfully impudent and destructive; and there are—thank heaven!—swarms upon swarms of average, happy-go-lucky, well-meaning citizens, somewhat lax in conduct, grotesquely ignorant of rural conditions and the laws of the land, but intrinsically sound and kind.

This last class, because of its immense numbers, which creates and commands the situation, and because of its well-meaning ignorance which is quite open to instruction and generally glad to get it, is at once the cause and the prospective remedy of the whole trouble.

At present, however, the tripper does not understand the owner, nor the owner the tripper.

Take the hypothetical typical case of Eli Wattle, which is the real case of hundreds in this neighborhood—doubtless of many thousands elsewhere—and let's see what's the matter.

Mr. Wattle lives, with his wife, sister and perhaps a belated child or two, on a farm, a mile or more from the nearest village. He keeps no hired men. His grown sons have gone away, perhaps to work in the cities, perhaps to dig through college, perhaps to lie forever under foreign soil. At all events he must rely on his own hands for help in any physical emergency.

On a pleasant Sunday morning he is aroused from a hard-earned doze by a riot of strange sounds without, and finds six men and a dozen or more women and children in possession of his premises and probably more or less abusing his property. They seem to him well dressed, their cars stand by the road, he regards them, probably, as prosperous idlers, wantonly invading and injuring a poor man's property—willful trespassers at best. It never occurs to him that they are poor industrious workers, honest in all intent, tired of close rooms and dusty streets, reveling a while in the light and air and color of hills and fields, the ripple of water and the shade of old trees, and—regrettably—in the abundance of country fruit and flowers.

The trippers recognize Mr. Wattle as a comic figure known to them chiefly through vaudeville, the movies and facetious strips in the Sunday supplements; they regard him as an amusing feature of the country landscape, not at all as the injured owner of property upon which they are trespassing. A man whose idea of home is confined to a flat, or a small suburban house and yard, and his place of business a shop or office, does not easily realize that fields and woods are a countryman's place of business and part of his home as well.

So there they stand at cross purposes. What is Mr. Wattle to do?

His natural course—somewhat mild from his point of view, but at least justified by instinct, law and what would seem to be common sense; demanded, apparently, by self-respect and good citizenship—is to order them off in such terms as may tend to discourage them from like invasions and depredations elsewhere.

But will they go? Perhaps; more likely not. To give them the benefit of a psychological doubt, it has not occurred to them, and they cannot understand, that they are doing any actual harm.

They are in the country, where, they are well aware, people do pick fruit and flowers and play about in the grass. Whose, they have never stopped to think. They are also, for the time being at least, tourists, with the dignity of that order to sustain. Certain principles of fine-fellowism, dear to all our hearts, forbid the men meekly to permit a man not in uniform to order them about like a subway guard or a cop before the eyes of the women and children. Shall they obey this common hick? Not on yer life!

Wayside Manners

BUT if Mr. Wattle has had much experience of their kind, or of human kind in general, he is already aware that anything in the nature of rebuke, command or peremptory assertion of individual right, unbacked by ample force, will provoke hostility; that even compliance with it will be unwilling and probably accompanied by insult. Perhaps he resorts to persuasion. It may work—but I remember instances.

A family, highly and deservedly respected in their summer colony and the city of their residence, amiable persons of the professional class, with every advantage of good breeding and cultivation, went out in their car, taking along as a guest a visiting clergyman, with the intention of picking berries. They saw, by the wayside, a thick patch of blackberry bushes, rich in fruit and growing—as is the custom of country blackberries—wild. Out came the pails and they went at it, parson and all. While they were so engaged a grotesque, bewhiskered face peered through the brush and spoke in a tone of gentle reproach:

"Don't you think, 'fore you take them berries, you'd ought to ax the owner?"

Without answering, and without further interruption, they went on picking berries, unmolested, and obtained many quarts.

The instructive point is that the hostess in command of the berry party herself gleefully told me the tale next day, proud of the quantity of berries taken, utterly unaware of any flaw in the ethics of the proceeding, regarding the appearance and protest of the owner, or whoever it may have been, merely as an amusing incident.

Another lady of good family and superior education, living in the country and not ignorant of local conditions, was picking berries in a pasture near a farmhouse, when a woman came out and explained that she needed those particular berries for her own use and for sale. The fair invader—a charming and highly intelligent person—desisted, but told me years afterward with genuine indignation of

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BRICK

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. FALLEN COLEMAN

ROOM 38 had a southern exposure and two tall windows. The smooth walls, which were hygienically dustless, also were of the color of cheap boarding-house coffee. The furniture and the appliances, of white-enameled metal, suggested labor-saving rather than asepsis. The fault lay with the hospital authorities. Because they did not consult experts in emotions, they had erected a temporary shelter for engines in need of repairs instead of a habitation for ailing human beings. The best room in the hospital was without courteous reticence. From the furniture no friendly message came. One could never get from the walls that intimate tolerance which all people need, most of all, sick people.

It was plain that cases would be handled expeditiously here for cash. That is the trouble with standardization. It is intended to save time and effort. With machines, that means desirable dollars. With humans, it means other things not so desirable.

On the Model B-5 Surgical Bed, in that dismally everythingless room, lay what the surgeons' sterilized steel had left of the famous John William Thurber. Those millions of Americans who never look at the editorial page and never miss the illustrated supplement, knew him by sight, for he had been for years one of those conventions that newspapers establish in order to save themselves work and their readers thought—the best-dressed man in America. Long before his public was thrilled by the printed news that for his eighty-five coats he needed ninety-seven pairs of trousers, while for his one hundred and forty-three neckties, only thirty-four hats were required to produce those harmonies which a well-dressed man must insist on, John William Thurber had been universally accepted as the premier manikin of the greatest and best-dressed republic on earth. He photographed extremely well and came of an old family; but also he had a natural talent for newspaper background. Irrespective of the season, he was the perfect Sunday-supplement gentleman.

For the first time in his life he found himself in a predicament which neither his check book nor his social position could overcome for him. Serious internal trouble developed precisely when the flu epidemic was at its height. Nurses were not to be had, so that he could not be cared for at home. When Dr. George E. Marston, the famous surgeon, decided on an instant operation, Thurber was rushed to the hospital—with only one suit of clothes and no hat. The operation was very difficult, but, according to the surgeons, highly satisfactory. It established conclusively that another and more serious operation was necessary.

A day and a night nurse were wanted. Not one was to be had. Finally Dr. William Carleton, Doctor Marston's young assistant, came back with one of Marston's favorites, Miss Margaret O'Neill. Being a good nurse, she could do the work of two good nurses. She was plump, pink-skinned, red-headed and past thirty. She had a quick-gaited mind, a temper that kept pace with it and an outlook on life that prevented her from cherishing silly illusions.

"Yeh," she told her old friend and classmate, Edith Walker, who happened to have an appendicitis case across the hall in 37—"yeh, they sent Billy after me. He walks into the man's house just as I was putting on my hat to go home. I said nothing doing; I was going to hit the hay and be lost to a cruel world for eight days and nine nights, consecutive. He told me they were nice rich people, but I told him sleep and not diamonds was what I was shy of."

"Had you been long on the other case?"

"Say, I was on a typhoid case seven weeks, during which that inconsiderate pill had three relapses. I never came so near to dying myself as then. I was the only person in that five-story-and-basement house that could walk. About three days before I was due to leave, the doctor decided they could spare me and I was rushed to a flu case. After that I got nothing but flu cases. I had four in thirteen days, all fatal. One of them was the nicest kid I ever saw. I felt awful when he went. Sixteen years old! Well, I went from one to another without seeing the inside of my own bedroom. I got so I didn't know whether I was a lady or an undertaker's assistant. I was ready to drop."

"You should have gone home to rest. Who'll nurse you if you get sick?"

"Well, Billy swore Doctor Marston said to tell me it was a personal favor to him. He wouldn't have anybody else for this particular case. Say, you wouldn't think, after five long years, that he'd be throwing up to my face that old appendix he deprived me of, would you? I suppose it really was the flowers; twice he sent me American Beauties, darn him—the only flowers I got. So, like a fool, I said I would come, and here I am. But how I could sleep! Gosh!" And she yawned.

"That's tough luck," agreed Edith. "But you know who your case is, don't you?"

"Yeh, John William Thurber. I wouldn' mind if I could have had a little rest. On the level, Edith, I feel like a regular son—son—son —— A sleepwalker. S'long."

At the end of the first week the patient was not doing so well as the doctors had hoped, and Mrs. Thurber was the victim. She had no other child than her husband. For twenty years she had loved him, and guarded and admired him besides. The importance of his existence, as she saw it, raised her conception of her duties to a level it never would have attained had she been the wife of anyone else. But life was one injustice after another. After she had nearly committed suicide by consenting to let Doctor Marston operate, the great surgeon rewarded her by declaring it would be cruelty to encourage hopes of Thurber's recovery! She heard that—and then she heard no more. The sharp-eyed Marston saw waves of noncomprehension sweep over her blanched face and saw her eyes sink in until he had an impression of looking down into them from a height. But he was not subtle enough to tell it came from thinking not of death but of life—her own, without Thurber.

"Did He? Really? You are Not Telling Me This Just to Cheer Me, are You?"

In time the patient passed from an uncomfortable restlessness into an ominous quiescence. The early fidgets begat in his wife a longing to calm him. The later ashen immobility brought out furtive tears of dread. He acquired the hospital strangeness, perhaps because the fine gray growth on his cheeks subtly changed the lines of his face. He also developed disquieting dislikes that accentuated the transformation. He lost the wish to speak, or even to hear speech, so that his silences lost their old meanings.

In the meantime the newspapers published old photographs and printed daily bulletins of his condition. He was too well-known a man not to have inquiries come in from others than the death-watch reporters. Mrs. Thurber soon found herself unable to answer them scathelessly. If she told the truth, she must consider what was coming. If she did not, the lie made her think of what ought to be the truth; and that made the tears come even more quickly. So it devolved upon the overworked nurse to answer.

Coming on this case as she had, after several wearing weeks, the constant telephoning—the same fool questions and the same evasive answers fifty times a day—told disproportionately on the nerves of Miss O'Neill, known to the nurses as Brick. She could not say to them that Mr. Thurber was going to die because he was too weak to permit Marston to cut a rib and get at the thoracic cavity after something or other that had no business to be there. As for the end, there was no telling when it would be. Marston thought it might take six weeks. But the pessimistic Brick, thinking of the sleep she wasn't getting, didn't believe it would come before six months.

Thurber, too weak to talk, could not ingratiate himself with her. But while the impersonality of the case and the consciousness that it was hopeless made her interest perfunctory, Miss O'Neill did her professional duty in full. That is, she used her head, without the priceless coöperation of her heart.

At that, the patient's plight would have awakened a purely feminine sympathy in the nurse but for the wife. Whenever Brick approached what might have developed into self-reproach for not feeling sorry for Thurber, Mrs. Thurber contrived promptly to close the door on remorse.

The Thurbers were middle-aged people, presumably well educated, certainly much traveled, with a knowledge of books and the world, as well as with money enough to purchase nearly everything which well-mannered folk should wish to buy for cash. And yet that woman insisted upon adoring her husband aloud! At times Brick, driven into optimism by the excess of her pessimism, lingered, against her judgment, on the chance of hearing Mrs. Thurber call him John, or even Johnny. But the use of a plain Christian name required consistent wisdom, while incredibly foolish questions such as "Is oo a weeny bit better?" could be asked only of a honey boy or a darling pettie.

"I don't call that love," Brick said to her chum, Edith, in the diet kitchen. "Edith, that woman is the most murderous Pollyanna that ever ravaged a hospital. I'm telling you, it's fierce. Even when you hear her, you only half believe it."

"Maybe he likes it," suggested the diplomatic Edith, knowing what pleasure it would give her colleague to deny it. "Husbands are all kind o' queer. She may have his number better than us."

"Yeh, that's the reason he's letting himself go more and more," snorted Brick, as the astute Edith knew she would. "He is only holding on with his left little finger. What's the latest promise from yours?"

Brick was playing fair, paying Edith for listening by doing some hearing herself. Miss Walker had her own grievance—an aged Porto Rican who, having left the gas pains behind, now talked of automobile tours through France. His requests for advice exasperated Edith because, with his atrocious English, she never could be sure whether he was insulting her or mistaking her for Baedeker.

"Oh, he asked me if I liked diamonds—deeamants he called them—better then pearls. So I told him I only collected emeralds," answered Edith. "And what do you think? I found out today that he is a great-grandfather!"

"Yeh, they are wonderful, some of those old Cubans. I had one of them last year. He sure promised. Havana and his home and servants were at my disposition, and I had such hair! And I could take my pick of sport models if these lips would only be kind and smile before the sun dropped out of his sky. I was in my house, señorita, in that palace he owned down there. When he left he gave me a box of guava jelly he wasn't allowed to eat. But at that, I'd rather listen to his stuff than to what I get now."

"But if I only understood him," complained Edith.

"What do you want to do—bean him with that bowl? You're better off left in doubt. But me? I thought I was playing in hard luck when I went on that last pneumonia case for the old fusser, Doctor Larsen. But this? Ouch! No more surgical cases for Titian's Flora where the wife is thrown in for good measure. She asks him if he's better and he smiles and

Dr. William Carleton, Doctor Marston's Young Assistant, Came Back With One of Marston's Favorites, Miss Margaret O'Neill

blinks, meaning yes. So she asks, 'Much better?' and he blinks again, because he is a gentleman and can't nod and won't lie aloud. So she says, 'How much better, honey bunch?' and the poor thing smiles back. And then she tells him she is going to telegraph to Palm Beach for reservations; and all the time she knows he'll be discharged dead from this hospital."

"Maybe she doesn't know it," suggested the Machiavellian Edith.

"Then why does she go out in the hall after she pesters him and cry to beat the band? What's that a sign of, erysipelas or plain lying? Well, I guess! Then she dries her eyes and comes back and begins spilling more mush all over the premises. Say, I've got so that when I see corn meal on the bill of fare I get acute nausea. 'Does oo want Lovey to go away, now? Ess? Does oo?' Oh, gosh!"

"Whom were you making love to, Miss O'Neill?"

Brick whirled about, saw Doctor Marston frowning at her and turned a defiant red.

"Who—me?" she asked discouragingly, while Edith cleverly vanished.

Doctor Marston was worse than a great surgeon; he was a man of moods. Habitually he jested, as the easiest way of being professionally optimistic. He was so meticulous about his nurses that to be asked to go on one of his cases was equivalent to at least eight different diplomas. For that reason, and because he stood up for them, he had the pick of the profession. But he had a remarkable capacity for being intensely disagreeable at times.

"Yes, you!" he said coldly. "You were mocking a poor woman who has a man to love—and to lose."

He froze with one look any retort she might have wanted to make and went on his way to the elevator. Edith reappeared with the most efficient first-aid outfit ever devised—a pair of sympathetic ears.

"Yeh," said Brick, not at all aggressively—"yeh, we know how often these society dames love 'em and lose 'em, all right." She followed Doctor Marston with her eyes, amazingly unvindictively. "I could tell him a thing or two!"

"H'm!" sneered the loyal Edith. Then, for good measure, she followed that with a sniff.

Just then Doctor Marston looked back, whereupon Miss Walker promptly carried a tray to Number 37, where the ambiguous oldster from Porto Rico was waiting for nourishment and an answer.

Feeling herself spied upon, Brick frowned. The frown stayed on. It was with her when she returned to 38 in time to be informed that a Mrs. Bigelow was in the reception room inquiring about Mr. Thurber.

Brick smoothed her wrinkled front but not her soul when she saw Mrs. Bigelow—a suspicious-eyed dowager who by using quasi-technical terms defied deception in advance. That made Miss O'Neill allow the eternal histrion that is in the heart of every woman whose hair is red—or black, white, yellow, henna or altogether minus—to walk down to the footlights. That is to say, she donned the look of resignation of a great specialist called into the case, alas, too late. She did it exactly as she might have thrown a shawl over her glorious head.

The look seemed to soak in and disappear; but it reappeared presently, transformed by some subtle chemistry of the spirit into a high-bred regret, a sorrow that remembered its manners.

"Of course, as you know," she finished, "there is always a chance. But that is all."

The dowager, barely escaping calling her "doctor," nodded and went away, also wearing a plagiarized regret, domino fashion, between her brow and upper lip.

Miss O'Neill barely had time to give her patient a sip of water when his cousin, Mr. Corcoran, called. She went to the reception room.

"He is holding his own," she said.

"Is he going to get well?" asked Corcoran. She perceived that he had excellent taste in dress, like his cousin, and was really distinguished looking.

"That," she answered, "is something nobody can tell for certain."

There was that in her voice which made him ask, "Yes, but what do you yourself really think?"

Humanized by his intelligent emphasis, Miss O'Neill used the mien, tempo and voice of unexampled experience and gave generously:

"Well, you know, Mr. Corcoran, only one case in a hundred ever recovers; and sometimes they lose the use of the lower limbs. Some of them don't survive more than a few months, so that it seems a pity to suffer so much just to drag along such a short time. But of course it isn't for us to ——"

She did not finish, deeming her shrug sufficient to close the sentence.

Mr. Corcoran, being an intelligent man, accepted her views so completely that he didn't think of asking for the name and nature of Thurber's trouble. His look comforted Brick to the extent of making her forget Marston's reproof.

She returned to 38. Mrs. Thurber was standing at the foot of the bed. The patient was sleeping so effortlessly that it did not look normal to Brick. She approached quickly and studied the sleeper. She was convinced that for some reason he was feigning sleep. She wondered what the reason might be—and ceased to wonder when she saw Mrs. Thurber's look of terror.

The frown returned to Brick's brow. She could not dislike the patient, because the poor man was dying. But worse yet, she could not dislike the wife either. That relief was not for her. Almost daily Mrs. Thurber made a scene before she could be induced to go out for her meals or for a breath of fresh air. But always she brought back with her a box of candies for Brick, or a pair of gloves or a string of beads—a propitiatory gift of some kind, pathetic as the votive offerings of the grief-stricken to the mercenary gods of old.

The success of her too persistent sense of gratitude in depriving Miss Margaret O'Neill of the self-protective coldness with which she otherwise would have wrapped herself in Mrs. Thurber's presence was bad for Brick's nerves. Too wrought up to accept the doting wife's mush at a fair discount for a hospital case, Brick could give her feelings only a partial airing in the diet kitchen. That made it savor of an unpalatable cowardice, of underhandedness, and Brick was essentially frank.

"Has he been asleep long?" asked Mrs. Thurber. She usually went through the form of asking for information as though she required official permission to worry. But Brick shook her head, whereupon Mrs. Thurber, meaning nothing in particular, said, "Oh, Miss O'Neill!"

The unspeakable Marston and nine weeks of overwork had delicately balanced a whole stack of chips on each of Brick's shoulders. They toppled. She said gruffly, "Do you want to wake him up so he won't have any rest?"

"Oh, no! No! No!" But Mrs. Thurber's agonized whisper naturally made matters worse.

"Then go out and get some fresh air. You only disturb him."

"But I just came back," objected Mrs. Thurber querulously.

"You weren't out over fifteen minutes. The first thing you know you'll be sick yourself, and that won't worry him—oh, no! Go out again and stay longer."

"I'd rather not. I wanted to get you this. I saw them yesterday, but I didn't know your number. I asked Miss Walker. So when I went out ——"

Mrs. Thurber spoke with a little girl's breathless eagerness. Brick had the grace to blush with an annoyed remorse. She shook her head at the package Mrs. Thurber held before her.

"Please, Miss O'Neill," pleaded Mrs. Thurber.

"I'd rather not. I don't want you to do such things. I really don't. It makes me feel that you think I'm not doing what you pay me for, and ——"

"Not at all! Why, Miss O'Neill, we are so grateful to you! Really, it is only a trifle; not worth talking about."

Mrs. Thurber's voice, pitched low that the sleeper might not be awakened, was so lachrymose that Brick stopped her own lips with her own forefinger. Then she beckoned.

Out in the hall, she said, "Please go out and stay out at least an hour, Mrs. Thurber."

"I couldn't. Doctor Marston might come."

"If he comes at all it won't be till after eight tonight, Doctor Carleton said. This is the day he operates in Mount Æolus. But you've simply got to get some fresh air. Why don't you go up on the roof? It's such a nice day, you'll be comfortable up there."

"But suppose the doctor ——"

"I'll call you."

"But suppose he is in a hurry."

"I'll hold him until you see him. I promise you. Be a good girl!" And she pushed Mrs. Thurber toward the elevator.

Deprived of will power by a fortnight spent in the paralyzing shadow of death, Mrs. Thurber offered no resistance.

Nevertheless, as she stepped into the car, she said, "Don't you think he's better today?"

The eyes that looked into Brick's overflowed with the world-old skepticism of loving women seeking to propitiate fate by disbelieving aloud what they dare not disbelieve in their hearts.

Brick diplomatically said, "Didn't you notice how nicely he was sleeping?"

Mrs. Thurber shuddered.

"No; I thought it was too much like—like a trance. He was so dreadfully still, Miss O'Neill."

"Nonsense! Did you want him to kick a hole in the blanket? You get your fresh air and you'll see how much braver you'll feel."

"Yes; but you haven't said that he is better."

Brick bit her lip to keep the mounting wave of fury from becoming vocal—and ceased to bite it when she looked into Mrs. Thurber's eyes. There, as on a screen, she saw a woman's soul kneeling, begging; and she knew that Mrs. Thurber was begging, not for life and not for happiness and not for hope, but for the name, for the sound, for the ghost of hope—for the hope of hope!

"Of course he is!" came from between Miss O'Neill's lips. She hated lies, and this woman made her hate herself and the world.

"You only say so!" complained Mrs. Thurber with the deadly logic of all peculiarly illogical women. Those four words were the price she charged Miss O'Neill for not bursting into tears.

"Go on up before I swear at you!" cried the exasperated Brick. And Mrs. Thurber, seeing the reassuring wrath on the round red face, almost sobbed in her relief.

"Oh, thank you, Miss O'Neill! I'll go! I'll go!"

Miss O'Neill returned to her patient. She did not like his playing possum. That wasn't a textbook symptom, which made it all the more disquieting to her mind. Was it that his weakness had reached the stage when it was an effort to keep the eyelids open, or was it from intention—that is, from indifference to living consciously? From that indifference to the more serious indifference to life itself was but a short and fatal step.

Brick coughed—in vain. He might really be asleep. She would not risk disturbing him. The package containing Mrs. Thurber's latest peace offering was on the bureau. She carried it to the window and opened it.

"For the love of Mike!" she muttered.

The stockings were not only superb but there were three pairs. She smiled. Then the child that always would be in her shook her head. She frowned.

This was a fee not for professional skill but for that human kindness which she had not given in this case. It was an overpayment from an inefficient person made more helpless by a benumbing sorrow. Had it come from an intelligent person, it would have been an insult. What kind of woman was this who sent three pairs of expensive hose to a red-headed nurse, together with an unspoken request to sweep back the ocean? Trying to bribe death

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"Yes, You!" He Said Coldly. "You Were Mocking a Poor Woman Who Has a Man to Love—and to Lose"

In Re Dollar-a-Step Company

"Give a Guy a Chance to Talk Before Brutalizing Him, Will You? I'll Tell You Where I Get Them—Honest, I Will"

MR. ARKWRIGHT: Does it take you half an hour to say good-by to your wife?

MR. BUDDENSEEK: That is all I was saying.

MR. ARKWRIGHT: I'd like to believe it.

MR. HINKLE: Can counsel qualify as an expert? Take the stand, Mr. Arkwright, and let us hear how many wives ——

REFEREE: Mr. Hinkle, please remember that this is not a police court. Put your objections properly. Continue, Mr. Arkwright.

—In Re Dollar-a-Step Company, Bankrupt.

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

DURING all the time between 2:50 P.M. and 3:19 P.M. of June 19, 1912, Mr. Murray Buddenseek was saying good-by to his wife at the New York Central Station at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, New York City.

This leave-taking, whose protractedness seems to have been unremarked by any of the several hundred possible witnesses, took place in the street-level waiting room and within twenty feet of the news stand in the southwest corner. Many passers-by must have seen the two young people sitting there on the bench, must have glanced into the resolutely cheerful faces, and must even have perceived—when the breeze lifted the casually spread newspaper on Murray Buddenseek's knee—that the hand of Mrs. Buddenseek was at all times held in his.

Had these passers-by known that the Buddenseeks had been man and wife for just one month, they would have looked more keenly at the young couple, seeking to surprise in their faces an honest opinion of marriage. But their scrutiny would have been baffled, unless they were attending when the eyes of the decorous young couple on the bench met and lingered and smiled. The Buddenseeks had had a month's practice in dissimulation, and they were not going to act like silly bride and groom just because Mrs. Buddenseek was leaving for a few days to visit her people near Poughkeepsie and escape the first of the hot weather.

"Beacon—New Hamburg—Camelot—and Poughkeepsie!" chanted an official on the steps; and he drew a breath to resume his litany.

The Buddenseeks' smiles brightened; they nodded at each other felicitatingly, and rose and hurried up the steps. When they were beside the impatient train Murray Buddenseek forgot his part as a hardened old benedict; he put out his hands, one of which held a heavy valise, and said with anguish, "Good-by."

"Good-by, sweetheart," said Mrs. Buddenseek; and then she was in his arms, with the valise against the small of her back and his lips on hers. A trainman stood by and held a watch. When one minute had passed, he popped the watch into his pocket and shouted. His loud cry reminded the young couple of the object of their coming.

Murray Buddenseek stood on the platform and watched the train roar away northward. When it was obviously gone, and when a blurred study of the diminishing tracks showed that it had not relented and turned back, he brisked up at once. He marched smartly across the platform and down the stairs and out into One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, telling himself that a few days on the farm would do Elsie a world of good and that he ought to be ashamed to feel so traitorously chipper. To prove to himself that he felt all of chipper and that One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street did not look unwontedly dreary and forsaken to him, he essayed a rollicking whistle; but his music refused to rollic or to be other than a dismal and tuneless puffing, so he stopped that and thought of business.

To individualize Murray Buddenseek and to distinguish him absolutely from the thousands of other persons who walked on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that day—and, indeed, from the hundreds of millions who were then existing on the Western Hemisphere—it is to be said that there were sixty-three ridge characteristics in the print of his left thumb; its classification by the Galt system was 2AA-7, and it was of the whorl type. Nor is this all; its core was a staple, the right limb bifurcating almost at the shoulder and the left limb forming three islands before dividing. For those who find the anthropometric system more informing, he was five feet and ten inches tall, weighed one hundred and sixty-seven pounds, of fair complexion, blue-eyed, clean-shaven, brown-haired, and had a varicose vein on his right shin—due, it is believed, to having struck himself with a wooden mallet while driving a tent peg. The scar was on his shin, appearing as a bluish depression. His age was thirty.

He was at this time the active partner in a retail clothing concern doing business under the name Dollar-a-Step Company. The company's place of business was on a second floor, and it represented to its customers—colored men, principally—that they would get the benefit of the cheap rent at the rate of a dollar a step if they would walk up.

As Murray Buddenseek, walking westward at the rate of three miles an hour, passed the Y. M. C. A. near the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Harlem's principal street, a good idea came to him. He would paint dollar marks on the steps leading up to his emporium, beginning with $1 and then $2, and so in arithmetical progression, so that the veriest lunkhead should see that these stairs were the ladder to fortune. Spurred by this conception, Murray increased his speed to three and a half miles an hour.

Behind this new notion, and perhaps occasioning it, was a measurably justified doubt of the business acumen of his customers; the colored population of Harlem had not been saving a dollar a step in battalion front; they had come, when they came at all, as single spies. The Dollar-a-Step Company had been only two months before on the verge of going down those steps itself, when it must have lost money on every tread and have put Murray on the sidewalk and pointed toward a job. He had been in business for one year, had met his every obligation and kept his credit good, but had sunk his capital to keep the business afloat until he had barely the price of an advertisement

in the Business Opportunities column of a Sunday newspaper of April, 1912. Here is the advertisement he ran:

"Established retail gent's garments firm, A-1 rating, envisaging large and profitable business, can use capital as loan or under partnership arrangement. My extremity is your opportunity. Or may sell business on long terms. In latter case, young and hustling executive, full of ideas, is open to offer of position commensurate with proved ability. Moderate salary. Can take entire charge and show results. "95, STAR AND ADVERTISER, UPTOWN."

And on Monday morning following, one Irving Weltfish had climbed up the golden stairs. Mr. Weltfish was a retired clothing merchant who could use a silent partnership in a firm of A-1 rating. He was sixty-two years old, had his own car and chauffeur, used a gold-headed ebony cane which he said had been presented to him by an association of credit men, and had incipient diabetes due to eating too much fancy pastry. Several high-priced physicians had offered to regulate Mr. Weltfish's diet and to dispel his diabetes, but he wouldn't make the deal. He said to Murray Buddenseek, speaking as to a man with a heart, holding Murray's arm and blinking up at him with clouded gray eyes under shaggy gray eyebrows, "I like pie."

This was later, he did not mention pie at the first conference. He talked business and listened more. He posed gold-rimmed glasses on his large and fleshy nose, went over the books, nodded, and said to Murray with an amiable twinkle, "And now for the windstorm, young man."

Murray talked for his business life, dilated on the benefits of walking upstairs, prophesied that customers would inevitably come back when once they knew the way, and sold Mr. Weltfish on the theory and practice of the Dollar-a-Step Company, until Mr. Weltfish could say only, "Now, ain't it the truth?

"When I was your age, young man," he said finally, speaking with a strong accent, "I had forty thousand dollars cash money; and I made it all in the clothing business. When I was fifty I retired, and I had cash half a million; and I made it all in the clothing business. Well, I've had losses, ain't it? I like to speak frank. I got some cash left—a little, not much—and I got a good real-estate property; but I got to go back to work. An old man like me. Now I like you—I'm frank—and I like your business. You're a fine young man, and it is a fine business—a fine business. We will talk terms."

"Do you want to buy the business, Mr. Weltfish?" asked Murray. "Oh, I imagine five thousand cash and fifteen thousand in notes ——"

"For wha-a-at?" crowed Mr. Weltfish; and he threw a look about him that whisked from the Dollar-a-Step Company the sheet of optimism with which Murray had just covered it and showed it lying dead in its own salesroom.

"But I couldn't buy, young man," said Mr. Weltfish, sheathing that stabbing glance. "I got a contract. When I sold my business"—he said "mine business"—"I made a contract that I shouldn't go in the clothing business in New York again. You understand this? But it don't say I couldn't have an interest as a silent partner, understand. We will talk about that. You got credit and I got cash money—not much, a little—and a fine real-estate property for the bank statement. We will branch out; we will take the whole floor; we will make big. And with your brains and my money, and my experience and your credit ——"

A bargain was made, and Mr. Weltfish became a silent partner in the firm doing business under the trade name Dollar-a-Step Company. Murray Buddenseek found him a valuable acquisition; Mr. Weltfish had a wide and detailed knowledge of the retail clothing business. He knew, too, how to finance operations of considerable magnitude on a shoe string. Between May 1, 1912, and June 19, 1912, the Dollar-a-Step Company bought a forty-thousand-dollar stock of men's clothing and had altering and decorating of its quarters done to the tune of more than four thousand dollars, and all on a cash expenditure of eight or nine hundred. He got up a credit statement that was a daisy. When a subsequent investigation of the affairs of the Dollar-a-Step Company was abruptly terminated, the officers of the Crosstown Trust, where the Dollar-a-Step Company banked, were slated to explain how the Dollar-a-Step Company was able to show a bank account of ten thousand dollars on May 14, 1912, when it had had theretofore and had thereafter not more than six hundred dollars on deposit at any one time.

It is believed, but was never demonstrated, that this impressive but quickly fading bank account was the result of an arrangement between Mr. Weltfish and one Neal Culham, who was then getting new business for the Crosstown Trust on commission. [People ex rel. Thompson versus Buddenseek, a proceeding under Section 924 of Penal Law to examine into use of word "Company" in firm name Dollar-a-Step Company.] To sum up and get back to our marching Murray Buddenseek, Mr. Weltfish was charged with the liability of an active partner and the proper parties in interest took a judgment against him for forty-three thousand dollars and tried to get it.

Murray's accelerated gait had brought him to Lenox Avenue The policeman on duty in the middle of the crossways there blew a whistle and lifted a single powerful hand, stopping the traffic on Lenox Avenue dead in its tracks. Murray could have crossed Lenox Avenue now at his leisure, preserving his dignity as a prominent Harlem merchant and eschewing the hop, skip and jump of jay walkers. But his mind had been taken off business for the nonce. He had heard the tolling of a bell and had hearkened to the siren call of "Whoo-whoo-oo!" There was a fire

He told himself with sternness that he would have to see this fire. It was his duty, as senior partner of a Harlem clothing establishment which had just been renovated and enlarged and made bigger and better with a brand-new stock of the highest grade gent's clothing and wearing apparel, to be put on sale at the grand opening on the morning of June 21, 1912; when Harlem was touched with fire Murray was bound to jump. If he had to run like a thief in order to get to the possibly distant fire before the smoke eaters had smashed everything to smithereens with their axes and had declared the fire officially out, it couldn't be helped. He was going to see this fire, and he told himself faintly that he hoped it would not be a three-alarm.

Along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, springing full-panoplied from its station at Number 120 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, swept Hook and Ladder Company 14. It came with a roar to make a lion jump into a hallway, came in the glory of red enamel and shining nickel; its vehicle sailed with the speed of a flung stone and the awesome mass of a charging elephant. The onward surge of the huge fabric stirred Murray Buddenseek's blood; there were going to be doings by men who did, and he was going to be there. It would be a great thing to write about to Elsie! Hook and Ladder Company 14 thundered across Lenox Avenue and on toward Seventh Avenue, and the people on the sidewalks ran helter-skelter after it, sucked irresistibly along. After it pelted Murray Buddenseek.

If anything of remorse for time wasting was in Murray's mind as he ran thus heartily to the fire, it was lulled by the fact that he was running at all times toward the

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He Saw Neither Garments Nor Remnants on the Racks; the Place Had Been Swept of Goods, But Not by Fire

DAMAGED GOOD

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

OPUS RANDALL cherished a grouch. It was a large and hungry grouch which gnawed at his vitals and caused him to be distinctly unhappy. Only that day he had visited the office of Orifice R. Latimer, pudgy president of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., and suggested mildly that he was worth more than the seventy-five dollars a week which the company paid him. Orifice listened patiently enough and pointedly disagreed, whereupon Mr. Randall lurched into the street anathematizing the company in general and its chief executive in particular.

His problem was a puzzling and personal one. The pros were powerful and the cons equally so. On the one hand was his enormous social prestige as one of the leading stars of the flourishing organization which produced annually twenty-six two-reel slapstick comedies of negro urban life. Colored Birmingham kotowed to Mr. Randall, the star, and Opus was exceedingly fond of being a kotowee.

He had been with the company from the first gray days when even the shoe string upon which it had started was perilously frayed, and he had made good. The name of Opus Randall was known and liked in more than one hundred and sixty first-run, first-class motion-picture theaters all over the country; success was blessing Midnight and causing its bank balance to swell, and Mr. Randall felt that he was entitled to a share of the prosperity.

But even while he permitted himself to dwell on this angle of the situation, another side starkly presented itself. He was undoubtedly worth more than seventy-five a week to Midnight, but that was more money than he had ever made in his life or probably ever could make anywhere else. And should he word his salary request in ultimatum form, and the ultimatum be rejected, there was every likelihood that he would be reduced to the penury of a twenty-dollar job and a consequent and devastating loss of prestige.

Wherefore Opus made haste slowly. He carried daily with him to the studio an ingrowing ill humor which caused him to lose popularity with all with whom he came in contact. He poured his troubles into the ears of his friends Florian Slappey and Lawyer Evans Chew and Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz. They sympathized with him—even Eddie Fizz—but his own director, the dynamic little J. Cæsar Clump, was standoffish in the extreme. Clump announced firmly that he had nothing whatever to do with the financial affairs of the organization, that his job was getting results with the limited talent at hand, and he wished to goshness that whatever was eatin' on Opus would quit doin' same so they could git a li'l' pep into this pitcher which was bein' shot.

Several times since the hour of the salary-raise suggestion the paths of Opus Randall and Orifice R. Latimer had crossed. On these occasions Mr. Randall scowled angrily at the smug complacency which his president exuded. He fancied that Latimer was patting himself on his ample back over having sidetracked Mr. Randall's salary demands. He knew that Latimer was not worried, because his contract was nearing expiration; Latimer knew well enough that he didn't dare quit his job. That was perhaps the unkindest cut of all.

But even one's most pressing troubles must be sidetracked on a movie lot where production activity is always at fever heat and a mere short jump ahead of delivery dates. Midnight hummed and buzzed, with two companies working constantly and overtime. And then, with Eddie Fizz rushing through two productions starring Sicily Clump, wife of his associate director, J. Cæsar determined to launch a pet project of his which involved more time and greater expense than Midnight had theretofore felt itself at liberty to spare.

Through the Closed Door Came Sounds of Masculine Agony

The company was selected and called into a conference, where the synopsis was read, the costuming explained and the parts assigned. Opus Randall was to star in the rôle of a heavy blundering lover whose path was one of thorns and custard.

It was a pretentious thing with much elaborate costuming, several heavy sets and a mass of detail. There were to be two or three mob scenes and at least two chases through the woods, with much splashing in creeks and smashing of crockery. It was just such a part as Opus could do to perfection, and he felt some hint of elation in the knowledge that in this great picture his rival co-star, Mr. Welford Potts, had been assigned a decidedly subordinate rôle.

There was a valid reason for this—a reason so compelling that even Welford Potts did not kick. The big scene of the picture, the excruciating climax, was to find Mr. Opus Randall wrestling with a large and evil bull. The scenario had been based upon this bull-wrestling scene, and had its inception in a job which Opus had once held in the dim distant days of the past before he became a moving-picture actor.

During this dreary once-upon-a-time in the life of Mr. Randall that gentleman had been reduced to traveling around the country with a professional wrestler who earned his shekels by bull-tussling. As a matter of course, a nicely trained bull accompanied this man, and it had been Opus' job to chaperon the animal in its wanderings from city to city.

It was only natural that Opus should acquire some of the technic of the art. There had been a time when he had considered bull-wrestling as a possible career. But that plan had been abandoned, and only recently had the idea returned. He sketched his plan to J. Cæsar Clump and that gentleman immediately incorporated it into a two-reel slapstick comedy. It was this comedy which was now going into production.

For three or four days, while they were making a few retakes on their current picture and preparing for the opening shots of the new one, Opus almost forgot his injuries. After all, this was tacit acknowledgment of his value to the company. He alone had been singled out to carry the burden of the greatest picture ever attempted by Midnight. Only he possessed the heroic courage requisite to meet a bull under catch-as-catch-can conditions. He plunged into the taking of the early scenes with something akin to enthusiasm and for those few days Director Clump sighed beatifically.

And then, when the lavish production had lost some of its novelty, the old grouch reared its gargoyle head and leered once again. It was a cryin' shame, reflected Opus, that a man competent to star in such a picture as this should be receiving only seventy-five dollars a week. He was worth more to the company—that seemed the only fair and adequate test—and the company was refusing to pay him his just dues. He became moody and depressed.

J. Cæsar raved and ranted and tore his hair.

"You got to snap out of it, Opus. Us cain't do nothin' with you lookin' like somebody's fun'ral."

"Reckon what I look like don't matter."

"Reckon ain't is. Does you keep on lookin' sad aroun' heah, all what we has done—all the money we has spent—goes to waste. Cheer up until this pitcher is finished, anyway!"

Opus shook his head. That was the way of the world: place enormous responsibilities on a man's shoulders and pay him a beggar's wage! He was valuable—they couldn't get along without him! He knew they couldn't. Hadn't J. Cæsar himself admitted that upon his mere facial expression a small fortune of investment now rested? And who else on the lot would dare caress a horned bull?

Mr. Opus Randall came to a sudden and complete pause. An idea came to him full-panoplied and lit right in the middle of his brain. He knew it was a good idea the minute it struck home, and quite suddenly a grin split his countenance and he nodded violent agreement with himself. Then his body became active; he slapped a large hand against a massive thigh and exclaimed loudly, "Hot diggity dawg!" which prompted a query from the dapper and immaculate Florian Slappey, who was standing near by.

"What's the matter, Opus?"

"Ain't nothin' the matter, Brother Slappey."

"But you said ——"

"I was enthusin'."

"Happy?"

"Happiness is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Ain't you the lucky feller? Well, I reckon I'd be sort of happy, too, was I as undispensable as is you aroun' this lot."

"Uh-huh, Florian, I guess you would."

Opus moved off slowly toward that wing of the building which housed the executive offices. Florian looked after him inquiringly.

"Where you goin', Opus?"

"Got a business engagement."

They waved adieus and Mr. Randall strutted proudly to the anteroom of Orifice R. Latimer's office. The bister-complexioned secretary with bobbed hair and a permanent straight inquired his business.

"I craves to see Mistuh Latimer an' I craves to see him speedy."

"He's in confe'ence right now."

"I wait till he gits out."

'Was he expectin' you?"

"If he has any brains, he was"

Less than ten minutes later Eddie Fizz stepped snappily out of the president's office, and without waiting to be announced Opus Randall entered. Orifice Latimer was seated behind his mahogany-veneered desk, eyes focused contentedly upon the story treatment which Eddie Fizz had just submitted for a proposed Sicily Clump release. He was smiling slightly; but as he raised eyes to his visitor's face, the smile froze and he assumed a stern and forbidding expression.

"Well?"

"Ve'y well, thank you, Brother Latimer." Opus oozed affability. "How you is this evenin'?"

"Busy."

"You—busy? Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. Presidents don't do no work. All what they does is sit behime a desk an' collec' sal'ries."

Mr. Latimer grew slightly peeved. "Kin'ly state yo' business an negotiate yo' departure, Mistuh Randall."

"Good!" Opus seated himself, took a cigar from the box on the desk, lighted it deliberately and puffed a large cloud of fragrant smoke into the atmosphere. "I has come to discuss a li'l' 'ficial business with you, Brother Latimer."

"About which?"

"Oh, contrac's an' things"

The faint glimmer of a smile flickered across the presidential countenance. Latimer fumbled through a desk drawer and produced a formal-looking document.

"Yo' present contrac' expires day after tomorrow, Brother Randall. Heah's a new two-yeah one which us tenders you."

Opus read the instrument with insulting slowness. Then he opened his lips and emitted a large, throaty laugh.

"You is the humorestest feller, Mistuh Latimer!"

"Says which?"

"Says you always aims to have yo' li'l' joke."

"I don't see nothin' funny. Ain't I offerin' you a bran'-new contrac' fo' two collender yeahs, an' ——"

"Offerin' is right. But that ain't sayin' I is asseptin'."

Latimer's teeth clicked and he leaned forward.

"How come not?"

"Because," retorted Opus, "you has kind of slipped on sal'ry."

"Slipped how?"

"This heah contrac' says seventy-five dollars a week. I demands one hund'ed an' twenty-five."

For an instant the earth ceased to revolve on its axis. Latimer's head roved vaguely around on top of his neck and his jaw sagged.

"Y-y-y-you whiches?"

"Tha's it. I demands one hund'ed an' twenty-five dollars a week."

"Good goshness Miss Agnes! Nerve what you has got! One hund'ed an' ——" Orifice was stricken speechless.

"You heard me," murmured Opus suavely. "An' if you refuses to sign such a contrac', I walks out on you day after tomorrow when my present contrac' becomes nullin void."

Latimer did not answer immediately. Through the mist of amazement he commenced to discern a trifle of method to Opus' apparent madness. He might have known. He saw now that Mr. Randall had the company in a decidedly embarrassing position. Opus was star in a partly completed picture which only he was capable of finishing. His abrupt withdrawal meant a cold loss of more than six thousand dollars and an even more embarrassing waste of time.

The president of Midnight grew cold with fury. This was a distinct and undisguised hold-up and he was passionately averse to such things. He expressed his opinion of Mr. Randall in no uncertain terms, and the pudgy star listened with a triumphant smile.

"Call it hold-up if you like, Brother Latimer. I aims to git me a proper sal'ry."

"An'," quest oned the president in a cold, hard voice, "if you don't?"

"Then I quits"

Orifice R. Latimer rose. He placed two clenched hands on his desk top and transfixed the insurgent actor with a baleful glare.

"You mean you is gwine resign?"

"Precisely."

"Well, you ain't!" Latimer was quivering with righteous anger. "There ain't no man who can put that kind of a deal over on Orifice R. Latimer; an' if there was, his name woul'n't be Opus Randall. Nos-suh! Nor neither you ain't gwine resign, Mistuh Randall, because a man which has already been fired cain't resign fum nowhere."

"Huh?"

"You hearn me! You is fired, finished, th'oo, discharged an' done! You an' Midnight is finished with each other, an' fum this moment hencefor'd the on'y thing us craves to see of you is nothin', an' mighty little of that. Now beat it!"

Disaster! Calamity! Woe! It struck Mr. Randall that something had gone radically wrong with his pet scheme. He put out a restraining, argumentative hand.

"But, Orifice ——"

"Git out!"

"This pitcher is half made ——"

"Git out befo' I has you put out!"

"Oh, lawsy!"

Opus sagged in the middle as he turned to make an inglorious exit. He staggered through the door. His cosmic scheme had gone flooie. He felt as though he had drawn a free ticket to an earthquake. His pet scheme had failed absolutely and utterly and he had been precipitated from high estate to the nethermost depths of degradation.

J. Cæsar Clump megaphoned him from an interior set in the corner of the old warehouse which did duty as a studio Opus sidled disconsolately toward him. Both Messrs. Clump and Slappey regarded the oncoming thundercloud with eyes of disapproval, and J. Cæsar voiced caustic comment.

"You look," he vouchsafed, "as though you had just happened to a bad accident."

"I has"—lugubriously. "B'lieve me, skinny boy, I shuah ain't done nothin' else."

"Golly Moses! Pity us ain't got a scenario 'bout a cawps to star you in."

"Ain't it? But nemmin', I ain't gwine star fo' nobody much longer."

"Says which?"

Opus struck an attitude.

"I has just been fired by Mistuh Latimer."

The sarcastic smile fled from the lips of the electric little director. He knew the truth when he heard it. Even Florian Slappey was stunned to speechlessness. Then J. Cæsar whirled and started for Latimer's office.

"Wait where you is at, Opus. I craves to espress my opinion to that hunk of cheese in yonder."

Opus waited. Florian dropped a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Tough luck, Opus."

"Boy, you don't know how tough it is."

"Yes, I do. I has been without a job many's the time."

"Uh-huh. But you ain't never had no job, so you don't know how awful it is to lose one."

Meanwhile J. Cæsar Clump stormed past a protesting secretary and into the office of his chief. Latimer was discussing a matter of finance with his business manager Clump favored that person with a cold stare.

"Git out!" he ordered.

"What ——"

"Git out, quick! I craves to make talk with Latimer heah." The business manager got. Then Orifice turned toward his chief director, who was staring in stony silence. It was the president who spoke first, cloaking a quiver of apprehension beneath a mask of belligerence.

"Well, what you come bustin' in heah for thataway?"

Clump did not answer directly, but his meaning struck home.

"Has you sawn a doctor right recent, Orifice?"

"Huh? What I need with a doctor?"

"Crazy folks needs doctors, an' you is crazy. Crazy as a bat! Loony! Plumb cemented!"

Latimer rose to a standing posture.

"Now listen at me ——"

"I ain't gwine do no such of a thing. I has come to talk an' not to do no listenin', 'cept to how you answers my questions."

"I guess I ——"

"You don't guess nothin' Fust off, tell me is it true that you has fired Opus Randall?"

"Yes"

"Why?"

"'Cause his contrac' is up an' he was askin' me fo' one hund'ed an' twenty-five dollars a week."

"He would of compromised fo' a hund'ed."

"I woul'n't pay him a cent more'n seventy-five. He ain't wuth it, an' I don't crave to git helt up."

"I'll say you don't! Not by nobody else. All the holdin' up aroun' heah is gwine be done by you pussonal. Now listen at me. Opus is starrin' in this new pitcher which we is makin'. A'ready us has spent about six thousan' dollars on it an' we ain't hahdly shot a scene which he ain't in. Does he walk out of the studjo now, it means we has got to junk ev'y foot of that negative, ev'y last blessed inch, an' staht all over fum the beginnin' ag'in. An' even that ain't all, 'cause you know as good as me that we cain't git no other feller to play Opus' part."

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"I Has Just Been Fired by Mistuh Latimer"

The South American Roosevelt

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE biggest man in South America is one of the smallest in stature, but he is ninety-eight pounds of dynamite and determination. He is Augusto B. Leguia, the livewire President of Peru. In the many-sidedness of his personality, in the vigor of his rule, in the tirelessness of his energy, and in his supreme disregard for constitutional prerogative when it suits the larger national need, he is a Latinized reincarnation of the late Theodore Roosevelt. As such, he is the most compelling public figure south of Panama.

There are many reasons why Leguia is worth a story all his own. The fact that he was the center of the Peruvian tempest that followed President Coolidge's award in the Tacna-Arica controversy would have been sufficient provocation. But he has other claims to consideration. His career has been such a serial of adventure in exile, revolution and dictatorship that it meets the popular conception of what a Latin-American presidency is. In every detail it is a vivid dramatization of the kind of political power that only a South American republic can present.

President Leguia Taking Tea With Ambassador and Mrs. Poindexter at a Fourth of July Reception at the American Embassy

Yet this remarkable little man is practically unknown to the great mass of people in the United States. I recall that when I discussed my South American trip with an old acquaintance who had lived for some years in Peru, and bemoaned the fact that, unlike Europe, I would fail to find the picturesque leaders that usually illumine these narratives, he smiled and said:

"You have not met Leguia. He is not only the most interesting human being in South America, but he will measure up with most of your European notables."

He told the truth. Go to Peru today and you find that Leguia is a twentieth-century replica of what the French king meant when he remarked, "I am the State." Leguia is Peru. Although he has powerful enemies constantly plotting his downfall, they are always under cover. You deprecate him in public at your peril. The first thing that the average Peruvian says to you when you enter his country is, "Have you met our president? He is a great man."

A Popular President

LIKE many of his type, he binds his followers to him by ties of extraordinary devotion. When a Brazilian reporter misquoted me in a published comment that I made about Leguia and used the word "despot" instead of "dictator," it was as if I had committed a sacrilege; this, too, in face of the universal realization at home and abroad that the President of Peru holds the reins of rule with fingers of steel.

Leguia and his friends resent the use of the word "dictator" in connection with his inflexible authority. Yet by any other name it would be the same rigid domination, because, if ever an individual dominated a country, it is the one who sits in power where once the Incas reigned. The nearest approach to it that I have yet seen was in Turkey, when Kemal Pasha was in the first flush of his amazing overlordship. The reason for this state of mind about Leguia is that he differs from the other Latin-American autocrats. It must be said to his credit that he is a builder. His is the vision of a greater Peru.

He is both business man and statesman, a rare combination these politics-ridden days. He is a man of practical affairs first and a politician afterward. Long before he hitched his wagon to the uncertain presidential star he was agent for a big North American life-insurance company. He had also been a sugar magnate and a factor in Peru's foreign trade.

In the safeguards that he takes for the protection of his life and his almost invariably uncompromising attitude toward his enemies, he is merely fighting the devil with fire. Once he relaxes his personal and political vigilance he is doomed, because there is an incipient revolution afoot nearly every day in Peru. This may sound like an inconsistency, in view of the wide popularity that I have indicated. But most things in South American politics go by contraries, especially the chronic revolution, as you shall presently see.

Ambassador Poindexter Addressing a Gathering at the Foot of San Martin Monument, Lima, July 4, 1925

The Iron Hand

WHAT makes Leguia the exact opposite of other strong-handed South American executives is that with him iron régime has meant commercial, industrial and financial progress. He was Minister of Finance before he became president. He has not only balanced the Peruvian budget, over which he watches with eagle eye—he has a daily conference with what we would call the Secretary of the Treasury—but he has made the national debt smaller per capita in Peru than that of any other country in the world. Under his inspiration, economy in the national expenditure has been made a fetish, railroad mileage has increased, foreign capital has been encouraged, new highways built and irrigation projects launched.

Why must Leguia rule with such an iron hand? To get the answer we must make a further diagnosis of the South American revolution complex. It will not only serve to explain the Peruvian political situation, but will shed some light on Leguia, the man and his methods.

In Peru, as in nearly every other South American country, the soldier was the favorite choice for president for years, and for two obvious reasons. One was that he was usually a popular hero. The other was that he could always bring armed force to the aid of his ambition. San Martin, the great Latin-American liberator, set the example because he was the first Protector of Peru, back when the Spanish grip began to loosen. This military tradition, so far as the presidency was concerned, continued until 1872, when Manuel Pardo became the first civilian president. The ruling passion for soldier executives held, however, because he was succeeded by a general. I dwell on this militaristic phase as a preparation for one of the many precedents that Leguia has smashed.

As in Chile, the old caste of blood and wealth has been a powerful factor in Peruvian national politics for years. This oligarchy, which was descended directly from the proudest Castilian stock and untainted by any intermarriage save occasionally with Spaniards, looked with contempt upon the Indian, who forms the bulk of the population. He was regarded as a peon, a sort of human tool to produce the wealth which the landed aristocracy spent at Monte Carlo, Nice or Paris.

Practically all the arable land was in the hands of the old families. When an Indian did own property, which was sometimes the remnant of an ancient Inca grant, it usually was forced out of his hands because of extortionate interest rates on loans that he could not pay. Peonage prevailed. In consequence Peru has had no middle class. There were

the two extremes—the aristocracy of wealth and family and the Indian agriculturist.

These old families really had a feudal grip upon the country and its productive element. Industry as we know it could not and did not flourish. The hereditary rich refused to soil their hands with trade, which meant that retail business was monopolized by foreigners. Hence nearly every grocery store in Peru today is owned by an Italian, a Chinese or a Japanese. The state of affairs resembled precisely what went on for years in Turkey, where the business of the country came under the control of the Jews and the Armenians. Like the rich Peruvian, the Turk of fortune was almost a stranger to commerce.

It naturally followed that this Peruvian oligarchy dominated politics. The almost unchallenged prerogative of these aristocrats was to name presidents, usually one of their own group, and fill other offices with their relatives. That first civilian chief executive, Manuel Pardo, had a latter-day successor in his son, José, who served two terms. Presidents often claimed the right to name their successors. The animating idea was not to develop the rich resources of the country, build railroads and stimulate the influx of foreign money, but to keep the business of government as a close caste corporation. It was not a case of Peru for the Peruvians but Peru for the rich cliques.

Though these social and financial oligarchies were unanimous that national political preferment was their plaything, they did not always agree about successions. Jealousies and feuds have rent Peruvian public life almost from the days of San Martin. The shortest and quickest way to achieve the private will was through a revolution, invariably financed by the family or military caste which coveted the presidency. Since 1876 there have been twenty revolutions.

Old Families and the New Rule

DUE to this bitter antagonism and incessant upheaval, the life of the average Peruvian president was about as safe as that of a man who lights a match on a powder dump. Incidentally, let me add that because of the inroads that the various family groups made upon the public funds through their monopoly of public office, a law was enacted during a temporary reign of reason forbidding any ex-president to leave the country within six months after the expiration of his term. This enables his successor to audit accounts.

Judging from past performances, this law is almost unnecessary, because few Peruvian ex-presidents are ever available, whatever the emergency. They are either exiled, assassinated or die mysteriously in office.

The state of affairs that I have just described—and it is part of the prelude to Leguia—naturally meant that the so-called national elections were jokes. If you asked "What party is in power?" you were told, "The one whose votes were counted." Even without intimidation by whatever family or military group aspired to power, it would have been impossible to get an adequate suffrage demonstration with such a preponderant illiterate peon population.

Now you can see why democracy is really a failure in most South American countries. Ignorance of the very fundamentals of republican government, combined with economic and other illiteracy, makes it impossible for the popular will to assert itself. As I pointed out in the opening article of this series, subserviency to strong rule has become a habit. This is why the dictator can get away with it, and also why a benevolent despot is almost essential to the well-being of many of these countries, certainly until there is a greater degree of education.

Leguia grew up amid the conditions I have just described. Although he was born in what might be called the ruling caste, because the first of his line in Peru was an envoy of His Hispanic Majesty, Don Carlos III, he realized that the long political misrule, with its annual or biennal revolution, was an insuperable handicap to general business, and especially the economic expansion of the republic. He went his way, however, building up a private fortune, first as life-insurance agent, then as organizer of a new life-insurance company which is still going strong, and subsequently as member of a well-known British sugar firm. Meanwhile he had visited the United States and England and had perfected himself in English, which he had first studied as a boy in school at Valparaiso. As a lad of seventeen, he fought in the war against Chile.

PHOTO BY VALVERDE, LIMA, PERU

President Leguia, Wearing the Presidential Sash

It was not until 1903 that Leguia definitely got into politics, with the acceptance of the portfolio of Minister of Hacienda, as the finance post is called, in the cabinet of President Candamo. Within a very brief period he became indispensable to the government. When José Pardo became president, he was asked to continue in the financial post.

No reputation in Peruvian public life has ever been made so quickly or maintained so persistently as that of Leguia. His long training in business gave him an equipment that none of his ministerial predecessors had enjoyed. Heretofore a Peruvian Minister of Finance was more concerned about expenditure than income. The old rich families had many exemptions from taxation, while the lower class paid the overhead on national extravagance.

When Leguia entered the cabinet the national revenue amounted to 14,500,000 sols. A sol at par is 48.6 cents. Within a few years he doubled it. He levied taxes right and left, cut out useless monopolies, reduced the national debt, established dock and steamship companies, and introduced a general spirit of economic endeavor.

But all the while the compass of his career pointed to the presidency. He resented the exploitation of the Indians by the rich old families. A democrat at heart, he realized that the only road to democracy—it was also the highway to a greater Peru—lay through the establishment of a middle class, which in turn meant industry and also the right of the average man to his own land. This was flying in the face of the long-established powers that prevailed, but he set to work to build up his own machine with which to combat that ancient agency of intimidation fashioned out of blood and wealth and which still dictated the choice of presidents.

Riding the Storm

IN PERU presidents are not nominated by conventions such as we have in the United States. If a man thinks he is sufficiently strong to be a candidate, or rather if the clique behind him thinks it can put him over, a so-called proclamation is issued indicating their choice. This procedure is followed by all the other aspirants. Subsequently, on a certain date, the country goes through the motions of an election. Usually the candidate who can make the strongest demonstration of force is elected.

Leguia went about the preparations to capture the presidency with the same quiet but ruthless efficiency which is so characteristic of his methods. He recruited aids from the army; but what was more important, from those interests which were economic rather than political. With a publicity sense—it is one of the many parallels with Roosevelt—he managed to get over his idea for the establishment of a middle class to the hinterland, which is the Indian stronghold. Gradually it began to soak into the consciousness of the great mass of the people that at last there had risen a man who was something more than the tool of the privileged class.

Almost before the old cliques realized what was going on, Leguia's hat was in the ring and the proclamation of his candidacy unfurled. The families who thought they had a monopoly on the presidential choice were so dazed by the daring and swiftness of his campaign that they failed to put up a candidate and he was practically elected by acclamation in September, 1908.

The moment he assumed the presidential sash trouble started. During his entire first administration—the term of office in Peru is five years—he rode the storm. He encountered every handicap that revolt, opposition to

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The Presidential Palace at Lima

JACK

By DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY R. PALLEN COLEMAN

PLEASANT HILL is a simple little town; the people and the life are simple, and the Sinceres were of the simplest, although their kind of simplicity was often a local exasperation; and Anna Sincere was a simple girl, albeit with her own charm. So it is a simple tale, this record of the foolish Sinceres, but it came to an illogical dénouement; and it holds some moral—I am not sure just what the moral is. There were variations of opinion in Pleasant Hill. But one thing is certain—from the first, young John Marlin, the banker, regarded the Sinceres sternly; he did not approve of them at all.

They didn't worry when they ought to worry, and over finances; and of course that would exasperate a banker. He evidenced this the second time—or perhaps it was the third time—Anna Sincere called at the bank to have a note extended.

The Sinceres had lived two years or so in Pleasant Hill; they had come out from the city and bought the run-down old Horlacher place, paying a small amount down. Theirs was the pleasant urban belief that it is cheaper to live in the country. Perhaps it is; but anyway luck had continued none too kind to them. The failing health which had caused Grandpa Sincere to be laid off, after thirty years with the Metropolitan Street Railways, grew little better. And his daughter-in-law, who wasn't too strong, had a long and expensive illness. She took in sewing when she was able; and young Anna, the third of the Sincere trio, helped her sew, and worked as extra in the notions store next the post office. Conditions had necessitated Anna's giving up her job in the city so as to be more at home.

Instead of being able to pay out, the Sinceres found themselves in need of money; to obtain the money, they put a second mortgage on their home. It was rather pitiable, only the Sinceres didn't realize it was pitiable—that was one trouble with them. And they were spendthrift with what means they had—that was another. Each time they paid a bill, the tradespeople could not help wondering if the next time would prove so lucky.

Yet you couldn't help liking the Sinceres. Some of the women charged that Anna was too breezy and that she wore her skirts too short, especially for a girl who had nothing back of her—whatever that may have to do with it.

The mortgage began to pinch, and that is why Anna Sincere was calling on John Marlin at the bank.

Now John Marlin was young to be a bank president. Pleasant Hill proudly claimed him the youngest bank president in the state. His father had been one before him, and his grandfather, and John had native qualities of his own. He was a rather uncommonly handsome young man and was still in his early thirties, but no one called him Jack. If he ever felt any emotions he concealed them. But he probably hadn't any.

So he looked at Anna Sincere with a face that said nothing beyond taking on an extra reserve. This alone would have bespoken his force of character. Anna was a large girl, but beautifully put together, and graceful; her hair had copperish glints, her eyes had a warm shine and her mouth had a dimple that came and went near one corner.

"I'm sorry, but we can't meet that payment today," she had said as cheerfully as if countermanding a grocery order.

John's handsome mouth went into a line more reserved. That was instinct with him.

Besides, she didn't look sorry; she looked as bright as the sunshine or a new silver dollar. His disapproval subtly grew. Not that he demanded desperate tears, but such blitheness was out of order.

"Yes?" he answered noncommittally, and looked at her as from afar.

For Some Reason, They Paused at the Gate. It Would be Hard to Say Just Why, for the Rain Just Then Suddenly Increased, a Gusty Little Deluge

But he saw her all right. She was looking quite smart. Anna Sincere always managed to look smart—too smart. He furtively dropped his glance and took in a shapely stretch of silk stocking and then quickly looked away. Anna sat revealing her legs in radiant unconcern; she enfolded him with her warm glowing look.

"I'm afraid we'll have to ask for an extension; thirty days will do nicely," she said.

John shuffled some papers. Fortunately, he could not know the talk that had taken place at the Sinceres' that morning.

"Now don't fret about it, Anna," Anna's mother had said. "I'm sure it can be arranged. If you want, I'll go along with you."

"I'm not fretting, and you don't need to go with me. I can take care of Mr. Solemn-face all right."

"He does look terribly solemn for one of his years. I hope he won't make it hard for you."

"He won't," assured Anna.

"You'd best ask for an extension," said Grandpa Sincere from his rocking-chair by the window. "Thirty days would be fair, I think. By that time we may have discovered oil in the back yard"—smiling whimsically out the window. "I've read of such things."

"Or maybe Uncle Jim'll come blowing in with millions," Anna suggested gayly.

This great-great-uncle had gone to California in '49 and never been heard from since, and her mother reminded indulgently: "He'd be nearly forty years older than grandpa. I doubt if we'll ever see him coming in, poor Uncle Jim."

"Tell him we'll pay the interest," said grandpa, referring to the bank president, not Uncle Jim. "We've enough for the interest, haven't we, Mollie?"

His daughter-in-law puckered her brow over a column of figures.

"Ye-es, I think so. There's the grocery bill which must be paid, and the gas and telephone. That leaves very little for the shrubs, and the nurseryman said he'd deliver them early in April."

"April's nearly a month off," reminded Anna.

"Well, there will be plenty then," said Mrs. Sincere.

Grandpa had the morning paper from the city in his lap.

"I see there's a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony tomorrow afternoon."

"Is that so?" And Mrs. Sincere left her accounts to scan the advertisement. "The Minneapolis Symphony—how I'd love to hear it!"

"It's been a long time since we've heard any good music," said grandpa.

The Sinceres were especially fond of music, and Anna suggested, "It would be nice if we could all go in."

"The tickets are two dollars," grandpa said thoughtfully.

"Two dollars—six dollars in all." Mrs. Sincere was calculating again. "That's not so much for some really good music. And your side's been bothering you so lately, and the weather's been so bad," as if these points bore pertinently. "Yes" with decisive brightness—"it would do us all good. We ought to go!"

"We might cut out meat the rest of the month," said Anna. "Who wants meat in the spring anyway?"

"Oh, yes, we could easily make it up. Only, I promised Mrs. Ford to start her sewing tomorrow."

"You can sew for Mrs. Ford the day after tomorrow," said Anna, "and the day after; but you can't go to the symphony concert."

They decided to go to the concert. And if John Marlin, down at the bank, had known all this he might have refused to grant the extension. I'm not sure just how wide a banker's prerogatives are. As it was, he shuffled the papers which related to the Sincere mortgage for an appreciable and unpromising pause before he spoke. "May I ask," he said, "if you have any plan or resource for finally making this payment?"

"Well, yes—that is, we did have." She regarded him with friendly confidence. "You see, grandpa had some savings invested, which he was holding on to; but recently the investment company went smash. Perhaps you heard of it—the Pioneers Loan and Trust, in the city."

"Yes, I heard." He was surprised to hear of the savings, and was slightly softened, though they were of no help now, being gone; but mightn't you expect the Sinceres to tuck their only security foolishly away until it was no longer a security? "That was hard luck," he felt bound to say. "It pays to be careful about where you place your investments. The receivership doesn't give much assurance, does it, of when or how much it's going to pay out?"

Anna admitted there was not much assurance; she smiled half ruefully.

"Grandpa says it serves us right," she said. "He talked of cashing it in entirely when we decided to buy out here."

"Well, I'm wondering why he didn't myself," the banker said dryly.

"It was mother and I who persuaded him to leave it invested—for his old age or a rainy day or something. It was our fault," she explained, almost apologetically.

He compressed his lips.

"I wouldn't call it a fault, not the principle of the thing. Saving—and wise investment—constitutes one of the basic principles of right living."

"Does it? To me it seems that saving so easily grows into a vice. Isn't it really better to enjoy and use what we have today?"

The banker became stiffer, if possible. Anna Sincere always irritated him, and the fact that she did invariably increased his irritation. And the way she beamed at him seemed an added insult; her smile was warm and gay, half bantering, but intimate as if inviting him to share something. The bank president particularly dreaded that smile of Anna Sincere's. It was particularly obnoxious to him; and withal, it dazzled him in a maddening way—threw him off.

In his aggravation he almost made a retort which would have been pat at the moment—or perhaps it wouldn't; he wasn't sure, because she had thrown him off. But, anyhow, he caught himself up in time. Bandying words did not help the business in hand and was far beneath his dignity.

He adopted his crispest tone.

"Well, I'll extend it thirty days more"—rattling the documents. "That is, if you can pay up the interest, of course."

"Oh, we can do that easily," glowed Anna. "That will be splendid. Thank you so much."

The banker grunted unintelligibly; and he scowled as from a window he watched her progress down the street. He had to get up and go to a window to watch her. There was slush on the sidewalk, but she trod it as lightly as if it were strewn rose petals. The strong March wind whipped her too-short skirt. She swung along, strong, graceful, joyous. She was pretty to watch, but banker John's frown grew.

John's married sister, Sarah Ford, came in for a little visit with her home folks that evening. She lived next door to the Sinceres and they often irked her, especially when, as just now, Mrs. Sincere postponed a sewing engagement for no better reason than to go into the city to a symphony concert. A symphony concert!

The three Marlin women, John's mother, the married Sarah and the unmarried Genevieve, started gossiping about the Sinceres and their ways. Genevieve did not care for Anna particularly. She said Anna was common, but then Genevieve was a rather haughty creature who had gone back East to school and nothing in Pleasant Hill longer pleased her. The mention of the city reminded Genevieve that she herself wanted to go in for some shopping; and the older sister, who, though prudent with her own money, was disposed to be envious of other people's expenditures, made a comment which caused gossip to be dropped for family bickering. Mrs. Marlin entered the fray to remind Genevieve she had already exceeded her dress allowance and shouldn't have a cent more; and about this time, John, who heard enough about money during business hours, escaped to the library.

When he ventured back for the evening paper they had swung again to the Sinceres, and Sarah was jeering:

"Oh, yes, she's going to India. Grandpa got some pamphlets in that travel literature he's always sending off for, and Anna's planning her trip. Oh, yes, she's going!"

"Maybe she's fallen heir to the Rockefeller millions," said Genevieve, "and is keeping it from us."

"Well, I hope Mrs. Sincere finishes my sewing before she starts on a grand tour," said Sarah.

John escaped again with his paper, but the overheard bit didn't improve his mood. The Sinceres deserved their hard luck. It merely served them right that a collector had come and taken away their phonograph, and that the telephone company had threatened to discontinue service; and it was going to serve them right, one of these days, when he, the bank, should close down against their notes. It was coming to them!

I would not have you think that John was an unduly hard-hearted young man. His business dealt largely with borrowers; and he would have preferred it if all those who were driven to borrow could always—after an adequate and sufficiently profitable interest-bearing tenure—have repaid their obligations. He'd have preferred it this way for their own comfort as well as for the assurance of the bank. But if they couldn't—well, a date of payment, unmet, was a sober and somber event, haunted with proper specters, which properly if distressingly cast gloom over the sky and poisoned the poor unfortunates' food, if they had appetite left to eat.

This very day the Sinceres had been compelled to extend their note. . . . Symphony concerts, indeed! Not to mention babble of India!

And when, thirty days later, Anna called again at the bank, John could see at once that no grim specter was shadowing for her the otherwise very brilliant day. She directed upon him that smile which was too warm and too personal, which was uncalled for and out of place, and greeted him through the grille:

"I feel sorry for poor bankers on a day like this. Don't you feel like an animal in a cage?"

He did not feel that way, and he did not propose to encourage levity. So he answered, "Ah, good afternoon, Miss Sincere. Is there something I can do for you?"

He knew all right that there was, and he knew in advance what it was.

"Yes. It's that note of ours which is due today—I'm afraid we'll need thirty days more."

He reflected sardonically on the thirty-day specification. Yet at this particular time he couldn't help feeling rather sorry for her. For he had heard of the turn Grandpa Sincere had taken for the worse—that ailment of his, kidney stones, had called for an operation, and Mrs. Sincere had taken him to a hospital in the city. She was attending him in there, and of course that had canceled her sewing engagements and a bit of their very dubitable income; and heaven knew what the operation would cost—or how be met.

Anna listed none of these lamentable features, but John knew them, and the upshot was that he waived his better judgment and granted a further extension—especially since Anna had again scraped up the interest

Yet it aggrieved him to be worked upon in this way, and he said severely, "This next date must be met or we'll have to make another arrangement."

She nodded cheerfully.

"Perhaps we can pay the whole mortgage by that time; one never can tell."

Now in truth much was to happen before that next date. But John couldn't know this; nor could Anna have foreseen, for that matter. So that he felt his familiar gorge rising. And though he did vouchsafe a certain mechanical response to her overflowing farewell beam, it would really have been better if he hadn't smiled at all.

And again he watched her grimly from the window as she went swinging off down the street. A youth hurried to overtake her; the two of them went swinging down the street together. Anna's short skirts sported helter-skelter in the wind. She glanced up at her companion—though he couldn't see her face, John could visualize her eyes; he fancied once he caught the ring of her laugh. Genevieve

(Continued on Page 139)

She Glowed With Such Achievement and Pleasure That John Couldn't Act Too Glum

ESQUIRE

By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IV

OGDEN emerged from the dining room and joined them. His youthful visage was not by any means blank. One of his eyebrows cocked an inquiring slant at Cotter, but he looked in vain for any change of expression there. Cotter was as ever the correct butler. He was indeed merely waiting for the others to step past him, so that he might return to his duties about the breakfast table. Interest in Mr. Crewe's callers he evinced none.

"Well, what on earth does the sheriff want to see me about?" complained Grandsir of nobody in particular.

Ogden had a practical suggestion: "He is so handy it seems a pity not to ask him."

"Well, of course," assented Mr. Crewe, and started forward with Ogden at his elbow. As they passed him Cotter went back to his own concerns, perceiving which, the young man in riding togs took the elderly gentleman in the gray clothes by the arm and abruptly turned him off at right angles into the Chinese parlor. To Mr. Crewe's further astonishment he closed the door behind his back like a conspirator.

"J. B. Cotter," said Ogden.

To which Grandsir half mechanically added, "Esquire."

"You mean exactly," Ogden corrected him.

"I had hoped," said Mr. Crewe with severe sarcasm, "to hear what you mean." A sudden wave of enlightenment swept across his face. "Oh!" he said.

"Exactly. You see I am right. Exactly. Now what are you going to tell him?"

"Tell him?"

Ogden again took Grandsir by the arm and sat him down in one of the magnificent Chinese chairs.

"I knew you needed a moment to pull yourself together. You would have shown the sheriff just the venerable but idiotic visage I now perceive. The thing is as inevitable as the eel in a cross-word puzzle. He has found out J. B. Cotter, Esquire, in this humble abode."

"But you said yourself he was not that Cotter," expostulated Mr. Crewe.

"I don't think he is. But once in my life I was wrong. It was a trifling matter concerning the White Sox, but it has left me with a fear that I am not infallible."

Grandsir sat up and began to glare. "Again I should like to say I hope to hear what you mean," he said sharply.

"That's better," said Ogden. "That's much better. I wanted to rouse the fine old Crewe spirit. You were going in there in a very foggy state, I must say, for so early an hour. You had your mouth open like a fish. I don't know why not like a mere vague man, but we usually say fish. Now, all I want to say is this: We have jolly well embraced a marvelous butler and we want to keep him. Don't you go in there looking as if really the man might be a bank robber for all you know."

"And would you consider me now sufficiently restored to face this matter?" inquired Grandsir cuttingly. "Why, drat your impertinence, get out of my way!"

"I should say you were now in the pink, Granny," quoth Ogden, smiling, and followed the fuming old gentleman across the hall into the drawing-room.

A mild-faced man, in a wrinkled gray alpaca coat that was not calculated to obscure a regrettable loss of Greek line in the torso, rose from the slenderest chair in the room and made an indeterminate movement with his hanging hat. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Crewe."

"Why, I've seen you before," said Grandsir in some surprise.

"Anything you say will be used against you," volunteered Ogden sunnily.

"Often," admitted Mr. Gray, with a vague look of astonishment at Ogden. "I run the big feed store."

"Cotter," She Said, Her Voice Fluttering, "Have You Ever Seen Me Before?"

"Oh, yes. Gray. Yes. Well, sit down. Er—wouldn't you be more comfortable over here?" He eyed the priceless little heirloom on which Mr. Gray had once bestowed his weight, and suavely motioned him to a sturdier chair.

"I'm come on an unpleasant errand, Mr. Crewe," said Mr. Gray, sitting down as directed.

"But in your capacity as sheriff you must so often come on unpleasant errands!" flashed Ogden airily. "I should think you would be quite used to it. However, I suppose the genial atmosphere of the feed business puts you out."

Mr. Gray looked at Ogden politely, but did not apparently see his way to answering this sally. His eyes went back to his host.

"There is a man named Cotter wanted by the police, and I'm frank to say he's been traced here."

"One moment, Mr. Gray," said Grandsir Crewe. He was sitting up very stiffly in his chair, his bearing quite magisterial. "Do you mean that the police have traced a fugitive to my house or that they want a man named Cotter, and, hearing that I have one, request you to look him over?"

"Well, yes and no. I mean, I can't say they traced Cotter himself, Mr. Crewe, but his car was found in the Old Mill Woods, where it had been run off the road into the undergrowth."

In the pause that followed this statement the two Crewes looked at each other, suddenly fixed.

"And I understand," Mr. Gray went on, "you took in a man of the name of Cotter yesterday morning, rather a shady sort of fellow with a bruised face. I can't say if they found anything the matter with the car, but it might have run off the road and spilled him out, you know."

Ogden paid no attention to Mr. Gray's efforts to account for the condition of Cotter's eye. He wrenched his look away from his grandfather and played his ace of trumps.

"You've got a description of your man?" he asked crisply.

"Oh, certain, certain."

"And it is?" persisted Ogden, not referring to the obvious fact that this description was known to every reader of the daily news.

"Why, it's not necessary to trouble you gentlemen with that. Just you let me see this fellow you have got here; let me look him over." Mr. Gray's manners were unfortunately not much better than his figure, both being somewhat amorphous.

Grandsir was huffed. "Is your man tall, fine-looking, red-haired?" he snapped.

It is probable even The Slinker's mother had never thought him handsome, and he was a weasel of a man with the blackest of heads.

"Gosh, no!" said the sheriff. "He's a dark-complected little runt."

Both Crewes felt a soaring of the spirit. There had been no catch in that printed description.

"Ogden," said Grandsir, "oblige me by ringing for Cotter." As a very evident mystification appeared on Mr. Gray's face at the wording of this request Mr. Crewe added, "Cotter is my butler. Not a likely job for a man who has robbed a bank."

"It might be a slick way to hide out," suggested the sheriff doggedly.

"But, dash me," cried Grandsir, "do you think if he wanted to hide from the police he would give his name as J. B. Cotter?"

Ogden had rung, and in a moment the man himself appeared in the doorway. He stood there, six feet two of respectful butlerdom, waiting for his master's voice. The comical incongruity of his livery, discolored eye and red hair was lost upon Mr. Gray, who merely saw how utterly he differed from The Slinker's published image.

"No matter, Cotter," said Mr. Crewe calmly. "Mr. Gray is remaining a few moments longer."

The sheriff watched Cotter depart, and then took his chin in his grasp, a gesture inherited perhaps from a long line of whiskered progenitors, and looked meditatively at the ceiling.

"No lady in the house, Mr. Crewe?"

"No," said Grandsir shortly.

"I should like a lady's opinion now on that being the natural color of his hair."

"You think he might have given himself a henna shampoo in the mill race?" asked Ogden gravely.

And Grandsir gave a little start. The man's head had certainly been sopping wet when first he saw him. But the headache would account for that.

"At all events," he said testily, "he did not grow himself into a fine upstanding chap in the Mill Woods."

"No," said Mr. Gray. "Oh, no, that's not The Slinker." He continued to caress his chin. "Still, you know, it is a very curious case."

"Mere coincidence of names!" grunted Mr. Crewe.

"But there's the car!" said the sheriff mildly. "J. B. Cotter's car; and within a quarter of a mile of it is J. B. Cotter. He might, now, have been left here, you know, to give that name and delay the chase."

"Atalanta's golden apples!" suggested Ogden encouragingly.

"My dear man, if you were a small dark-haired man would you pick out a chap like that to impersonate you?" exploded Grandsir, rising. "Does he look like a consort of criminals? Don't you know there are probably dozens of Slinkers in that class who could pass for one another? No, it is too idiotic an idea. Since when has there been such devotion among thieves that one would remain behind to be surely apprehended as an accomplice?"

"You are an exasperating dunderhead," was in every tone of his voice.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Gray soothingly. "But here's something I don't get clear: Was you expecting this Cotter here to take a place? Didn't I hear you just sort of met with him?"

"Anything criminal in that?" snorted Grandsir.

"Now don't get put out with me, Mr. Crewe. I'm only discharging my duty you know."

Grandsir cooled at once. "I'm sorry, Gray," he said handsomely. "It has got me short in the temper, all this "

"I know, and I regret it. Because you see, Mr. Crewe, it looks to me as if I'd have to take this Cotter along with me where I can keep an eye on him till this thing ravels out."

His host's better humor was short-lived. "Look here," he said promptly, "it is a little too much that I should be deprived of my butler—and the best butler I ever had—because the police have instructed you to catch an entirely different man!" He stood glaring at the man who ran the feed store. "I'll give you a bond to produce him any time you need him. And—Ogden, ring the bell again."

Ogden obeyed. "The servant problem is very acute, Mr. Gray," he said suavely as he passed him. Mr. Gray merely favored him with his former look. He did not know what on earth to make of Ogden's remarks.

"Understand me, Gray," went on Grandsir, "you may take it for granted, I suppose, that I am satisfied of this man's honesty, since you see him here in a position of trust and responsibility. And I fancy my word or my bond, if you want it, is beyond question in this bailiwick of your "

"No question, Mr. Crewe," mumbled the sheriff.

"Well, then, the man is as safe here as if you had him handcuffed to you. Why, deuce take me, how can you remove him unless you arrest him, and what are you going to charge him with? Vagrancy? A man with a job that pays a hundred and seventy a month! Or is it your intention to incarcerate all Cotters as you find 'em?"

It was a warm day and Grandsir was considerably warmer, so that when Cotter came to the door he beheld his employer mopping his forehead with one of his large bright silk handkerchiefs.

Cotter's utter detachment was for the moment laid aside. He gave a quiet but very direct look apiece to the three men in the room, and came on in a manner that brought him beyond his natural halting place.

"I am afraid, Mr. Crewe," he said in a very deferential yet not at all butlerlike tone, "that you are suffering some annoyance through my service here."

"Cotter," said Grandsir, removing his bandanna from his face the better to look at his man, "I want you to listen to what Mr. Gray has come here to talk about. I have just given him my word that I will produce you at any time he believes your presence necessary, and I should like you to confirm my statement that you will make no move to leave this house without his permission for the present."

"I shall certainly be at your disposal, Mr. Crewe," said Cotter. He turned slightly to give his attention to the sheriff.

"You see, it's like this," said that worthy not very brilliantly. "There's a search on for a man named J. B. Cotter, known as The Slinker, who certainly reached this place sometime last evening or night, as his car has been found down the road a piece and positively identified. I'm frank to say," went on the sheriff, whose favorite solecism it appeared to be, "that his description does not fit you. But here you turn up at the same time with the same name. That's something that has got to be looked into. Now, you just give me the information I need about yourself—who you are and where you come from—and with the understanding that Mr. Crewe vouches for your appearance if and when needed I'll be content to go along with that. I can't promise, Mr. Crewe, that the police won't want to come out to verify my statements. This is no small matter."

"Might I ask what the matter is?" inquired Cotter, whose eyes had never left the speaker's face.

"Let that wait," said Mr. Gray rather roughly. "What I want is some information from you. What's your whole name?" He took a dog-eared notebook, saw that it was all about the feed business, put it back, and produced another. "Now, then," he said, getting at his pencil.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Cotter gently, "you won't need a notebook. My name is J. B. Cotter "

"J. for what? B. for what?" demanded the law.

"John Brown," replied the red-haired one casually.

Mr. Gray made the entry and glanced up. "Well, go on," he said.

"I have no further information to give you," said Cotter quietly.

The sheriff's mouth fell open.

"I admit," said Cotter, "that I have no knowledge of my rights as a citizen to my own private affairs. But on that point I can secure the advice of a lawyer. In the meantime I have nothing further to tell you."

"Well, but dod-gast me!" bubbled the feed merchant. "Do you want to be arrested as a suspicious character and hauled up before the judge?"

Cotter appeared quite calm before this dangled horror. "If you consider me a suspicious character I dare say you can do this. I am sure that Mr. Crewe will be kind enough to tell me who is the best lawyer hereabouts to represent me. I feel confident that until you can connect me with some suspicious circumstances I can scarcely be held accountable to you for my own personal concerns. You may be suspicious of me, Mr. Gray undoubtedly you are—but arrest on no better ground than that appeals to me as slightly fantastic."

"Suspicious circumstances?" bleated Mr. Gray. "What about that black eye?"

Ogden's long-repressed laugh rang out. "Oh, I assure you, Mr. Gray," he said, "I had one myself not long ago, and it occasioned the police no uneasiness whatever."

The interruption annoyed the man because he had not intended to rest his case upon Cotter's appearance. "You show up here from nowhere, with your face all bruised up as it might be if you'd had a spill from a car, and we find a ditched flivver that belongs to a notorious criminal with the same name and initials as yourself, and you won't say where you came from, nor how you got here; and you expect me to be satisfied with that? Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Crewe, this man has told you no more than that?"

Grandsir rose from his chair and took out his cigarette case. "If you are going to arrest me now," he said pleasantly, "I should be obliged to you if you could swear in my house temporarily as a jail. Then we can all remain here together in comfort. Have a smoke?"

Mr. Gray, it appeared, did not use cigarettes, or was in no mood to hear the question.

"I am," said Mr. Crewe, "like Cotter, not at all sure if a private citizen has any rights left, but I do not feel called upon to tell you what Cotter told me, you know."

"It's a bit over my depth at this end of the plunge," remarked Ogden sweetly, "but what somebody told somebody is not evidence, is it? Perhaps that may be only in a court of law. After all, this is not a court, though I certainly feel as if we had all been had up for a crime this bright morning." He had risen when his grandfather did, very neatly bringing about an appearance that the session was over.

Mr. Gray was as angry as it was in his sluggish nature to be, but he was also mystified and bewildered. The tactics of his present company were something he had never encountered before, and he wanted a little advice and backing up himself. He was honestly endeavoring, as he said, to discharge his duty, but he did not wish in the pursuit of his calling to offend a gentleman whose hunters ran up a bill of several thousand dollars a year in his store. And affably as Mr. Crewe had last spoken, the sheriff was aware of his inability to interpret these people. The young gentleman in particular gave him the most uneasy feeling of being unable to understand his own language.

It is only just to a feed merchant in his more political aspect to say that had there been the most remote chance of Cotter's being the hunted man, he would have riven him from the concerted strength of all the Crewes in Christendom. But there on the page below his short thumb he could read the description of The Slinker: Height five foot three, weight one hundred and thirty, hair and eyes black, receding chin, etc. He looked ruefully at the single entry he had made below this matter, shut up the book and rose.

"I should be very sorry, Mr. Crewe, to have this make bad blood between us. I can see, of course, that this is not The Slinker, and your word that he will stay put is good enough for me. You'll admit it is an odd and out-of-the-way sort of thing. I'll make my report, and if the police are satisfied I suppose that ends it. If not, I'm frank to say, I think it would have been better to have had it all out and done with, here and now."

"We have broken no bones, Gray," said Mr. Crewe easily. "If it is not forbidden in your present capacity, you

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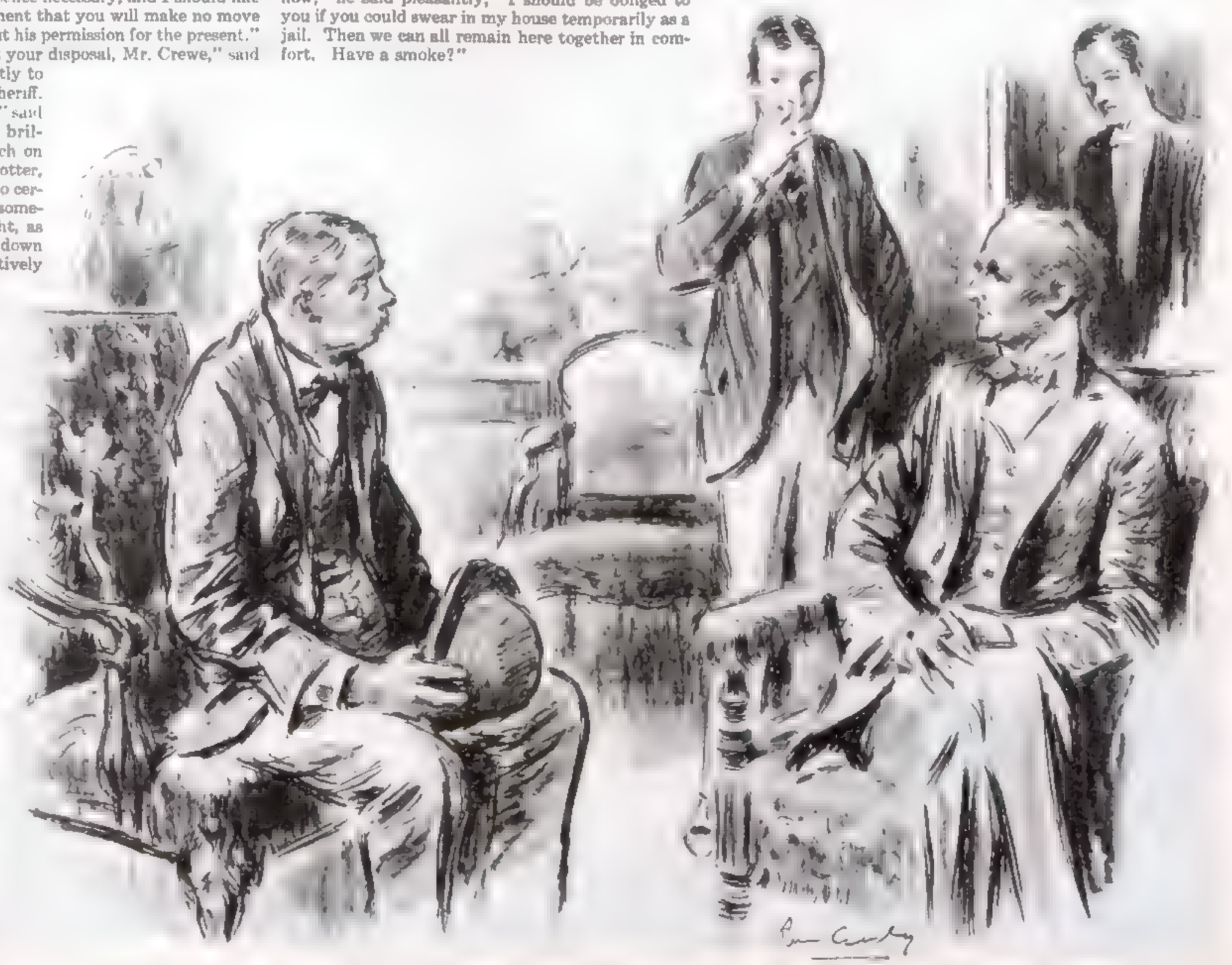
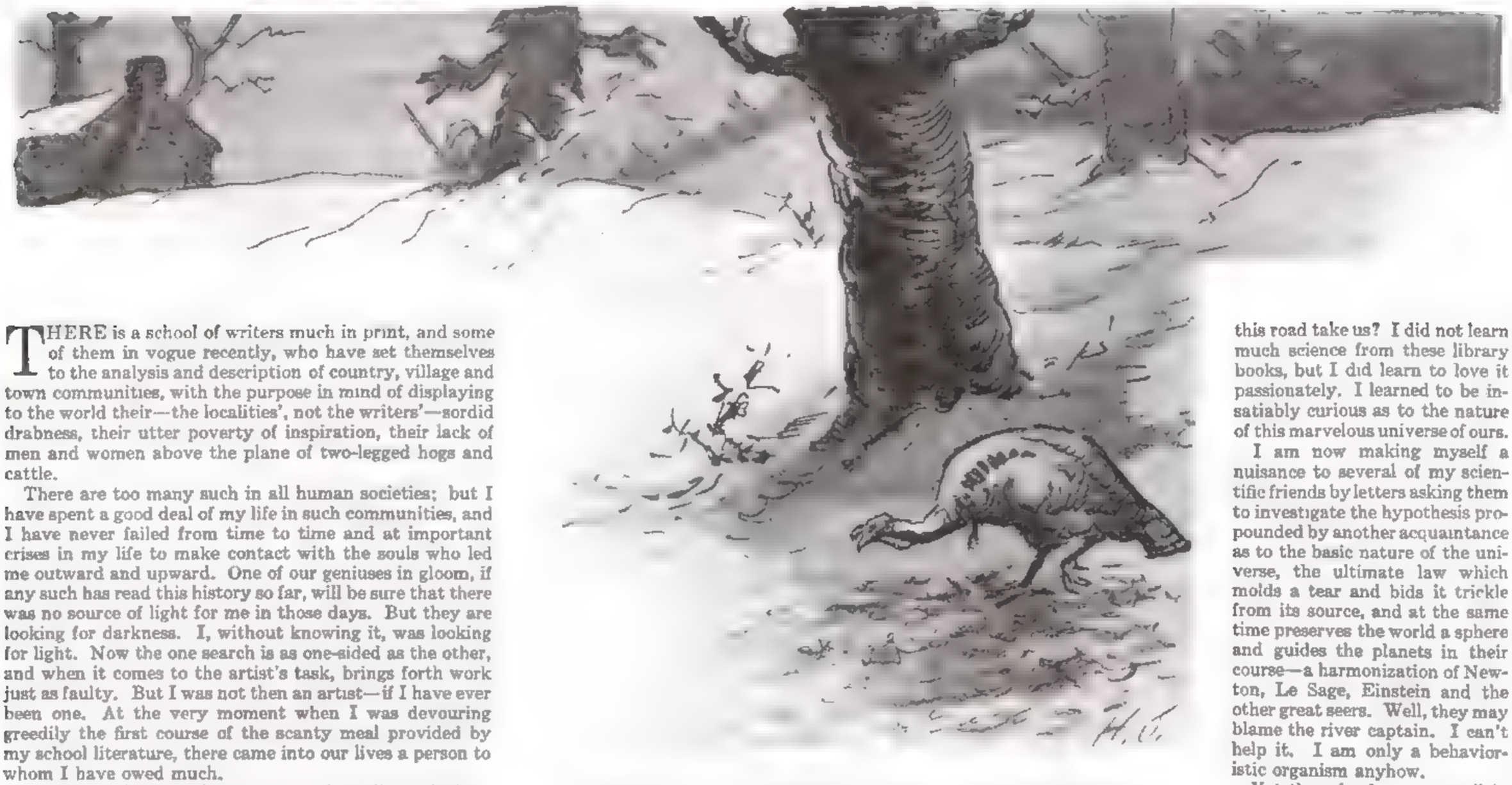


"But, Dash Me," Cried Grandsir, "Do You Think if He Wanted to Hide From the Police He Would Give His Name as J. B. Cotter?"

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



The Life of Her Babe, of Which She Thought Much More Than of Her Own, Depended Upon Her Skill in Stalking That Bird

THERE is a school of writers much in print, and some of them in vogue recently, who have set themselves to the analysis and description of country, village and town communities, with the purpose in mind of displaying to the world their—the localities', not the writers'—sordid drabness, their utter poverty of inspiration, their lack of men and women above the plane of two-legged hogs and cattle.

There are too many such in all human societies; but I have spent a good deal of my life in such communities, and I have never failed from time to time and at important crises in my life to make contact with the souls who led me outward and upward. One of our geniuses in gloom, if any such has read this history so far, will be sure that there was no source of light for me in those days. But they are looking for darkness. I, without knowing it, was looking for light. Now the one search is as one-sided as the other, and when it comes to the artist's task, brings forth work just as faulty. But I was not then an artist—if I have ever been one. At the very moment when I was devouring greedily the first course of the scanty meal provided by my school literature, there came into our lives a person to whom I have owed much.

I remember him merely as a man with a full beard whom I saw only a few times. I suppose I was five years old when he swam into our ken. He swam in from the West on the flood of returning gold hunters from Colorado. There he had met and formed a friendship for relatives of ours. They also had returned to Iowa; and when the stream of disappointment set back across the plains through Omaha to the other states, he came and visited them.

He had been a rover, and was, I suspect, alienated from his family. He had been a Mississippi steamboat captain. He was an ardent spiritualist; the messages received through rappings and automatic writings were to him much more than Gospel truth, and the materializations perfectly genuine. Moreover, he was a free lover. He believed in the communal system. I have heard dark hints that he made tentative suggestions that our circle, consisting of a number of families, join him in establishing a community of free lovers somewhere. Florida was mentioned, and so was Valcour Island in Lake Champlain; and this gave my Grandmother Coleman an opportunity for the only joke, as far as I know, of her century of life. She bitterly called the place Vulgar Island. "Vulgar" in our vocabulary meant "obscene."

My Journal of Treasures

IN FACT, none of our family or friends reacted favorably to the free-love suggestion. It fell flat. The fact that this man, in spite of his reputed wealth and his fine education, was not completely ostracized speaks volumes for the forcefulness of his personality. He still was our friend. He saw in me a little semicripple with great facility in his rudimentary studies, and in my older brothers and sisters a group of benighted children who might have something in them if they only had a chance. So he proceeded to send us reading matter. To my parents he sent The Banner of Light, a spiritualist paper; to me came The Little Corporal, a boys' paper.

We were under the influence of the Napoleon myth then, and even one of the McGuffey Readers had a portrait of the Little Corporal on the cover. The ex-river captain had exhumed from the shelves of his library some few books which came to me after he had departed and found my reputation as a prodigy following him; and for all the youth of the family came a goodly package of a publication which has never been excelled in its field. I mean Our Young Folks, a magazine published, I believe, by Osgood & Co.

Clearly this man was a denizen of another world than ours. The glimpse he gave me of this strange realm was immense in its influence. If in accordance with his philosophy his spirit can see its results, I know that in whatever plane he has observed it from he was astonished; and I desire here and now to set down a record of my gratitude for his spiritual eye. He was a light bringer.

And yet the books were rather absurd. One of them was A System of Double-Entry Bookkeeping, With an Infallible Rule for Debtor and Creditor. It was published in 1832. It lacked lure for me. I remember the Infallible Rule: "Whoever and whatever owes us is debtor; whoever and whatever we owe is creditor," but I never fulfilled what I think must have been his subliminal prophecy that the little chap with the weak legs might grow up to fill some clerical position. I mastered early the practical—or impractical—side of the Infallible Rule which taught that whoever and whatever I owed was creditor; but the system beyond that was ever a way beset with pitfall and with gin in which I wandered.

But the books which came with it—they were wonderful! One was a Manual of Botany which must have come from the press sometime in the 30's, for it taught the Linnæan system. It devoted a chapter or so to some radicalism advocated by two Frenchmen named De Jussieu and De Candolle, but it seemed to do so under protest. I took no interest in them. Linnæus was so much simpler. I remember how my heart thrilled when I analyzed and classified my first plant, a red prairie lily with one pistil and six stamens. As I pulled it apart and ascertained that its full Linnæan name was *Hexandria monogynia*, my fingers were stained with the purple juice of the quivering anthers. I was all alone a mile or so from any dwelling; but with little *Hexandria* for a companion I was magnificently accompanied. It was a psychological triumph of no small magnitude. For one reason, things of which I had read as existing in lives of men in another world were coming true in mine. I had built a bridge from the life I lived on Grundy Prairie to my ideal and romantic world, and I had done it all alone.

The third of my three treasures was Comstock's Natural Philosophy, and the first of the many experiments with which I ravaged the home kitchen was that of making a siphon of a crooked onion stalk, and lecturing to my mother on the forces which drew the water uphill out of the pail which stood on a chair and drained it over into another which stood on the floor. I thus began at nine or ten that dabbling in science which I have kept up all my life, and which has been useful to me in my work as a writer.

Whoever thinks that the science in my books was any the less valuable because it was largely erroneous and out of date is quite mistaken. Education is a means, not an end, especially with the young. Its value is to be measured not by its acquirements, but by its emotional and directive power. The crucial question is always, Where will this road take us? I did not learn much science from these library books, but I did learn to love it passionately. I learned to be insatiably curious as to the nature of this marvelous universe of ours.

I am now making myself a nuisance to several of my scientific friends by letters asking them to investigate the hypothesis propounded by another acquaintance as to the basic nature of the universe, the ultimate law which molds a tear and bids it trickle from its source, and at the same time preserves the world a sphere and guides the planets in their course—a harmonization of Newton, Le Sage, Einstein and the other great seers. Well, they may blame the river captain. I can't help it. I am only a behavioristic organism anyhow.

Yet these books were small in their influence in comparison with the bundle of Our Young Folks magazines. I think this great journal of treasures was published in Boston and was finally merged into St. Nicholas. It was a nice thick hand-filling magazine, beautifully illustrated, and filled with the best which that old Boston could find for young minds. Here I met John T. Trowbridge, and read his Darius Green and another long poem which began with:

The apple boughs half hid the house
Where lived the lonely widow;
Behind it stood the chestnut wood,
Before it spread the meadow.

She had no money in her till,
She was too poor to borrow;
With her lame leg she could not beg,
And no one cheered her sorrow.

I have not seen it for more than half a century. It was entitled The Wonderful Sack and proved somehow that optimism is a sovereign remedy for widowhood, lack of friends, poverty and lameness and other physical disabilities. It was too specious for me, and I read it with approval. It was not so good, however, as Darius.

Rooting Out Literary Nuts

THE great Concord and Boston groups were then at the zenith of their powers; and most of these writers contributed to Our Young Folks. One may now find in the anthologies poems by the Cary sisters, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter and others which I read in these magazines, which were read to rags by all of us, and of which I reread the rags. Henry Ward Beecher and his great sister were here. The Rev. Elijah Kellogg contributed tales of the New England frontier. When Roosevelt came back from South America with his discovery of the man-eating fish it was old stuff to me. I had read all about the bloodthirsty devils in Mayne Reid's Afloat in a Forest, in Our Young Folks.

These books and magazines constituted an important addition to the McGuffey Readers. In a literary sense they brought them down nearly to date. They were in every way excellent—not great in volume; for I suppose they would not have constituted, save for the treatises, more than a few days' reading, but they were much. As for The Little Corporal, I got twelve numbers; and then came the thirteenth, with the first chapters of a story of a boy who had invented a wonderful machine. It closed with the machine doing its wonders. I felt as if I must renew my subscription. I appealed to my father with my ever-ready

tears to give me the money—a whole dollar—with which to do so; and as I think of his expression as he told me we couldn't afford it, I know that the refusal hurt him quite as much as it did me.

So much happened to me by the coming into my life, even in a manner which constituted scarcely a touching of our orbits, of a man who seems to me to have been a cultivated gentleman. It proves again something which has been so often remarked—that we are all the time giving off influence the fatal or beneficent importance of which we cannot even surmise.

Abraham Lincoln used to refer to himself as a "mast-fed" lawyer—thus drawing the parallel between his learning and the fattening of animals picking up their nourishment in the woods and fields, a diet of nuts, wild grasses and weeds. I am here telling of the growth of the mast-fed writer. Hitherto I have mentioned the nuts of good literature which I rooted out of the unplowed soil with my mental snout. But the greater bulk of my diet was composed of stuff which was indubitably weeds.

In my mother's family there was a tradition that novels were things which it was sinful or near-sinful to read.

"I say," my grandmother used to observe, "that it is a sin for folks to waste their good time readin' lies!"

But the word "novel" gradually came to mean with us only the matter in the pernicious dime novel—those blood-and-thunder tales which could be bought for ten cents. Of these I read very few for two reasons: First, the boys in my circle were not addicted to such mild devilment as reading forbidden stuff, or anything else; and second, I never had the dime.

An Arcadian Age

THERE were at least two masterpieces of fiction which our frontier ancestors held in high regard. These were Miss Porter's Scottish Chiefs and another work which I never saw—The Children of the Abbey. These were not classed as novels. I have no idea what they were thought to be unless it was veritable history. When you find William W., in the name of the man born in the first half of the nineteenth century, you may be sure that it was William Wallace; and Helen M. was Helen Mar. Happy Jane Porter and blest Scottish Chiefs! She came no nearer to writing veritable history than I have done in Vandemark's Folly, The Hawkeye and The Invisible Woman; but I am writing for a sophisticated age which will never, I fear, give to me the touching faith my parents and grandparents bestowed on Jane Porter. My Aunt Helen was named for the Lady Helen Mar. I did read at least one of the Porter novels, and that with the approbation of everyone.

We had read in the family circle, too, several of the novels of Mary J. Holmes; and these were all that came in cloth until I met Dickens years afterward, when I was pretty well grown up. My supply of weeds came through the illustrated story papers, the New York Ledger, the New York Weekly, and the Saturday Night, published in Philadelphia. I don't believe we ever subscribed for any of them. Families in the neighborhood always preserved their files and lent them to us. All of them carried notices to the effect that every number was electrotyped and that back numbers could be obtained. Folks were supposed to take their light fiction seriously—and did.

Grandma used to groan lugubriously when these papers were read; but she listened avidly just the same, and would be so carried away by the insidious temptation as to read them herself, her lips moving as she whispered the words. I maliciously suggested to her at times that these stories were novels and she shouldn't read them.

"Wal, Herbie," she would protest, "I ain't really readin' it. I jes' want to see how the fool thing comes out!"

Thus did the old landmarks of Puritanism sink beneath the rising tide of worldliness. It was portentous. My father and mother soon ceased to struggle with the letting out of the great waters. They even allowed us to go to dances. They even winked at our playing of dominoes! Ah, that was an Arcadian age!

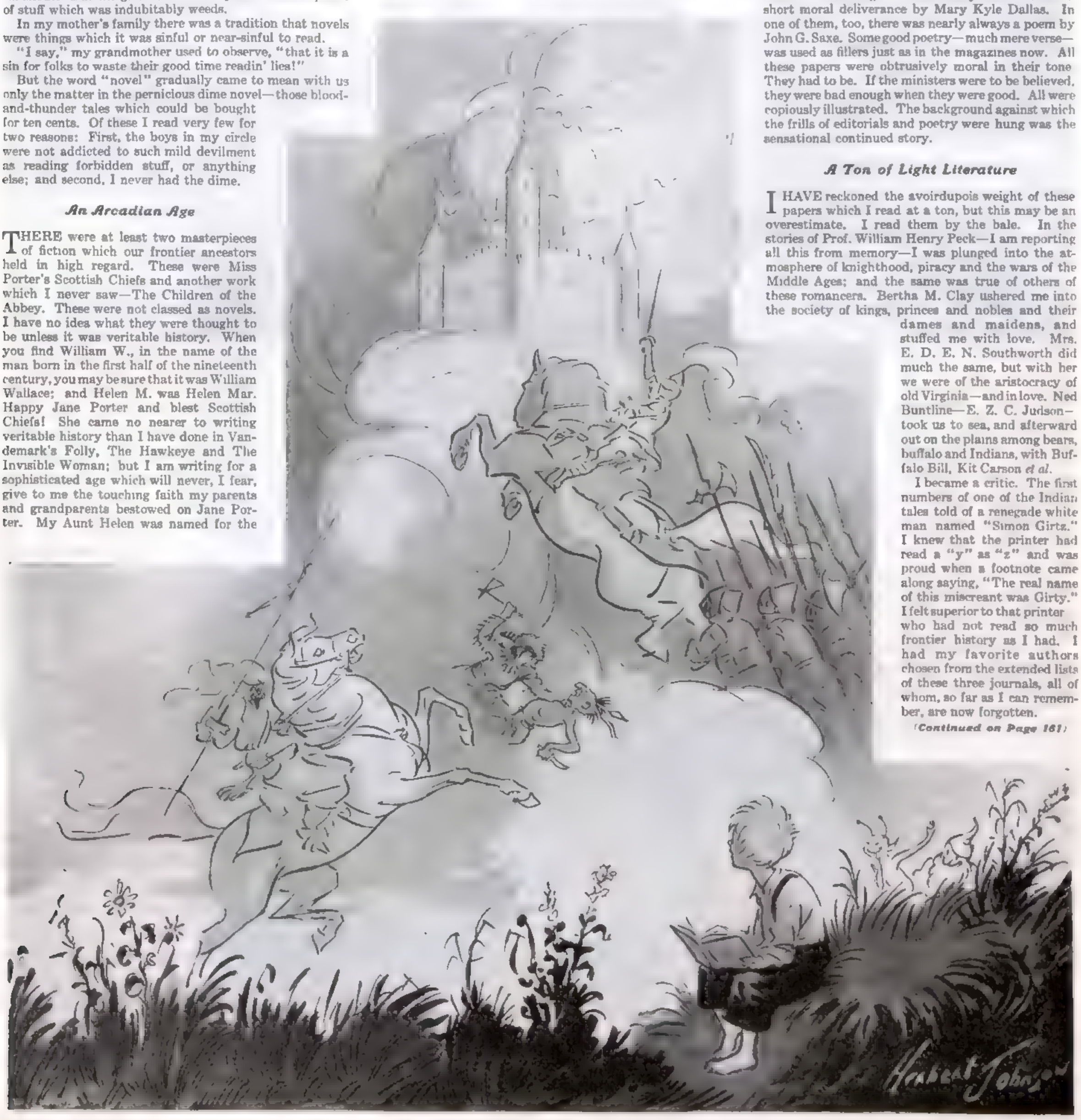
These three illustrated story papers had an immense influence on the America of that day. They lived vigorous lives under the ban of the older morality and religion. The one which drew most of the Puritanic lightnings was the Ledger, published by Robert Bonner. It was much the best of the three. Its editorial page was excellent. Every week there was an article by Dr. John Hall, a celebrated divine, and the author also of my friend, Bolton Hall. Either in the Ledger or the Weekly there was also a short moral deliverance by Mary Kyle Dallas. In one of them, too, there was nearly always a poem by John G. Saxe. Some good poetry—much mere verse—was used as fillers just as in the magazines now. All these papers were obtrusively moral in their tone. They had to be. If the ministers were to be believed, they were bad enough when they were good. All were copiously illustrated. The background against which the frills of editorials and poetry were hung was the sensational continued story.

A Ton of Light Literature

I HAVE reckoned the avoirdupois weight of these papers which I read at a ton, but this may be an overestimate. I read them by the bale. In the stories of Prof. William Henry Peck—I am reporting all this from memory—I was plunged into the atmosphere of knighthood, piracy and the wars of the Middle Ages; and the same was true of others of these romancers. Bertha M. Clay ushered me into the society of kings, princes and nobles and their dames and maidens, and stuffed me with love. Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth did much the same, but with her we were of the aristocracy of old Virginia—and in love. Ned Buntline—E. Z. C. Judson—took us to sea, and afterward out on the plains among bears, buffalo and Indians, with Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson *et al.*

I became a critic. The first numbers of one of the Indian tales told of a renegade white man named "Simon Girtz." I knew that the printer had read a "y" as "z" and was proud when a footnote came along saying, "The real name of this miscreant was Girty." I felt superior to that printer who had not read so much frontier history as I had. I had my favorite authors chosen from the extended lists of these three journals, all of whom, so far as I can remember, are now forgotten.

(Continued on Page 161)



In Those Mountains I Made My Own Fairyland and Peopled It With Eagles, Heroes and Fair Ones Who Lived Among the Lightnings in Palaces of Nacre

SPANISH ACRES

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Langford Was Eager to Reach Rolavi Wells and Learn What Had Occurred There During His Absence

XV

HOLLISTER rode to a little sandrock basin in the extreme northeastern corner of Spanish Acres, the point nearest to the Bar Z Bell. There, if Sarah Lee Langford acted upon the message which he had sent to her by a Tasao courier, he would meet her for the first time in two weeks. During that interval he had had but one glimpse of her, and then only a long-range view through his glasses as she rode with Mrs. Jessup and two of the Jessup children. It was with a curious sense of breathless anticipation that he topped the last ridge and looked down into the little sandrock pocket. She was there ahead of him.

"What is it, Stan?" she inquired anxiously. "Why did you send for me?"

"Nothing to fret over," he reassured. "I just couldn't put off seeing you for another day."

"It wasn't that. There was something you were specially anxious to see me about. What was it? That new tax law? I've been wondering how it would affect you."

They had called a vote in Rolavi Wells to pass upon the salaries of the county officials and to provide means for raising funds with which to defray these and other expenses of county administration.

"Holding elections is a popular diversion at Rolavi Wells," he said. "That measure was framed to wreck me. It's within their limits, too, not a flimsy makeshift like the sheep-exclusion act. They'll effect a law to back every possible plan to wear me down by piling up my expenses. This is just the start. A tax of two cents an acre don't sound ruinous, but when one man is holding most of the deeded land in the county, nine-tenths anyway, then this tax puts nine-tenths of the county's expense on him, while the others are running their stock on the open range. This will pile on a tax of upward of thirty thousand a year against Spanish Acres. That money goes to Coulard's henchmen for salaries; then it'll revert to him by way of the Nugget. It means that Spanish Acres will pay itself right into Coulard's pocket if that tax is paid. If it's not paid, but allowed to pile up, they'll sell it up for taxes and he'll buy it in. Then they'll repeal the land tax. Organizing a new county, and controlling it, has considerable financial advantage."

"What can you do about it?" she asked.

"Just rest along and pay no mind to it until we can upset that gang in the county seat and put in new officials, then repeal it," he said. "But that wasn't what I had on my mind. You are Art Langford's heir, I take it. Do you know if your brother is owing Coulard and Slaven heavy?"

"Art never tells me a great deal about his business," she said. "He's always in debt to Coulard, more or less, but no staggering sums. Why?"

"It's been talked round for months that he's owing both of them big money. That may mean five thousand or two hundred thousand. Do you know if he's put up a deed to the Bar Z Bell with Slaven to cover his loans?"

"Surely not that," she said. "I don't imagine he owes either of them any great sum. Those big amounts must be just talk."

"That's what I'm thinking," Hollister agreed. "But there's purpose behind that talk. People get into the set way of believing what they've been hearing and telling one another over the course of the years."

"Yes," she agreed. "But that wouldn't increase his debts, talk wouldn't, without documentary evidence to show for it."

"Documentary evidence can be easy manufactured to fit in with what a whole countryside believes is a fact. There's hardly a man in Rolavi Sink that wouldn't bet his shirt that Art Langford owes Slaven big sums of money."

"But that doesn't make it a fact," she insisted.

"It didn't make it a fact over in the Salito country, when Girard and Comstock started a whisper that they'd bought the San Estano Grant off of old man Hatfield," Hollister said. "That rumor traveled rapid. If it ever come to Hatfield, he denied it and swore something frightful. The very earnestness with which he cussed out the report as an error led folks to believe it was a fact. Whenever either Girard or Comstock was questioned, they smiled and says no, that they hadn't bought it. Their place carried the biggest bank roll in all the Salito country.

"Just prior to this rumor they had an extra heavy accumulation of cash on hand. Right on top of it they seemed to run short and was paying in scrip whenever a man made a winning. Then it leaked out that they'd paid for the grant in cash, Hatfield being suspicious of paper, and that the reason for the denials was because Hatfield figured he might be held up before he could get it out of the country. It was said he'd cached the money somewhere, which fitted in with what folks knew of him.

"Then one day two riders, Jarret and Blake, came packing in old man Hatfield's remainders and the corpse of a Mexican, one Perez Gonzales, who had one time been a bandit. They had come up on four Mexicans that had downed Hatfield in a cañon a mile back of his house. They'd got Perez, but the rest got away. There was a hole there, they says, that had been covered with a rock, and a couple of thousand dollars in bills scattered round, which they collected and fetched back. Curious folks went out to view the hole, and even found a few more bills in the brush. It was said that the three other Mexicans had made off with the rest.

"A deed from Hatfield, acknowledged before Judge Cullen, conveying the grant to Girard and Comstock, had been put on record up in the capitol a couple of weeks prior to Hatfield's demise, it came out later. Folks up thataway had discussed it, but it's a long jaunt from Salito to the capitol, four hundred-odd miles, and the news hadn't got back to Salito. But folks down Salito way knew it, anyhow, from these rumors. Of course, Hatfield's estate contested it and proclaimed the deed had been forged. But the whole countryside had believed one way too long to change its mind. Girard and Comstock acquired the San Estano Grant for a couple of thousand in loose bills and whatever they paid to Judge Cullen, Jarret and Blake. It was talk that put that steal over."

He twisted a cigarette before resuming.

"There's a tale going round that Langford is owing Slaven so heavy that he put up a deed to the Bar Z Bell to cover his loans before he left on the drive, to be recorded only in case something happens to him. That leads me to believe something is about ripe to happen to him. Coulard has Art Langford's signature on many a scrap of paper, including notes, the amounts of which could easy be raised. A deed to the Bar Z Bell could be recorded in the event of his demise, and it would be just what everyone in the Rolavi Sink would be expecting. It appears that I've been elected as the instrument to bring this mishap to pass."

"You!" she exclaimed. "How?"

"There's another little tale going round that since they've made war on sheep and sheepmen, I've declared war on cows and cowmen, and that I'm feeding the whole tribe of Tasao on rustled beef. A few head of cows come drifting down out of the Palo Verdes on and off. There's been a number of head shot down, a few of 'em part way dressed out, as if whoever was doing the job was scared off and left the critter. A dozen riders have run across such plants. It's stirred folks considerable. Then it's noised abroad that I'm hostile toward Langford on account of that raid on my sheep and have promised to shoot him down on sight the second he sets foot inside Spanish Acres. Don't you see where that's leading? It's aimed to narrow it down to a personal combat between your brother and me.

"Coulard knows now that raids on my sheep, laws passed to harass me, and so on, won't discourage me to the point where I'll sell Spanish Acres. If I won't sell, he figures, it's likely my heirs would jump at the chance to sell cheap. He's planning to give my heirs the earliest possible opportunity to name their price. With my demise coming on top of all that's happened prior to this, added to the certainty of a range war with the Bar Z Bell and this tax burden that's been saddled onto Spanish Acres, it would be a right unattractive proposition for any prospective purchaser.

"So Coulard is hoping that I'll be the one to go down in this personal affray between Langford and me. If it turns out to be the other way round, and that I should get him, why Coulard would console himself by recording the deed

to the Bar Z Bell in Slaven's name, so his hand wouldn't show, and he'd see to it that folks was so incensed against me that I could scarcely live hereabouts, but would either get shot down in my turn or be made to stand trial. It's that same equation—one of us killed and the other one blamed with the killing. Now it would be somewhat more satisfactory for both Langford and me to go right on living instead of getting ourselves killed just to accommodate Coulard. As soon as ever he gets back you tell him this, and show him where all this talk is pointing. Otherwise, just the second he hears it, he'll charge right out on the war trail."

She nodded, calculating time and distance.

"The trail crew should be getting back in two weeks," she estimated. "I'll ride out to Quenemaro and wait for him there."

"If you can manage to do that," Hollister said, "then you can tell him just exactly what line of talk will be purveyed to him as soon as he lands at Coulard's. Tell him why. Give him everything you and me have been considering about Coulard and Slaven. The idea will be too new to take hold of him first off, but it'll keep turning over in his mind. Talk to him hard and fast and earnest. Tell him you can prove it, if only he'll ride out to Spanish Acres with you and talk it all over with me. Tell him that I'd rather give him Spanish Acres than to have a falling-out with you. Then when he hears the talk that'll be handed to him, almost word for word as you've predicted it would be, it will fall flat, sort of, and set him to studying."

"Yes, I'll ride out to Quenemaro and meet him," she agreed.

"Meanwhile I'm planning to touch off a back fire against Coulard," he said. "When it comes to a head, a word from you might help swing it. I'll tell Sutanak to give a certain signal to the Tasaos, that whenever it's launched on the range it means that I'm wanting to see you real urgent. Will you come a-running whenever a Tasao turns up with that message?"

"Yes," she said, "whenever I get it, I'll come."

XVI

THE two burros plodded dispiritedly under the persistent urgings of the old desert rat.

"You, Jennie! You poor creepin' terrapin," he admonished. "If you don't move out o' that crawl we'll never make our destination. I marked our progress by lining up that dead yucca flower stalk with a juniper snag on yonder ridge, and for the last half hour I believe we've actually been losin' ground. Step along!"

The cool of the desert morning was superseded by suffocating heat as the sun swung high, then by the white blistering glare of noonday, but the old prospector held on. Little shimmering heat waves blurred the vision and lent the illusion that the whole landscape was in motion, throbbing with a quivering undulation. A white alkali flat, bare of all vegetation save for a few straggling clusters of greasewood, reflected the sun's rays with a devastating intensity. On the far side of it a lake, placid and unruffled, stretched away into the distance. From its surface emanated a vague mist that magnified a band of range horses. A cluster of junipers assumed the aspect of a lofty grove on the distant shores of the lake.

Whetzel advanced, the water receded. The distant stately grove became an assortment of squat, dwarfed junipers in the immediate foreground. The horses stood facing him, one of them pawing the ground and snorting, then whirled and circled off to one side when he had advanced to within a hundred yards of their stand.

These mirage effects were a part of Whetzel's everyday existence, as commonplace as sagebrush and alkali; and unless the effect included some particularly striking characteristic, the phenomenon failed to elicit his interest. Now, however, he commented

"If I was parched for a drink, I'd likely resent that tall stately grove in the distance reverting into a cluster of dusty junipers close at hand, and feel downright outraged to discover them horses careening on a parched and burnt-up flat when a minute past they appeared to be standing knee-deep in cool water. Maddenin', that's what it would be," he speculated. "Now there's Coulard. For years back he's been a-following a mirage, only to have it back off from him; and some object in the immediate foreground, like Hollister, for instance, a-holding him off it. A thirsty man will keep groping on ahead. Nothing short of death will deter him from trailin' on to try and catch up with that water and slake his thirst; and I reckon nothing short o' that will deter Coulard from tracking after that mirage of hisn.

"Things has been too quiet for the past month to appear natural. Wallace's visit to Judge Sloane fixed it in Coulard's mind that another general raid would bring government intervention to protect Tasao property and would help Hollister rather than hurt him. But he's only resting. And while he's resting is a good time for Hollister to lay low and not wag an ear above the brush. There's likely several first-rate assassins loitering round, pining to line their sights on him. Just as long as Coulard is alive, Hollister can't have no assurance that he is due to go on living for the next sixty seconds. There's only one way out, as far as Coulard is [illegible]"

He broke off to croon the chorus of his song:

"His horse went back to the wild bunch,
His horse went back to the wild bunch,
His horse went back to the wild bunch,
A dead man's horse in the hills.

"And there'll be one dead jackass on this alkali bottom if you don't toddle along right smart," he threatened the rearmost burro. "Yes, sir! There's just one way to cure Coulard. That way is to effect the gentleman's demise. Nothing short of that will answer."

His way led toward an expanse of naked sand.

"Sand Crawl in the foreground," he announced.

The plodding cavalcade entered the stretch of blistering sand, its surface corrugated and patterned with delicately traced wavelets that had been tossed up by the last desert blow. Topographically, Sand Crawl was the ultimate in impermanency. Its landscape was altered by every considerable wind. The track of man or beast would be obliterated within an hour if left on a surface that was exposed to the slightest breeze. Today there was not even a ripple of air astir to agitate these restless sands—only that still, appalling heat. Whetzel crossed a line of moccasin tracks and his eye followed them to a steeply pitching sand cone. Its treadmill flanks were traversed by similar lines of tracks in parallel tracings where the wearer of the moccasins had made a dozen pilgrimages round the hill at varying elevations, as if he had been searching minutely for some object.

After an indefinite period of traveling, Whetzel came out into a little flat of some five acres in extent. Various articles of equipment, consisting chiefly of skin water bags, were scattered about. There were several skin pouches containing corn that had been dried on the cob when not quite fully matured, then shelled; several pouches of dried meat, a score of blankets.

Whetzel unpacked his two burros, the chief part of the load consisting of water bags similar to those of the Tasaos. He watered the animals sparingly by pouring part of the contents of one of the bags into a shallow gold pan, then led them to the edge of the flat and started them out on their back track.

"You ramble on back outside till I pick you up on the back trip," he advised. "Locate you a sagebrush to gnaw on to offset your appetite so's you won't be tempted to slip back here and rifle my outfit of biscuits. I'll work you over something frightful if you put me on a dried-meat-an'-corn ration with the Tasaos. Scoot!"

The burros scooted, taking their back track toward food and water.

The blazing copper ball of the sun cooled to a glowing crimson sphere as it touched the horizon. A scarlet sunset paled into a billowing, fluted effect of gray and gold; then the desert night descended swiftly. Moccasined feet padded noiselessly in the yielding sand, giving no notice of the wearers' approach until shadowy forms glided into the flat.

(Continued on Page 104)

"Will You Come a-Running Whenever a Tasao Turns Up With That Message?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1925

American Pork and Reparations

THE Dawes report made it clear that Germany will find herself stressed to restrict her imports and expand her exports if she is to put herself in position to make the substantial payments in reparation to which she stands committed. The world has been waiting to detect the directions in which these moves are to be made. It is becoming apparent that large and influential elements in the German population are bringing pressure for the reduction of one class of imports from the United States. This is pork products.

In 1923 Germany imported from the United States 377,000,000 pounds of lard of the value of $46,000,000, and 103,000,000 pounds of cured pork of the value of $13,000,000. In 1924 she imported from this country 308,000,000 pounds of lard of the value of $41,000,000, and 47,000,000 pounds of cured pork of the value of $7,000,000. These were direct imports. Germany secured also further undeterminable amounts of these hog products of American origin from her neighbors to the west. The German imports of lard from this country represented a third of our exports of lard. The proportion of our exports of cured pork was smaller than in the case of lard, but still very substantial.

Our exports of pork products have been an important outlet for the Corn Belt since the war. Because we have this outlet for surplus pork, and have no such outlet for beef, is one reason why hog raising has enjoyed a better position than beef raising. To lose a part of this export market would be severely felt in the Corn Belt.

Influential classes in Germany are agitating for a policy of forced increase of animal husbandry, with Denmark as the model. To this end are proposed high tariff duties on animal products, moderate tariff duties on fodder grains and free trade in oil seeds. This proposal is supported by the agrarian societies, the large landholders, the aristocratic classes, and by a considerable body of general public opinion, including economists and even industrialists. They would convert Germany into a feeding yard, in which imported feeding stuffs would be used to finish a large outturn of cattle and hogs. The more venturesome of these proponents go so far as to suggest that Germany shall endeavor to become an export state in animal products. The majority, however, aim only at such an expansion of animal husbandry as will make that country independent of imports. The movement is aimed at us, since the United States is practically the sole source of supply of pork products, apart from a small border trade.

Naturally the city population of Germany, the laboring classes, will have something to say on this proposition. The Socialists see in this a revival of imperialism politically and an increase in the cost of living economically. But the political leadership of the working classes is under eclipse in Germany and the votes that elected Hindenburg may be counted on to support a pro-agrarian policy. When an American inquired after the well-being of the German working classes under a system of dear domestic pork, the German with whom he was conversing replied that the well-being of the German working classes was the affair of Germany, not the concern of the United States.

The policy remains to be adopted by the Reichstag. If adopted, the interesting experiment will be on. Whatever the outcome, the world will learn something.

Agents' Rights Upheld

EVER since the adoption of the Federal Constitution various state legislatures, city boards of aldermen and town councils have from time to time enacted laws and ordinances intended to raise local revenue or to benefit local merchants by imposing taxes on commerce between different states, contrary to the commerce clause in the Constitution of the United States. One state legislature has gone so far as to declare that using the streets, sidewalks and highways of the state for the purpose of soliciting orders is a taxable privilege.

Many citizens and firms threatened with such unlawful local taxation have obtained relief from improper license fees by appeal to the Federal courts. Time after time the Supreme Court has declared unlawful all state or municipal taxes that amount to a burden on interstate commerce; but undismayed by a long series of adverse decisions, some local authorities have continued to exact such license fees.

In 1923 a Pacific Coast city passed an ordinance which required that every person going from place to place taking orders for goods for future delivery who received a payment or any deposit of money in advance should secure a license and file a bond. The license fee was $12.50 quarterly for each person on foot and $25 if he used a vehicle. The required bond was in the penal sum of $500 and was conditioned to make final delivery of the goods ordered.

By a bill filed in the United States District Court an Illinois corporation challenged the ordinance and asked that its enforcement be restrained upon the ground that it interfered with and burdened interstate commerce. Owing to the manner in which the Illinois corporation operated in other states the essential factors in the case were somewhat obscured, and the trial court upheld the ordinance and dismissed the bill. Its action was affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

The Illinois corporation then carried the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, on May 25, 1925, reversed the decree of the court below.

This ruling is of the highest importance to manufacturers who sell their products through agents in other states; and it is to be hoped that it will attract sufficient attention to forestall the action of other municipalities and commonwealths which contemplate the imposition of unlawful license fees of this character.

Eating to Live

THE chef of a famous restaurant which recently went out of existence gave voice to a valedictory lament on the slump in eating. Gone, he declared, are the big eaters of the past generation, while the capacity for gastronomic appreciation is almost lost. He is partly right. Eating does not play the part in life that it once did, and the seven-course gourmet has become as extinct as the three-bottle man. We seem to be approaching the common-sense stage, in fact, where, instead of living to eat, we are eating to live.

It is quite probable that civilization, with its gradual lessening of the need for physical exertion, has taken steady toll of man's appetite; but it is only within the past twenty years or so that abstinence has become a virtue. A generation ago, when "heartiness" was the rule, a man who contented himself with crackers and milk in the middle of the day would have been regarded as rather more than queer, and any talk of calories and vitamins would have handed the hard-eating 80's a loud laugh.

The change in viewpoint on the question of food has been one of the real advances made in the past quarter century. It is now pretty generally accepted—we are speaking of America—that food must be taken in moderation. Few men indulge in three square meals a day any more, except those who do heavy manual labor. Health can be conserved better on two meals and a nibble, the absentee meal with some being breakfast, with others lunch. We are not yet so discriminating as we should be in the matter of quality, due perhaps to the necessity of eating so much in restaurants. At any rate, we continue to consume strange concoctions and mixtures which no other living creature will touch. In the matter of quantity, however, we are gradually learning our lesson; and when necessary, we accept diet restrictions that would have turned the past generation bilious with astonishment.

We are entering only the first stage of food reform; but in accepting the principle that overeating is the greatest menace to health, we have taken the hardest step of all. From now on it will be possible for medical science to achieve real results in the improvement of health and the lengthening of life.

The Quality of Growth

THUS far the history of this country has been one of growth, but it is doubtful if the forward movement of sections and communities was ever before as rapid as now. In the largest of our cities it is proposed to build new subways to cost more than half a billion dollars, and there is no assurance that even such additional facilities will not add to the congestion rather than alleviate it. In several other centers the plethora of population is much the same in kind if less in degree. In a thousand smaller places the cry is for more residents and industries; only the stillest of small voices warns of repletion and deterioration.

Like any other organism, cities get out of hand when they grow with great rapidity. City planning is a cold, dignified occupation, left to a few leisurely highbrows; the boosting organizations appeal with a loud hurrah to every pocketbook. But unless there is insistence upon the quality of the expansion the whole tendency is toward cheapness, tawdriness and mediocrity. Jerry-built shacks are thrown up in ugly subdivisions, and after receiving a quick outer coating are grandiloquently advertised to prospective buyers as "exclusive estates."

Quiet, tree-embowered suburbs which have made the city endurable in the past are shoved aside before the devastating hand of progress. Here and there an energetic young man fortunate enough to insert himself upon the ground floor finds his efforts rewarded by fortune in the space of four or five years. But he is imitated by tens and hundreds of fakers; every form of devious financial scheme abounds, and the courts are ultimately filled with cases of the misled and the misleaders.

In most of our cities there are devoted men and women striving to raise the tone of their communities. Not only must the ordinary functions of government keep up with the growth but business ethics must be maintained under such trying conditions. Even if the different industries police themselves the traffic problem is sure to prove almost insoluble. Finally, to stand fast to artistic standards, to improve the appearance of a city as it grows rapidly, and to raise its intangible but vital "atmosphere" require everlasting vigilance. Those who have these objects in mind agree no doubt with a wise college dean who, when asked to address an enthusiastic gathering of alumni, said:

"We come not to claim that we are the best college, not even to claim that we are a better college than others. If we have been rightly trained we should not deal with the superlative, or even with the comparative, but only with the positive. We know that we have a good college, and we hope and pray that we may have a better one."

That Mysterious Oriental Mind

By YUSUKE TSURUMI

DEMOCRACY is exposition. It stripped the state of all its romantic glare and gold lace and reduced everybody to his ready-made sackcoat and standardized hat. It drove scholarship out of its mysterious hiding place of exclusive universities and hustled it into Carnegie libraries and village public schools where knowledge is handed out like commodities. Church, army, and chancellery all lost their romantic color given by seclusion. To wit, democracy shed the light of realism into all the remote sanctums of human institutions and deprived them of awe and mystery. There are very few left now beckoning to human curiosity and credulity, to the spirit of yearning and dreaming. If there are a few still securely wrapped up in medieval myth and romance, one is at least the proverbial Oriental mind, which laughs when the Occidental counterpart weeps, and, again, weeps when the latter laughs—or at least is supposed to do so. The benighted and befogged Oriental mind is so hopelessly inscrutable that even the enlightened year 1925 of our Lord can still enjoy something that has not been exposed and therefore has not become banal yet.

Better that the myth should remain a myth so that some can write about it in fiction or sing about it in poetry—that is, from the standpoint of the Occident. But the pleasure is not the Orientals'. This myth or rather mist shrouding them is not enjoyed by them very much. Why should they be called mythic and mysterious at every turn. Why is Gandhi so mysterious to the Occidental brethren, why is Li Hung Chang so mysterious to them, and why, when General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, committed hara-kiri with his wife on the day of his revered emperor's funeral, was it an unexplainable mystery to them? Day follows night; why not call it a mystery? Sane peoples start a war that destroys the labors of a hundred years of peace. Why not call it a mystery?

Confucius on Immigration

"A JAPANESE is too polite to be frank," is one of the popular sayings which has been elevated almost to the rank of an aphorism. In hearing this we are half flattered and half pained. I have wondered long why this impression has been created by us. Gradually, however, it has become clearer to me. It is the same old mysterious Oriental psychology that has baffled the Occidental brethren, and the following story is an attempt to take the latter into the inner sanctum of our mysterious mind with the modest hope that the favor may be reciprocated sometime in the future in the form of a permission to sound the unfathomable mind of the Occidentals, with their sayings and doings so curious to us.

You can imagine a Japanese, possibly a young graduate of a university in Tokio, on his first visit to America. Call him Kato. He sits in a Pullman car apparently tired and lonesome. An American fellow passenger's kind heart warms up with sympathy. He goes and seats himself next to the young man.

"My name is Smith. From Oklahoma," he says. "Aren't you from Japan?"

"Yes." The quiet young man smiles.

"Where were you during the earthquake?" is the next question.

Of course, he was in Tokio, as every respectable person in Japan is supposed to be. He escaped the disaster, but this and that and so forth. Then suddenly, "What do you think about the immigration law?"

Young Kato smiles, of course. He is taught to greet the world with smiles even on the saddest of his days. Then he will quietly say "Well" and look out the window perhaps.

"Is This Not the Picture of Li Po?" Asked the High Priest

The impatient Mr. Smith waits, smoking his cigar. A few minutes' pause and continued smile, and then:

"Well, Confucius said twenty-five hundred years ago, that justice and benevolence are the basis of the structure of the human society, didn't he?" In actual conversation this does not come so smoothly and Mr. Smith has to use more imagination than ordinary intelligence to grasp the meaning of Kato's English.

"Yes, yes, of course; he said so, and then?"

The astonished Mr. Smith hastily agrees with him and waits. A few more minutes of smiling, and then, "Immigration means the migration of people from one body politic to another, doesn't it?"

"What? What politic?"

Mr. Smith will hardly believe his ears. He thinks it is too much. Preposterous! The fellow is certainly trying to evade the issue, he feels. So, throwing his cigar away impatiently, he bursts out:

"Say, I am not asking you anything about the immigration policy of Confucius! I want you to tell me honestly and frankly your view on the immigration law that the Congress of the United States of America passed in May, 1924, see?"

The Oriental Smile

AND then a tornado of his own views on California, Senate, Mr. Hughes, and so on. Young Kato, still smiling like a Buddha, quietly listens.

Mr. Smith comes home that evening and over the dinner table tells his wife and family all about it and concludes with an air of despair, "Well, you see, those Japs are too polite to be frank."

And it is unanimously accepted without vote. But, then, what was happening during those painful moments within the head of that young Japanese?

It needs some explanation along broad general lines before we plunge into the interpretation of this particular case.

There is no fundamental difference in human nature even among different races. Most of the apparent differences are the results of centuries of education and habit. This can be called civilization or social heritage, as you like. Now one of the basic differences between the Japanese civilization and the American is, to my mind, the attitude toward harmony. Americans have the habit of thinking in the terms of personality based on individualism. The idea of personality was best developed in Anglo-Saxon countries. The bold and confident personality of individuals is the basis of the American democracy, and it is to the benefit of the progress of the world that this idea should continue to develop. But the Japanese civilization is not based on that concept. The fundamental view that permeates the Japanese structure of society is harmony. This innate love of harmony of all is at the root of everything in Japan. It is not mere collectivism. It is not mere solidarity. It is both emotional and intellectual.

We do not think in the terms of individual liberty or personality, but in those of harmony between ourself and all around us. The harmony of the universe is the sublime

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Melancholy Days

COME into the garden, Maud,
For I hate to view it alone;
Where the rosebugs thrive on the feast of their lives
And the weeds are lusty grown;
And the vine slugs browse in a glad carouse—
And see what the worms have done!

There has fallen an awful blight
On the whole of the stuff we bought;
Not a single mess—or I miss my guess—
Shall we get for the sorry lot;
There's a dim faint row where my beans should grow—
And of cabbage and onions not even a show;
My potatoes chewed to a leaf by now
And tomatoes rust with rot.

Come out of the garden, Maud—
There is nothing else to do;
But I know a café that serves meals by the day
Let us hasten, My Sweet, lest we die on the way;
And the neighbors can plant all the gardens they want—
But as for myself—I am through! —*Laura Simmons.*

New Yorker (in Yosemite): "It's No Use! It Ain't the Same Thing at All as Seeing the Game!"

Figure it Out

HARRY and Steve Hart were born in Pumpkin Corners, Missouri. When Harry was eighteen he came to live and work in New York. Today he's twenty-one and earns two hundred dollars a month, which he spends as follows:

$80 for rent.
$50 for food.
$30 for amusement.
$30 for clothes.
$10 for incidentals.

Total $200

"I haven't got a gosh-blamed cent left at the end of the month," laments Harry. "I'm going to move back to Pumpkin Corners, where a fellow can get somewhere."

Steve Hart stayed in Pumpkin Corners all his life. He's just twenty-two and earns one hundred dollars a month by working in the local garage, which he spends as follows:

$25 for rent.
$25 for food.
$10 for clothes.
$10 for incidentals.
$30 for keeping the flivver in repairs.

Total $100

"I haven't got a gosh-blamed cent left at the end of the month," laments Steve. "I'm a-goin' to move to New York, whar a feller kin get somewhar." —*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

First Aid

"WHAT hit you, Joe—rheumatism?" I asked. Joe seemed to be in bad shape. He had always been spry, but now he was just shuffling along. He was sway-backed and knock-kneed, and he was nursing his left arm.

"Was rheumatism," he said, turning his head slowly as if he feared for his neck.

"You should go to see one of these new bone doctors, Joe. People say they're good."

"Was to see one," he croaked. "That's why I'm crippled up."

He took my buttonhole

"Had a touch of lumbago, and fellow advised me to go see one of those fellows. Went to see him downtown in the basement of a big office building between a barber shop and a speak-easy. Girl at the desk told me to go into a room down the hall and the doctor would come and snap me into shape.

"Found the room down the hall easy enough. Little place under the stairs; nothing in it but one of these folding box couches. Lay down, and by and by a big man in a red sweater and with hands like Strangler Lewis comes in and gives me a look. Don't ask me a thing; murmurs some foreign language to himself, grabs my arm and gives it a yank. Here, look at the arm.

"'Easy on that, doc,' I says.

"Near pulls me off the couch, but I hang on. Then he grabs my leg and starts to haul on that; here, look at the leg. I'm willing to take my medicine, and I grab the couch and help all I can. And then he lays off the prop, and kneels right on my back—here, feel my back—and takes me by the head and begins to pound it up and down.

"'This will do for today, doc,' I says. 'I feel awfully better, honest!' And I was feeling better, too, if you get me.

"He stands back and calls himself in again for a consultation. Then he makes a rush and gets a head hold on me, flips me over, and pins both my shoulders to the couch. I give him best, but he's not satisfied. He picks me up and whirls me around until I can feel every knuckle in my body cracking.

"Then he lets me slip, and I shoot out into the hall and bring up against the other side in a heap. He sits down on the couch and stretches."

"And you mean to say, Joe, that he charged you for that?"

"Oh, no; he didn't charge me anything."

"I believe that fellow was a charlatan!"

(Continued on Page 136)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Oh, Mother! Can I Have a Party?" "Oh, Some Day, Jenny"

"For the Love of Pete, Ma! What's All This Coming?"

"Mother Dear! All These Nice Doggies Say They Can Come to a Party Today"

Doesn't this look like getting ready for a whole meal!

Here are vegetables! Fifteen of them—the very finest that grow—selected by Campbell's with even more care and attention than can be given by busy housewives to buying the vegetables for the home table.

Here is meat! The rich beef broth in Campbell's Vegetable Soup challenges and stimulates your appetite—makes the flavor all the more tempting and delicious.

Here are cereals! Big, plump barley grains. Nourishing alphabet macaroni.

Here are fresh green herbs and skillful seasoning. And how well Campbell's famous chefs know the secret of pleasing your taste!

When we have a race for dinner
Count on me to be the winner.
I can hardly wait a minute
For my bowl with Campbell's in it!

They're all in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

SAM IN THE SUBURBS

"What's That?" Cried Sam. "What Did You Say?"

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXXV

THE meeting between Amy and Mrs. Molloy had taken place owing to the resolve of the latter to search the small conservatory which stood outside the back door. She had told Soapy that she thought the missing bonds might be hidden there. They were not, but Amy was. The conservatory was a favorite sleeping porch of Amy's, and thither she had repaired on discovering that her frolicsome overtures to Hash had been taken in the wrong spirit.

Mrs. Molloy's feelings, on groping about in the dark and suddenly poking her hand into the cavernous mouth of the largest dog she had ever encountered, have perhaps been sufficiently indicated by the description of her subsequent movements. Iron-nerved woman though she was, this was too much for her.

The single scream which she emitted, previous to saving her breath for the race for life, penetrated only faintly to where Mr. Molloy sat taking a rest on the sofa in the drawing-room. He heard it, but it had no message for him. He was feeling a little better now, and his ganglions, though not having ceased to vibrate with uncomfortable rapidity, were beginning to simmer down. He decided to give himself another couple of minutes of repose.

It was toward the middle of the second minute that the door opened quietly and Sam came in. He stood looking at the recumbent Mr. Molloy for a moment.

"Comfortable?" he said.

Soapy shot off the sofa with a sort of gurgling whoop. Of all the disturbing events of that afternoon, this one had got more surely in among his nerve centers than any other. He had not heard the door open, and Sam's voice had been the first intimation that he was no longer alone.

"I'm afraid I startled you," said Sam.

The exigencies of a difficult profession had made Soapy Molloy a quick thinker. Frequently in the course of a busy life he had found himself in positions where a split second was all that was allowed him for forming a complete plan of action. His trained mind answered to the present emergency like a machine.

"You certainly did startle me," he said bluffly in his best Thomas G. Gunn manner. "You startled the daylights out of me. So here you are at last, Mr. Shotter."

"Yes, here I am."

"I have been waiting quite some little time. I'm afraid you caught me on the point of going to sleep."

He chuckled, as a man will when the laugh is on him.

"I should imagine," said Sam, "that it would take a smart man to catch you asleep."

Mr. Molloy chuckled again.

"Just what the boys used to say of me in Denver City." He paused and looked at Sam a little anxiously. "Say, you do remember me, Mr. Shotter?"

"I certainly do."

"You remember my calling here the other day to see my old home?"

"I remember you before that—when you were in Sing Sing."

He turned away to light the gas, and Mr. Molloy was glad of the interval for thought afforded by this action.

"Sing Sing?"

"Yes."

"You were never there."

"I went there to see a show in which you took an important part. I forget what your number was."

"And what of it?"

"Eh?"

Mr. Molloy drew himself up with considerable dignity.

"What of it?" he repeated. "What if I was for a brief period—owing to a prejudiced judge and a packed jury—in the place you mention? I decline to have the fact taken as a slur on my character. You are an American, Mr. Shotter, and you know that there is unfortunately a dark side to American politics. My fearless efforts on behalf of the party of reform and progress brought me into open hostility with a gang of unscrupulous men, who did not hesitate to have me arrested on a trumped-up charge and ——"

"All this," said Sam, "would go a lot stronger with me if I hadn't found you burgling my house."

It would have been difficult to say whether the expression that swept over Mr. Molloy's fine face was more largely indignation or amazement.

"Burgling your house? Are you insane? I called here in the hope of seeing you, was informed that you were not at home, and was invited by your manservant, a most civil fellow, to await your return. Burgling your house, indeed! If I were, would you have found me lying on the sofa?"

"Hash let you in?"

Such was the magnetic quality of the personality of one who had often sold large blocks of shares in nonexistent oil wells to Scotchmen, that Sam was beginning in spite of himself to be doubtful.

"If Hash is the name of your manservant, most certainly he let me in. He admitted me by the front door in the perfectly normal and conventional manner customary when gentlemen pay calls."

"Where is Hash?"

"Why ask me?"

Sam went to the door. The generous indignation of his visitor had caused him to waver, but it had not altogether convinced him.

"Hash!" he called.

"He appears to be out."

"Hash!"

"Gone for a walk, no doubt."

"Hash!" shouted Sam.

From the regions below there came an eager answering cry.

"Hi! Help!"

It had been a long and arduous task for Hash Todhunter to expel from his mouth the duster which Soapy Molloy had rammed into it with such earnest care, but he had

(Continued on Page 32)

Swift's Premium Ham
Swift & Company U.S.A.
Swift
Swift
Swift
Swift
Look for the blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice
It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham

SINCE half the fun of picnicking is to go just when the spirit calls, many women consider it a wise foresight to bake the whole Premium Ham and have it on hand in the ice box.

For picnics and baked Premium Ham are a favorite combination. The meat is so delicate and fine-flavored, and it cuts so easily into thin, tender slices! It's a feast that never fails to please, whether you serve the ham with a salad of fruit or vegetables; or make it up into dainty sandwiches.

It's a feast without extravagance, too; for when you buy the *whole* Premium Ham, you get this choice meat at a saving in the average cost per pound.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 30)

accomplished it at last, and his voice sounded to Mr. Molloy like a knell.

"He appears to be in, after all," he said feebly.

Sam had turned and was regarding him fixedly, and Soapy noted with a sinking heart the athletic set of his shoulders and the large muscularity of his hands. "Haul off and bust him one!" his wife's gentle voice seemed to whisper in his ear; but eying Sam, he knew that any such project was but a Utopian dream. Sam had the unmistakable look of one who, if busted, would infallibly bust in return and bust disintegratingly.

"You tied him up, I suppose," said Sam, with a menacing calm

Soapy said nothing. There is a time for words and a time for silence.

Sam looked at him in some perplexity. He had begun to see that he was faced with the rather delicate problem of how to be in two places at the same time. He must, of course, at once go down to the kitchen and release Hash. But if he did that, would not this marauder immediately escape by the front door? And if he took him down with him to the kitchen, the probability was that he would escape by the back door. While if he merely left him in this room and locked the door, he would proceed at once to depart by the window.

It was a nice problem, but all problems are capable of solution. Sam solved this one in a spasm of pure inspiration. He pointed a menacing finger at Soapy.

"Take off those trousers!" he said.

Soapy gaped. The intellectual pressure of the conversation had become too much for him.

"Trousers?" he faltered.

"Trousers. You know perfectly well what trousers are," said Sam, "and it's no good pretending you don't. Take them off!"

"Take off my trousers?"

"Good Lord!" said Sam with sudden petulance. "What's the matter with the man? You do it every night, don't you? You do it whenever you take a Turkish bath, don't you? Where's the difficulty? Peel them off and don't waste time."

"But "

"Listen!" said Sam. "If those trousers are not delivered to me f. o. b. inside of thirty seconds, I'll bust you one!"

He had them in eighteen.

"Now," said Sam, "I think you'll find it a little difficult to get away." He gathered up the garments, draped them over his arm and went down to the kitchen.

XXXVI

LOVE is the master passion. It had come to Hash Todhunter late, but, like measles, the more violently for the delay. A natural inclination to go upstairs and rend his recent aggressor limb from limb faded before the more imperious urge to dash across to San Rafael and see Claire. It was the first thing of which he spoke when Sam, with the aid of a carving knife, had cut his bonds.

"I got to see 'er!"

"Are you hurt, Hash?"

"No, 'e only 'it me on the 'ead. I got to see 'er, Sam."

"Claire?"

"Ah! The pore little angel, crying 'er ruddy eyes out. The gentleman was saying all about it."

"What gentleman?"

"A gentleman come to the back door and told that perisher all about how the pore little thing was howling and weeping and all, thinking 'e was me."

"Have you had a quarrel with Claire?"

"We 'ad words. I got to see 'er."

"You shall. Can you walk?"

"Of course I can walk. Why shouldn't I walk?"

"Come along then."

In spite of his assurance, however, Hash found his cramped limbs hard to steer. Sam had to lend an arm, and their progress was slow.

"Sam," said Hash, after a pause which had been intended primarily for massage, but which had plainly been accompanied by thought, "do you know anything about getting married?"

"Only that it is an excellent thing to do."

"I mean, 'ow quick can a feller get married?"

"Like a flash, I believe. At any rate, if he goes to a registrar's."

"I'm going to a registrar's then. I've 'ad enough of these what I might call misunderstandings."

"Brave words, Hash! How are the legs?"

"The legs are all right. It's her mother I'm thinking of."

"You always seem to be thinking of her mother. Are you quite sure that you've picked the right one of the family?"

Hash had halted again, and his face was that of a man whose soul was a battlefield.

"Sam, 'er mother wants to come and live with us when we're married."

"Well, why not?"

"Ah, you ain't seen 'er, Sam! She's got a hooked nose and an eye like one of these animal trainers. Still ——"

The battle appeared to be resumed once more.

"Oh, well!" said Hash. He mused for a while. "You've got to look at it all round, you know."

"Exactly."

"And there's this to think of: She says she'll buy a pub for us."

"Pubs are pubs," agreed Sam.

"I've always wanted to have a pub of my own."

"Then I shouldn't hesitate."

Hash suddenly saw the poetic side of the vision. "Won't my little Clara look a treat, standing behind a bar, serving the drinks and singing out 'Time, gentlemen, please!' Can't you see her scraping the froth off the mugs?"

He fell into a rapt silence, and said no more while Sam escorted him through the back door of San Rafael and led him into the kitchen.

There, rightly considering that the sacred scene of reunion was not for his eyes, Sam turned away. Gently depositing the nether garments of Mr. Molloy on the table, he left them together and made his way to the drawing-room.

XXXVII

THE first thing he heard as he opened the door was Kay's voice.

"I don't care," she was saying. "I simply don't believe it."

He went in and discovered that she was addressing her uncle, Mr. Wrenn, and the white-bearded Mr. Cornelius. They were standing together by the mantelpiece, their attitude the sheepish and browbeaten one of men who have been rash enough to argue with a woman. Mr. Wrenn was fiddling with his tie, and Mr. Cornelius looked like a druid who is having a little unpleasantness with the widow of the deceased.

Sam's entrance was the signal for an awkward silence.

"Hullo, Mr. Wrenn," said Sam. "Good evening, Mr. Cornelius."

Mr. Wrenn looked at Mr. Cornelius. Mr. Cornelius looked at Mr. Wrenn.

"Say something," said Mr. Cornelius' eye to Mr. Wrenn. "You are her uncle."

"You say something," retorted Mr. Wrenn's eye to Mr. Cornelius. "You have a white beard."

"I'm sorry I've been such a time," said Sam to Kay. "I have had a little domestic trouble. I found a gentleman burgling my house."

"What?"

"There had been a lady there, too, but she was leaving as I arrived."

"A lady!"

"Well, let us call her a young female party."

Kay swung round on Mr. Wrenn, her eyes gleaming with the light that shines only in the eyes of girls who are entitled to say "I told you so!" to elderly relatives. Mr. Wrenn avoided her gaze. Mr. Cornelius plucked at his beard and registered astonishment.

"Burgling your house? What for?"

"That's what's puzzling me. These two people seem extraordinarily interested in Mon Repos. They called some days ago and wanted to buy the place, and now I find them burgling it."

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Cornelius. "I wonder! Can it be possible?"

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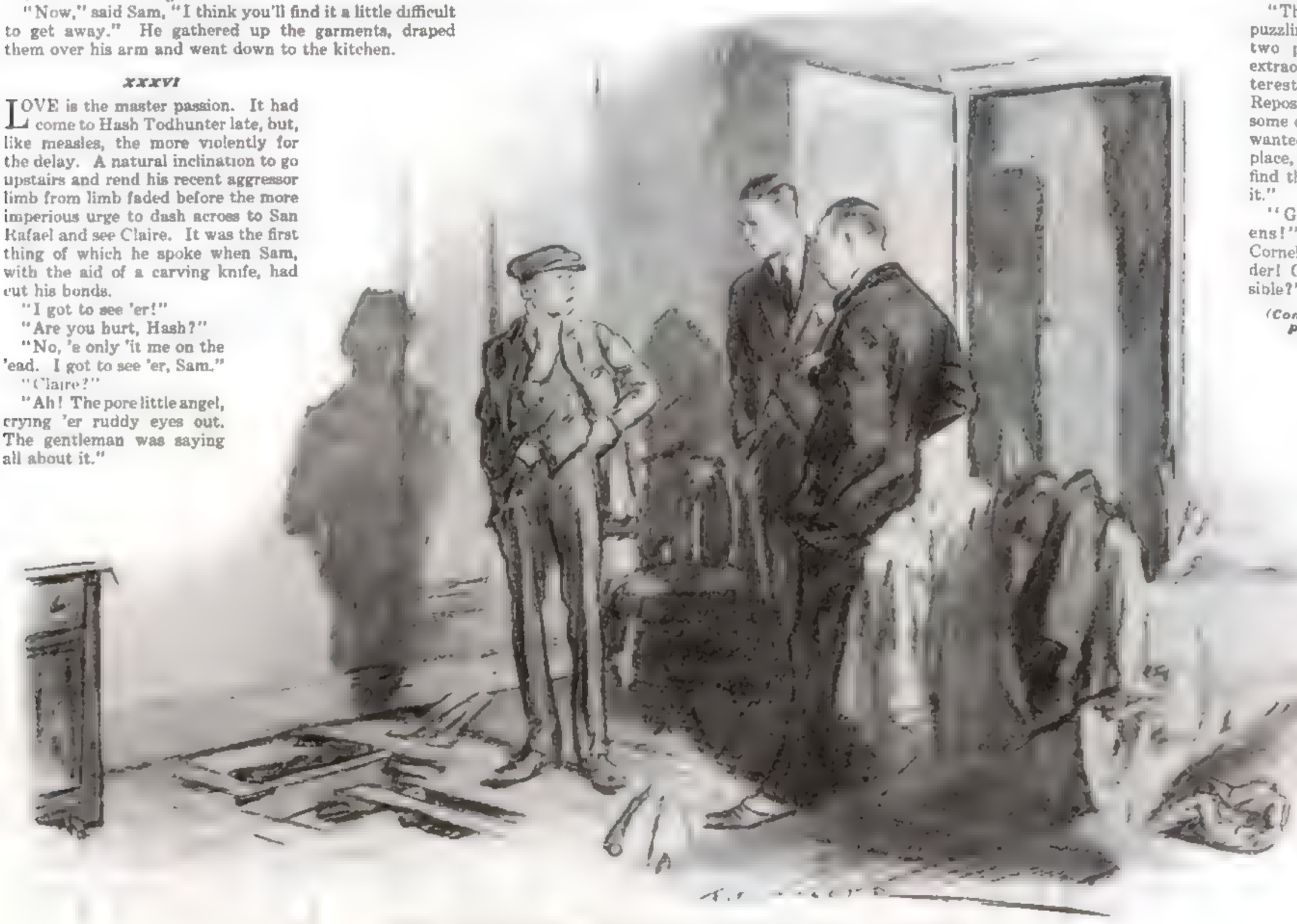

"You Can't Do Anything," He Said. "It Wasn't Breaking and Entering"

THE HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Ten miles in the Hupmobile Eight will tell you why, in less than six months, it became the *largest-selling eight* of its type in the world. New power-smoothness; new steering, handling and braking ease; new freedom from strain—thousands are now finding in motoring a delight they never found before.

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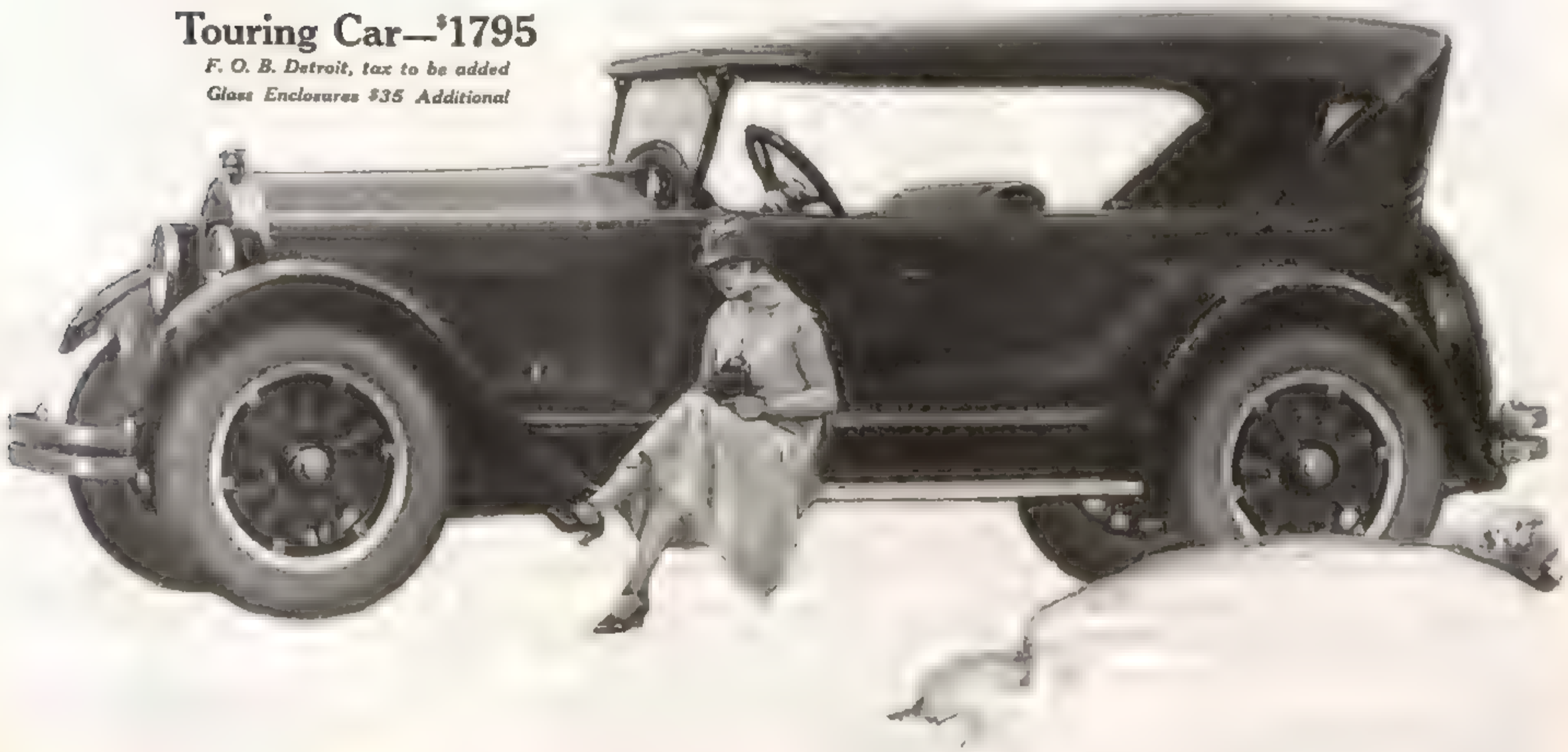

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"I shouldn't wonder. It might," said Sam. "What?"

"Do you remember my telling you, Mr. Shotter, when you came to me about the lease of the house that a well-known criminal had once lived there?"

"Yes."

"A man named Finglass. Do you remember Finglass, Wrenn?"

"No; he must have been before my time."

"How long have you been here?"

"About three years and a half."

"Ah, then it was before your time. This man robbed the New Asiatic Bank of something like four hundred thousand pounds' worth of securities. He was never caught, and presumably fled the country. You will find the whole story in my history of Valley Fields. Can it be possible that Finglass hid the bonds in Mon Repos and was unable to get back there and remove them?"

"You said it!" cried Sam enthusiastically.

"It would account for the anxiety of these people to obtain access to the house."

"Why, of course!" said Kay.

"It sounds extremely likely," said Mr. Wrenn. "Was the man tall and thin, with a strong cast in the left eye?"

"No; a square-faced sort of fellow."

"Then it would not be Finglass himself. No doubt some other criminal, some associate of his, who had learned from him that the bonds were hidden in the house. I wish I had my history here," said Mr. Cornelius. "Several pages of it are devoted to Finglass."

"I'll tell you what," said Sam, "go and get it."

"Shall I?"

"Yes, do."

"Very well. Will you come with me, Wrenn?"

"Certainly he will," said Sam warmly. "Mr. Wrenn would like a breath of fresh air."

With considerable satisfaction he heard the front door close on the nonessential members of the party.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Kay.

"Yes," said Sam, drawing his chair closer. "The aspect of the affair that strikes me ——"

"What became of the man?"

"He's all right. I left him in the drawing-room."

"But he'll escape."

"Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"Well, he won't."

"But all he's got to do is walk out of the door."

"Yes, but he won't do it." Sam drew his chair still closer. "I was saying that the aspect of the affair that strikes me most forcibly is that now I shall be in a position to marry and do it properly."

"Are you thinking of marrying someone?"

"I think of nothing else. Well, now, to look into this. The bank will probably give a ten per cent reward for the return of the stuff. Even five per cent would be a nice little sum. That fixes the financial end of the thing. So now ——"

"You seem very certain that you will find this money."

"Oh, I shall find it, have no fear. If it's there ——"

"Yes, but perhaps it isn't."

"I feel sure that it is. So now let's make our plans. We will buy a farm somewhere, don't you think?"

"I have no objection to your buying a farm."

"I said we. We will buy a farm, and there settle down and live to a ripe old age on milk, honey and the produce of the soil. You will wear a gingham gown, I shall grow a beard. We will keep dogs, pigeons, cats, sheep, fowls, horses, cows and a tortoise to keep in the garden. Good for the snails," explained Sam.

"Bad for them, I should think. Are you fond of tortoises?"

"Aren't you?"

"Not very."

"Then," said Sam magnanimously, "we will waive the tortoise."

"It sounds like a forgotten sport of the past—waving the tortoise."

"To resume. We decide on the farm. Right! Now where is it to be? You are a Wiltshire girl, so no doubt will prefer that county. I can't offer to buy back Midways for you, I'm afraid, unless on second thoughts I decide to stick to the entire proceeds instead of handing them back to the bank—we shall have to talk that over later—but isn't there some old graystone, honeysuckle-covered place on the famous Braddock estates?"

"Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"You said you had left that man in your drawing-room."

"Well?"

"I've suddenly remembered that I sent Willoughby over to Mon Repos ten minutes ago to find out why you were so long. He's probably being murdered."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so. To go back to what I was saying ——"

"You must go and see at once."

"Do you really think it's necessary?"

"Of course it is."

"Oh, very well."

Sam rose reluctantly. Life, he felt with considerable peevishness, was one long round of interruptions. He went round to the door of Mon Repos and let himself in with his key. A rumble of voices proceeding from the drawing-room greeted him as he entered. He banged the door, and a moment later Mr. Braddock came out, looking a little flustered.

"Oh, there you are, Sam! I was just coming round to fetch you."

"Anything wrong?"

"It depends on what you call wrong." Mr. Braddock closed the drawing-room door carefully. "You know Lord Tilbury?"

"Of course I know Lord Tilbury."

"Well, he's in there," said Willoughby Braddock, jerking an awed thumb toward the drawing-room, "and he hasn't got any trousers on."

XXXVIII

SAM uttered a cry of exceeding bitterness. Nothing is more galling to your strategist than to find that some small, unforeseen accident has occurred and undone all his schemes. The one thing for which he had omitted to allow was the possibility of some trousered caller wandering in during his absence and supplying Mr. Molloy with the means of escape.

"So he's gone, I suppose?" he said morosely.

"No, he's still here," said Mr. Braddock. "In the drawing-room."

"The man, I mean."

"What man?"

"The other man."

"What other man?" asked Mr. Braddock, whose exacting afternoon had begun to sap his mental powers.

"Oh, never mind," said Sam impatiently. "What did Lord Tilbury want, coming down here, confound him?"

"Came to see you about something, I should think," surmised Mr. Braddock.

"Didn't he tell you what it was?"

"No. As a matter of fact, we've been chatting mostly about trousers. You haven't got a spare pair in the house by any chance, have you?"

"Of course I have—upstairs."

"Then I wish," said Mr. Braddock earnestly, "that you would dig them out and give them to the old boy. He's been trying for the last ten minutes to get me to lend him mine, and it simply can't be done. I've got to be getting back to town soon to dress for dinner, and you can say what you like, a fellow buzzing along in a two-seater without any trousers on looks conspicuous."

"Darn that fool, coming down here at just this time!" said Sam, still aggrieved. "What exactly happened?"

"Well, he's a bit on the incoherent side; but as far as I can make it out, that man of yours, the chap who called me brother, seems to have gone completely off his onion. Old Tilbury rang the front doorbell, and there was a bit of a pause, and then this chap opened the door and old Tilbury went in, and then he happened to look at him and saw that he hadn't any trousers on."

"That struck him as strange, of course."

"Apparently he hadn't much time to think about it, for the bloke immediately held him up with a gun."

"He hadn't got a gun."

"Well, old Tilbury asserts that he was shoving something against his pocket from inside."

"His finger, or a pipe."

"No, I say, really!" Mr. Braddock's voice betrayed the utmost astonishment and admiration. "Would that be it? I call that clever."

"Well, he hadn't a gun when I caught him or he would have used it on me. What happened then?"

"How do you mean caught him?"

"I found him burgling the house."

"Was that chap who called me brother a burglar?" cried Mr. Braddock, amazed. "I thought he was your man."

"Well, he wasn't. What happened next?"

"The bloke proceeded to de-bag old Tilbury. Then shoving on the trousers, he started to leg it. Old Tilbury at this juncture appears to have said 'Hi! What about me?' or words to that effect; upon which the bloke replied, 'Use your own judgment!' and passed into the night. When I came in, old Tilbury was in the drawing-room, wearing the evening paper as a sort of kilt and not looking too dashed pleased with things in general."

"Well, come along and see him."

"Not me," said Mr. Braddock. "I've had ten minutes of him and it has sufficed. Also, I've got to be buzzing up to town. I'm dining out. Besides, it's you he wants to see, not me."

"I wonder what he wants to see me about."

"Must be something important to bring him charging down here. Well, I'll be moving, old boy. Mustn't keep you. Thanks for a very pleasant afternoon."

Willoughby Braddock took his departure; and Sam, having gone to his bedroom and found a pair of gray flannel trousers, returned to the lower regions and went into the drawing-room.

He had not expected to find his visitor in anything approaching a mood of sunniness, but he was unprepared for the red glare of hate and hostility in the eyes which seared their way through him as he entered. It almost seemed as if Lord Tilbury imagined the distressing happenings of the last quarter of an hour to be Sam's fault.

"So there you are!" said Lord Tilbury.

He had been standing with an air of coyness behind the sofa; but now, as he observed the trousers over Sam's arm, he swooped forward feverishly and wrenched them from him. He pulled them on, muttering thickly to himself; and this done, drew himself up and glared at his host once more with that same militant expression of loathing.

He seemed keenly alive to the fact that he was not looking his best. Sam was a long-legged man, and in the case of Lord Tilbury, Nature, having equipped him with an outsize in brains, had not bothered much about his lower limbs. The borrowed trousers fell in loose folds about his ankles, brushing the floor. Nor did they harmonize very satisfactorily with the upper portion of a morning suit. Seeing him, Sam could not check a faint smile of appreciation.

Lord Tilbury saw the smile, and it had the effect of increasing his fury to the point where bubbling rage becomes a sort of frozen calm.

"You are amused," he said tensely.

Sam repudiated the dreadful charge.

"No, no! Just thinking of something."

"Cor!" said Lord Tilbury.

Sam perceived that a frank and soothing explanation must be his first step. After that, and only after that, could he begin to institute inquiries as to why His Lordship had honored him with this visit.

"That fellow who stole your trousers ——"

"I have no wish to discuss him," said Lord Tilbury with hauteur. "The fact that you employ a lunatic manservant causes me no surprise."

"He wasn't my manservant. He was a burglar."

"A burglar? Roaming at large about the house? Did you know he was here?"

"Oh, yes. I caught him and made him take his trousers off, and then I went next door to tea."

Lord Tilbury expelled a long breath.

"Indeed? You went next door to tea?"

"Yes."

"Leaving this—this criminal ——"

"Well, I knew he couldn't get away. Oh, I had reasoned it all out. Your happening to turn up was just a bit of bad luck. Was there anything you wanted to see me about?" asked Sam, feeling that the sooner this interview terminated the pleasanter it would be.

Lord Tilbury puffed out his cheeks and stood smoldering for a moment. In the agitation of the recent occurrences, he had almost forgotten the tragedy which had sent him hurrying down to Mon Repos.

"Yes, there was," he said. He sizzled for another brief instant. "I may begin by telling you," he said, "that your uncle, Mr. Pynsent, when he sent you here to join my staff, practically placed me *in loco parentis* with respect to you."

"An excellent idea," said Sam courteously.

"An abominable idea! It was an iniquitous thing to demand of a busy man that he should take charge of a person of a character so erratic, so undisciplined, so—er—eccentric as to border closely upon the insane."

"Insane?" said Sam. He was wounded to the quick by the injustice of these harsh words. From first to last, he could think of no action of his that had not been inspired and guided throughout by the dictates of pure reason. "Who, me?"

"Yes, you! It was a monstrous responsibility to give any man, and I consented to undertake it only because—er ——"

"I know. My uncle told me," said Sam, to help him out. "You had some business deal on, and you wanted to keep in with him."

Lord Tilbury showed no gratitude for this kindly prompting.

"Well," he said bitterly, "it may interest you to know that the deal to which you refer has fallen through."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," said Sam sympathetically. "That's tough luck. I'm afraid my uncle is a queer sort of fellow to do business with."

"I received a cable from him this afternoon, informing me that he had changed his mind and would be unable to meet me in the matter."

"Too bad," said Sam. "I really am sorry."

"And it is entirely owing to you, you may be pleased to learn."

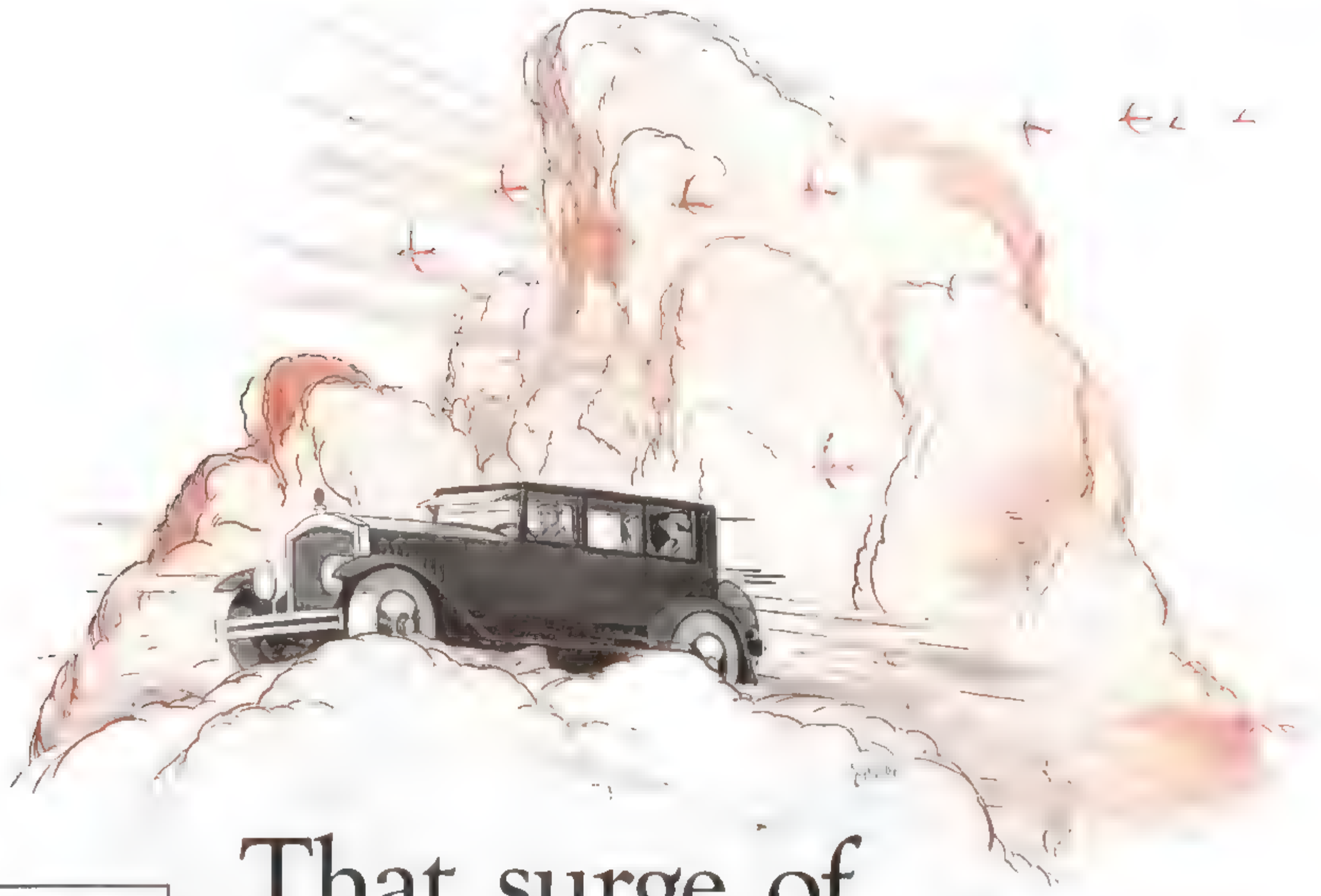
"Me? Why, what have I done?"

"I will tell you what you have done. Mr. Pynsent's cable was in answer to one from me, in which I informed him that you were in the process of becoming entangled with a girl."

"What?"

"You need not trouble to deny it. I saw you with my own eyes lunching together at the Savoy, and I happen to know that this afternoon you took her to the theater."

(Continued on Page 84)



That surge of hushed power

demands something that merely "good" oils cannot give

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for [illegible] are indicated by the letters [illegible] below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER-CARS	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet 3							A	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	A	B	A	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

As you drive, do you mentally "push" your car? Or are you rolled along easily as a passenger should expect? Do you drive with your nerves and your ears in doubt? Or does mileage slip quietly by?

New engines are quiet engines. But only half of America's motorists continue to get out of their engines the quiet mileage that they should. Or the freedom from carbon deposits and wear.

The following statement may seem striking, but it is easily within the facts: If every automobile engine today were lubricated with the correct Mobiloil, its average quiet, powerful life would be increased at least 25%. And engine repair bills would be cut in half.

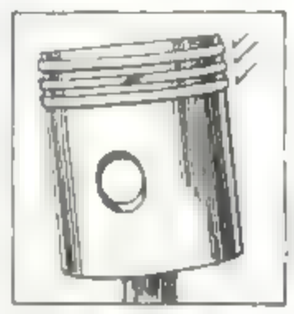
In even the simplest motor there are hundreds of points where annoying noise can develop. With the aid of detailed specifications, every one of these points in *your* car was considered by the Mobiloil Board of Engineers before they recommended the grade of Mobiloil specified for your engine.

It is well known that practically every automobile manufacturer approves the use of Mobiloil as specified in the Mobiloil Chart.

Dealers who prefer steady customers

Throughout the world you will find that Mobiloil is recommended by dealers who prefer steady customers to mere profit per quart.

These dealers know that the Vacuum Oil Company specializes only in *lubrication*. The fruit of that specialization is Gargoyle Mobiloil. The dealer's copy of the Mobiloil Chart enables him to give you a grade exactly suited to the needs of *your* engine. The use of that oil insures:



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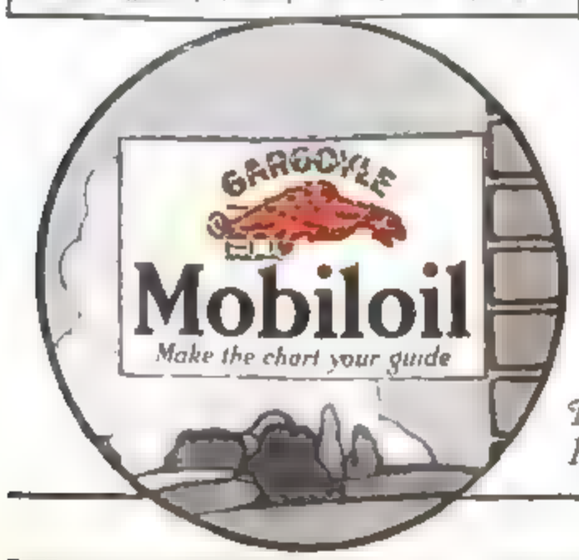
Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.



The Sign to Hushed Power

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

YOUR three meals a day may be a warning of disaster—or a prophecy of success. Many a man has bitterly blamed his fate who should have blamed his food. Fate and Food. Food—and Fate! Sometimes it's hard to tell them apart. Wrong food can crash to disaster the best body and brain that ever grew. Right food will make you fit and keep you fit for life's struggle. *Heavy, heavy, what hangs over you?*

Delicious, easily digested, supplying varied nourishment

a food like this safeguards your body's future

WHEN all is said and done, you can't get away from this—your body's future is *your* future. No matter how great your achievements, you can't enjoy the fruits of them if an ailing body won't let you. If you want health and energy with which to build success and enjoy life, you *must* give your body daily the food elements Nature intended it to have.

And that's the trouble with the average modern diet—it seldom gives you *all* of these vital elements in sufficient quantities and in correct proportions.

Just for this reason, a man who knew all about food-values originated Grape-Nuts. He designed it expressly to supply the body with these essential elements of nutrition: 1. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. 2. Iron for the blood. 3. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. 4. Protein for muscle and body-building. 5. The essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Combine Grape-Nuts with milk or cream, and you have an almost perfectly balanced ration—a food of the highest possible value.

In the small crisp kernels of Grape-Nuts, wheat and malted barley are combined. By special milling and baking processes, the original goodness of these two healthful golden grains is retained, and the delicious nut-like flavor is brought out to the utmost. Millions of people consider Grape-Nuts the most delicious breakfast food they have ever eaten.

Give Grape-Nuts a place in your daily diet. Two tablespoonfuls are enough for a serving—and a single serving with cream contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Moreover, Grape-Nuts is particularly easy of digestion, and its crispness gives your teeth and gums the exercise needed to preserve mouth health. Buy a package of Grape-Nuts from your grocer today, or accept the following offer

Grape-Nuts is one of the [illegible] include also Instant Postum [illegible] (Double thick Corn Flak[illegible] [illegible] P. C. Co.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts and recipes, by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, who is known as America's foremost dietitian of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts

S.E.P. 7-25 G.N

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

[illegible]

State

DOWN THE STRETCH

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

IT WASN'T necessary for Mr. Belmont to influence my judgment by telling me that racing was back on a firm foundation in New York. My mind had already been made up. We had been in France for about fifteen months. I'm not sure when the thought had first come to me about returning to America, but it must have been about a week or so after our arrival in Paris. It wasn't because I didn't like France especially, but because I do like America particularly. But there was my arrangement with Mr. Kohler staring me in the face, and the horses and all the expense we'd gone to, not to mention the $113,000 investment in the château, the "little nook we'd bought for ourselves just to have a place to breathe in." And now poor Charlie Kohler had gone on his way and I was a free agent. It was a tragic release from my obligation, and the pleasure I felt at the prospect of getting back among my own people was all but lost in the sorrow I experienced at the passing of so good a soul.

"It's very kind of you to look me up," I told Mr. Belmont, "and, of course, I'm only too glad to accept your proposition. The experience over here has been fine, and we've enjoyed it in spite of the homesickness that has come over us now and then. And I want to thank you for all the help you've given to Mr. Kohler and me. I know he appreciated everything you did to get the early kinks smoothed out for us."

Buying a Dog in French

WE RETURNED to America soon after that. There was a stranger in our party, a fluffy mite of a dog we'd picked out in Nice at the time we were racing the horses there. Early that spring I had happened to glance out of our hotel window and had seen a man walking along the street with this very same mite scampering along after him and barking at his heels.

"Look over there," I called to Mrs. Hildreth, pointing to the dog, a Maltese. "Who does he remind you of?"

Mrs. Hildreth looked and agreed with me. The playful little fellow was all the world like Rags, the dog that died of a broken heart when we left him in America on our first trip abroad. I hurriedly summoned a bell boy, rushed him to the window and pointed to the man and dog, who could still be seen down the street. My knowledge of French was not much, but a word here and there, with plenty of pantomime, makes a language understood the world over.

"Dog—chien—get me?" I sputtered. "Chien down there with man—chien et homme, understand? Go get chien and homme; no, I mean et homme. Bring chien et man—I mean homme—up here. And skiddoo! Dépêchez-vous! Skiddoo! Comprenez?"

When the bell boy came back at me with a volley of "Oui, ouis" I knew he understood. He hurried out in pursuit of the man and dog and returned in a few minutes.

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PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Man o' War and His Trainer, Louis Feustel

Above—Part of the Grand Stand at Belmont Park

Meanwhile I had called an interpreter from the hotel office. It was explained to the mystified owner of the dog that I wanted to buy his pet. He looked greatly relieved. I fear he had become alarmed at my eccentric behavior and was on the point of scooting away to a safe place. The interpreter explained that we had taken a fancy to the little Maltese because it reminded us of one that had been dear to us. This information was all he needed to fix a fancy price for the dog, but he didn't take advantage of it. He sold us the dog for twenty dollars, and almost before he'd left the room we gave the new member of the Hildreth family the high-sounding name of Skiddles. And it was Skiddles that later became the father of Buster, the wise little rascal that so many racing folks used to like to pat on the head "just for luck." You'll hear more of Buster later.

In all my years of racing I never got a finer kick out of anything than the one I received when I again set foot on an American race course. Back in the old haunts, among my old friends and the old scenes just as they were before we'd gone to Europe! It was a beautiful summer day, the day of our return, and the fragrance of the flowers and the soft beauty of the green shrubbery lining the walks of the race course, and the flags flying and the band up there in the grand stand thumping out a lively tune while the old crowds moved around the broad lawns in the same old carefree way, all of it gave me the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Maybe my friends will not say I'm a demonstrative fellow, but I was so tickled by it all that I could have danced around and given three rousing cheers, all by myself. I went around shaking hands with everybody. It didn't matter whether it was Schuyler Parsons or H. K. Knapp or F. K. Sturgis, of the Jockey Club, or one of the little darkies in the stables. I felt like shaking hands and I did. I was almost sorry I'd gone on the water wagon while we were in France.

A Losing Streak for Mr. Belmont

IT WAS during the first year and a half of my association with Mr. Belmont that I learned how patient he was when things weren't running just right. We had some good horses in the string, Stromboli, Rock View, Mission, Thorndale and Top Hat among them, but we weren't winning often enough to satisfy me, particularly the important races.

The gelding Stromboli was our mainstay, a fine chestnut son of Fair Play out of St. Priscilla. But there was another gelding racing at the time which was always a thorn in our side. That was Roamer, by Knight Errant, a compact little horse that Andrew Miller had picked up for a bargain. Roamer, I think, was originally cut out to run in selling races; but when he made his appearance in New York and showed high speed and the ability to handle weight, he was booked from that moment for a great stake career. There were other good ones running along about this period, The Finn, Boots, George Smith, Borrow, Short Grass, Sharpshooter and Corn Tassel; but Roamer and Stromboli had the measure of them all, with the possible exception of H. P. Whitney's Regret, winner of the 1915 Kentucky Derby, the only filly to carry off that honor.

Sometimes when I would get a little discouraged about the success, or lack of it, Mr. Belmont would assure me that it was not due to any fault in training.

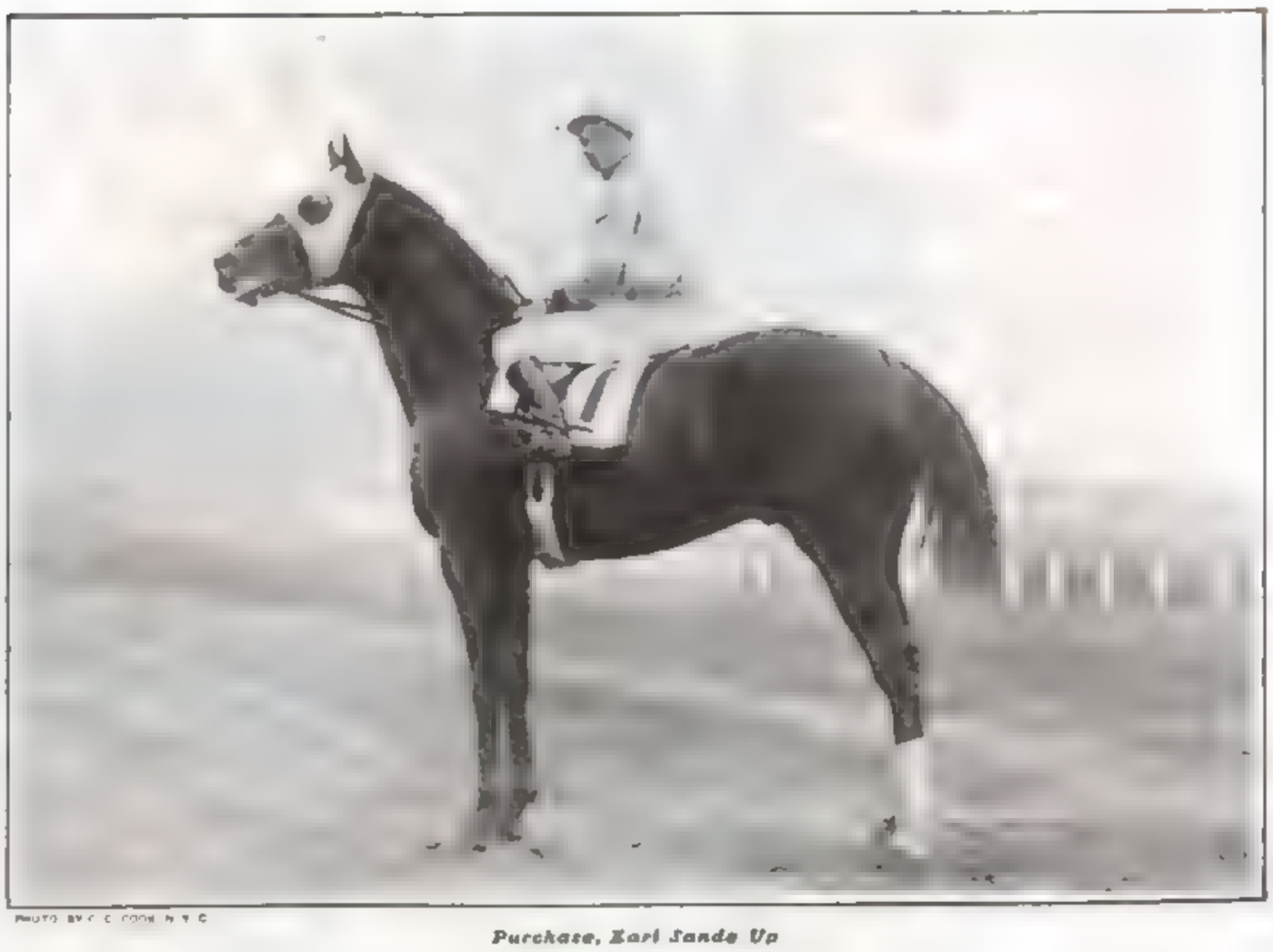
"I don't mind it when they're my own horses," I told him once, "but it sure does bother me to run into a bad streak when I'm training for somebody else."

"It doesn't bother me," Mr. Belmont said. "We're both doing everything we can to make our horses win, and that's the most anybody can do. Forget that I own the horses and look upon them as yours, then we'll both be happy. And just keep this fact in mind: If the time ever comes that I think the horses aren't being handled to the best advantage I'll let you know."

After that I didn't fret very much when the Belmont colors failed to come down in front as much as I would have liked. And in due time the break came, and came with a rush. The ever-faithful Stromboli was still holding up his end of the campaign, having won the Suburban and many other rich stakes, when Hourless and Friar Rock appeared at the races sporting the Belmont silks. Friar Rock was a son of Rock Sand, the great English sire which Mr. Belmont had imported to this country at a cost of something like $200,000, the highest price ever paid for a stallion up to that time.

His dam was Fairy Gold, a daughter of Bend Or, so that in his blood ran the finest strains of the Thoroughbred. And he proved his right to this royal heritage in his three-year-old form, when he beat the older horses in the Suburban and Brooklyn handicaps and those of his own age in the Belmont Stakes.

The Whirl Stakes, the Adirondack Handicap and the Saratoga Cup were among the other turf classics that fell to this sturdy son of a famous daddy.



Purchase, Earl Sande Up

When the Best Horse Loses

BUT it is of Hourless I wish to speak particularly, for he figured in the most remarkable horse race I have ever seen. Hourless was a son of Negofol, winner of the French Derby, and carried the strain of Rock Sand through his mother, Hourglass II, a daughter of the noted English sire. He was foaled at the Southcourt Stud in England and brought here as a yearling, winning his first start for Mr. Belmont on May 27, 1916, when he beat Ivory Black and seven other high-class two-year-olds. I've never handled a horse easier to train than this colt, a handsome fellow with a rich brown coat that glistened in the sun. He would work any way I wanted him to, jogging along at an easy gait when his rider restrained him, or displaying his dazzling speed when that was wanted.

Both Mr. Belmont and I realized before he had turned the three-year-old mark that we had a horse of exceptional qualities, one that would leave his mark on turf records in the second year of his running. The only thing he couldn't do was to run in the mud. I haven't a doubt that the strong heart of Hourless was willing when he found himself in the going he hated, but he simply couldn't make it. And that is the reason I maintain it is a mistake to say, as turf people so often say, that a really great horse will run in any kind of going. The case of Hourless proves the incorrectness of that theory.

It often happens in a racing season that the question of three-year-old supremacy rests between two horses. The rivals of that year, 1917, were Hourless and Omar Khayyam, a chestnut colt by Marco from Liama, owned by Wilfrid Viau and trained by Dick Carman. Omar had won the Kentucky Derby and Hourless the Belmont Stakes, the two classics for horses of their age, both more in favor at the time than the Preakness, which had not then been restored to its present high place in the turf world. They met in the Brooklyn Derby, but it was on a heavy track and Hourless ran unplaced to the Viau horse. It was not until the Lawrence Realization at Belmont Park that they came together at even weights in a real test of their merits. Hourless that day got shut off, although there was only one other horse besides Omar in the race. But with this handicap, he came along on his own courage, as he and Omar pounded down the stretch, and just failed by the shortest of noses to win the race.

If there's anything that goes against my grain it is to see the best horse lose a race of this kind. You can understand it when there is a big field and the luck of racing can decide things one way or the other, but with only three horses racing there's seldom much excuse for running into a pocket. So the very old devil got hold of me when I saw what had happened and I let out a streak of cussing that caused Mr. Belmont to look at me in surprise. It was the first time he'd ever heard me swear. But he didn't say anything then; just let me continue to blow off steam until he thought I was getting back to normal.

Then he smiled and said, "Bless my soul, Mr. Hildreth, I didn't know you had it in you to get as mad as that."

"Why shouldn't I be mad? I'm no saint, and that's something that would make one of those saints mad. Hourless should have won that race hands down. I know he can beat Omar, and he's going to beat him too. He's going to beat him good if I have anything to do with it." There was still considerable steam left in me.

"Do you want to arrange for another race?" Mr. Belmont asked.

"I certainly do, and the quicker it comes the better it'll suit me."

"All right, do as you think best. You have my consent."

Giving Hourless Another Chance

SOME time later I met Col. Matt J. Winn, general manager of the Laurel track in Maryland. I came to the point abruptly.

"How would you like to put on a special race between Hourless and Omar Khayyam?" I inquired.

"The idea being that you think Hourless should have won the Realization?" Winn suggested.

"That's the idea exactly. And if you'll fix up a match between them, I think you will see that I have good ideas now and then."

You'll excuse the boastful tone of this when I say that it was an absolute conviction with me that Hourless had lost on a fluke; and I say this with a full appreciation of what a fine horse Omar Khayyam was. In my indignant outburst before Mr. Belmont I had admitted that Omar was "a helluva horse," and I knew that this description fitted. But I felt Hourless had something on him, for here was the greatest race horse I'd ever trained up to that time.

The result of the Lawrence Realization had the turf

(Continued on Page 112)

Taking the Hurdle in the First Race of the United Hunts Racing Association Spring Meeting, Held at Belmont Park Terminal, May 13, 1916

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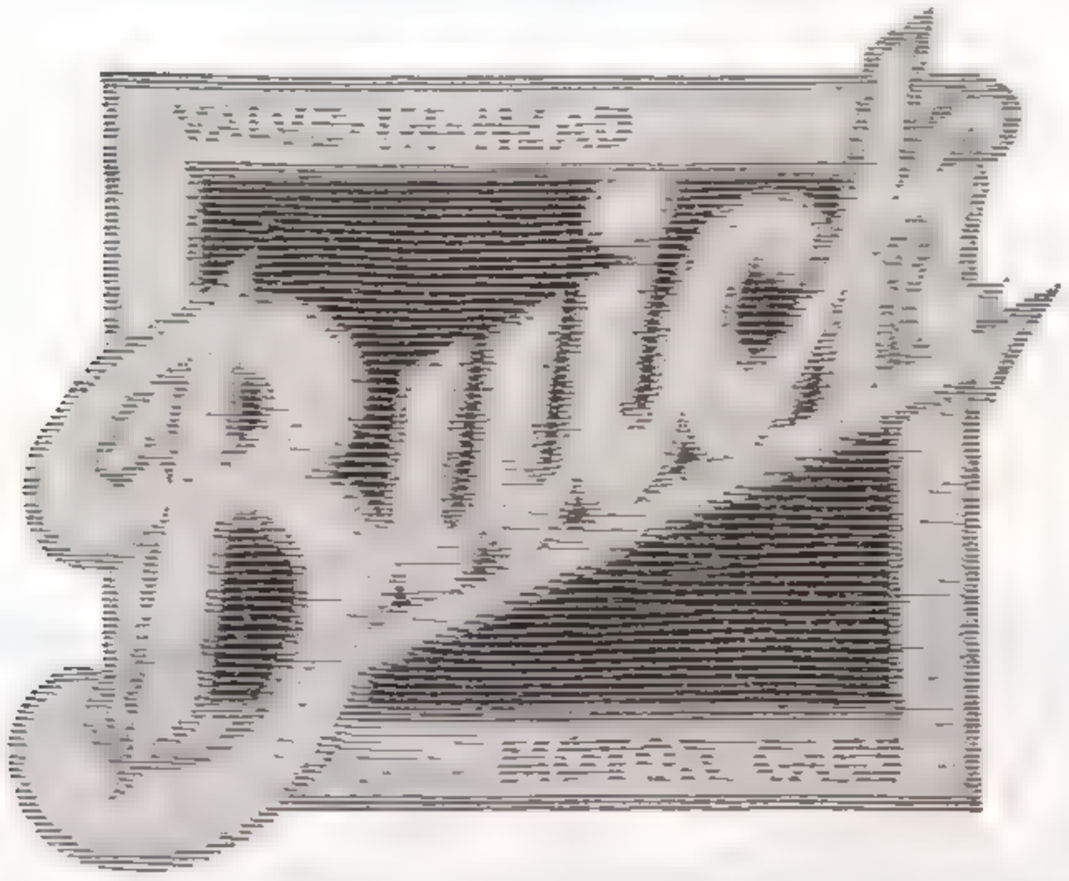


When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Family Presents a Plan for Getting Dad Out of a Financial Hole

A Steep Short Cut

A SURGEON who achieved an international reputation while still in his early thirties was asked if there was anything except close application and native ability which he had to thank for his rapid advancement to fame and fortune. His reply was as valuable as it was striking, because it contains a principle which is equally applicable to half a dozen professions:

"When I began to specialize I made it a rule to get all the difficult work I could. I went out of my way to find opportunities to perform those operations which, on account of their delicacy and uncertainty, my colleagues dreaded and avoided. It became increasingly easy to carry out this policy, for when it became known that I was always ready and eager to do uncommon and hazardous work, I found there were plenty of men who were glad to turn over to me cases which they felt were outside the scope of their own experience.

"By this means I was able to perform as many extra-ticklish operations in ten years as many surgeons do in a lifetime. The constant recurrence of the unusual gave me extraordinary opportunities for study and for improvement of method and technic. In a few years I had collected and classified data which were new to surgeons who had confined themselves almost entirely to routine work. This training brought me many requests from medical journals for articles. I began to be known as an authority on certain branches of surgery; and my articles caused patients to be referred to me by general practitioners all over the country.

"There is no training for easy work like hard work. Try it and see!"

Insurance—An Opening for Women

THOUSANDS of college women or women whose business experience has given them the same power of clear, organized thought which is supposed to be a derivative of formal education have the keenest desire to accomplish greatly and the haziest conception of the fields of opportunity. To such, who possess no one quality or predilection so strong as to be an opportunity in itself, but who are able to think straight and to express their ideas convincingly, selling insurance offers splendid possibilities.

In the first place, it presents a business with an absolutely free field. A woman can succeed to the full measure of her ability and industry. The more insurance she writes, the more money she makes and the more she pleases her company and herself. In that respect, it is good for the pocketbook; but it is also good for the soul.

In spite of all the equality-of-opportunity and women-in-industry talk, women have a long way yet to travel before they are the serious competitors of men. When a woman does attain a high executive position, it is so unusual that it is real news copy. Therefore, any sort of activity or occupation that stiffens a woman and brings her into open competition with men is particularly advantageous.

In insurance this developing process never stops. When a woman is an employe in a large corporation, she might salve her lack of advancement with the ointment of favoritism or of sex or of jealousy. But there is no comeback in insurance. If business is bad, she has no one to blame but herself. If it is excellent, she alone is responsible.

There is a constant development of initiative. Prospects do not happen; they are called out of the everywhere into the here by shrewdness, alertness and good business sense.

"Of course," admitted one woman solicitor, "there were moments in the first two years when I thought it would be pretty nice to be on a flat $3000 or $4000 salary. But not now. This taking a chance offers more money—oh, much more!—greater risk, bigger stakes and more fun than any regular job could possibly present. I would not take anything in exchange for the earnest I have of my own success, independent as it is of any helper, employe or assistant."

Moreover, in addition to the money and character improvement involved in insurance selling, there is the great satisfaction in the job itself. The dealings are so personal and so helpful to the clients that they bring their own full measure of reward. A man with a wife and three children took out a policy that gave his wife a lump sum at his death, sufficient to purchase a comfortable house, and that provided her with a monthly income of $250 the first five years, $200 the next five, $100 the next five and $50 a month until her own death. The provisions were equally careful in the event of her death before or shortly after her husband's. The man explains his greater business efficiency on the basis of his complete freedom of worry about the future—his wife is provided for and his children's education, and the chances are that he is prolonging his own life by his sound provisions.

His case is multiplied in satisfaction by the number of clients the insurance seller has. A woman could not fail to believe in her business when she saw herself so often the one wise counselor or financial provider for a family suddenly cut adrift from a regular dependable income.

The status of the occupation is fast reaching professionalism, with universities already giving excellent courses in insurance and some companies refusing all but college graduates.

On the point of age, twenty-five to thirty-five are the best years for entrance, although there are no hard-and-fast rules in this connection. As for money, from $2200 the first year to $7200 the fourth was the scale given by a young woman who cites her own experience and says that there are only three prerequisites to an equal or better success than her own—pluck, endurance and plain common sense.

The Hardware Clerk

IT WAS quite a surprise to everyone in our town when one day last fall Alonzo Bissell, our leading hardware merchant for nearly thirty years, suddenly flung a great banner across his store front announcing a sale to close out his business. The surprise was the greater because everyone had taken it for granted that young Scott Reed, Mr. Bissell's popular head clerk, would succeed to the business whenever the merchant should decide to retire. It was the same day, when I was going home from the bank to lunch, that I met young Reed and asked him what he was going to do, now that the store was about to be closed.

"I don't know yet," he said discontentedly. "Probably I'll go to Chicago. There's no chance for a man in a town like this."

I asked him if he had never proposed that Mr. Bissell should continue the business and let him run it as manager or junior partner. What Alonzo Bissell wanted, I knew, was to be able to take things easy after so many years in harness; if he had a capable person in charge he could do that and still keep the profitable business going.

"That's what I thought, too," said Scott dismally, "but it never seemed to occur to Mr. Bissell; so I guess I'll be going to Chicago when the sale is over."

It really seemed too bad. Here were two people whose interests certainly lay together, and yet they were about to go their separate ways. Alonzo Bissell was nearing sixty, and Scott Reed had lately turned twenty-five—just the age when he could relieve the older man of responsibility, and work his own way to independence.

Strictly speaking, of course, it was none of my business; but a small-town banker often mixes himself in affairs not strictly his own, and I decided I would speak to the merchant.

Alonzo Bissell was sitting in his office at the back of the big hardware store when I called that afternoon, looking gloomily at the crowds that had been attracted to his closing-out sale. He seemed, I thought, a little regretful that he was about to retire from the scene of his long and profitable career. Not only was he a customer of my bank but we were personal friends of long standing, and I could speak frankly.

"Aren't you making a little mistake," I said, "in breaking away from business altogether this way? You know after a man has been in harness as long as you have, he is liable to find himself kind of lonesome when he has nothing to do."

"I really don't like the idea of loafing," he answered, "but what can I do about it? I've got to the age where I want a vacation once in a while. I want to take a trip to California and to Europe, but I can't take long trips and run a hardware store at the same time. I've thought it all over and I've just decided to quit."

"You can do as some other men do," I said; "take in a partner." I pointed to the front of the store, where young Scott Reed was waiting on two or three people at once, bustling about in the cheerful way he always had with customers.

"Right there you have the most popular clerk in town," I went on. "He knows your business and all your clients. Why don't you let him have a little interest in the concern? Then you could take your trips to California and Europe. And by the time you really want to retire he could probably buy you out altogether. A young and active partner, you know, is always a ready-made customer."

"Scott is a good boy," Alonzo Bissell answered readily; "in many ways the best boy I've ever had work for me. If it wasn't for one thing I'd do exactly what you suggest." He was silent for a minute or two and then said suddenly: "I've tried for three years to make a partner out of the boy, but he wouldn't let me!"

I had heard many a tired business man say he would like to take a partner, and then seen him shy off when he had a chance to get one. Just like some people who think they want to sell a piece of property, and when a customer comes

(Continued on Page 52)

"Let's Go To The Movies Tonight"

Life, as it might be, for You!

After a while, for each of us, the curtain rings down.

But now, the play's on, and life is here for the taking.

Are you taking it, or letting the days slide by without filling them? You can't fill them with work alone. There must be play and entertainment.

Life would be brighter for you if you would see more good motion pictures. The greatest entertainment is a deep and thrilling experience, something which leaves you a little different.

No one was exactly the same after seeing those Paramount Pictures, "The Covered Wagon," "The Ten Commandments," "The Miracle Man," "Peter Pan," and others.

The emotions they created passed through the very frame and spirit that are you, leaving you a richer personality, excited, thoughtful, admiring, stirred.

Such experiences, plenty of them, are life, as it might be, for you!

Not a facet of your soul but will find a reflecting and brightening lustre in Paramount! Not a mood of gaiety or a taste for tragic drama but will be satisfied!

Satisfied! That is the note! Satisfy your curiosity about life in all its ways, made visible and selected and dramatized by Paramount in the greatest shows every season. Today Paramount Pictures are part of the art of living, laying visible to millions terrific sweeps of life and art hitherto obscured by the clouds of monotony and work.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

TRADE MARK

Paramount Pictures

PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

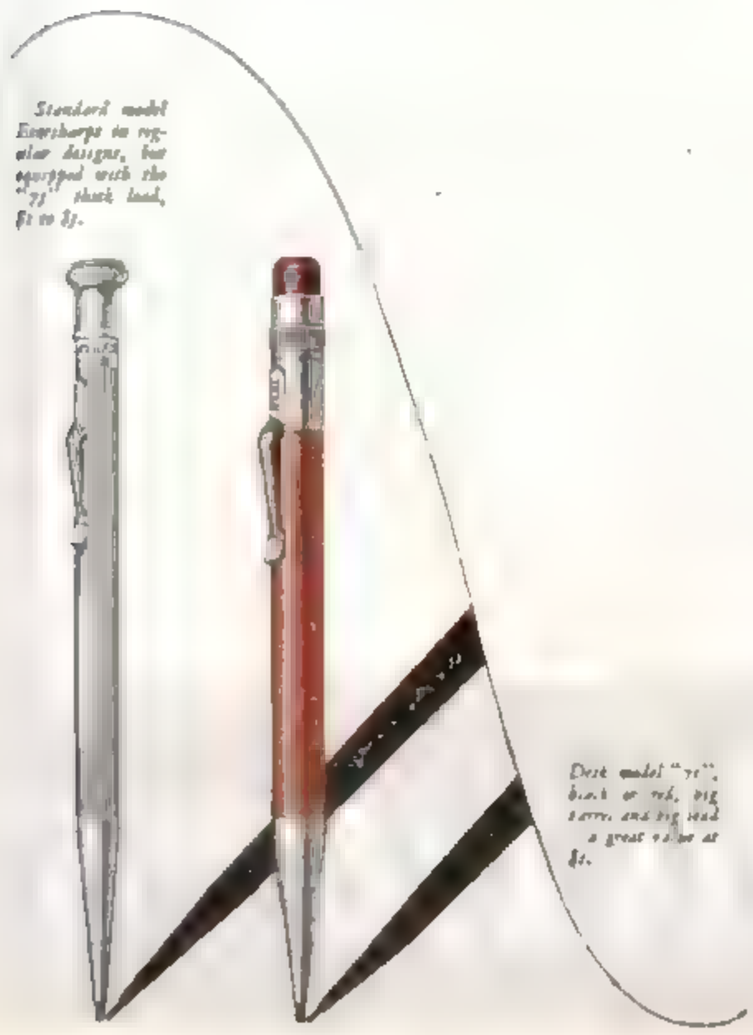
Now the big pencil with the big lead

It writes like this

Priced to suit everyone
$1 to $3

EVERSHARP "75"

PERFECTED



Standard model Eversharps in regular designs, but equipped with the "75" thick lead, $1 to $3.

Desk model "75", black or red, big barrel and big lead a great value at $3.

HERE is a new series of Eversharps to please those who prefer a thicker lead. The lead is almost twice the thickness of that used by the standard Eversharp.

Of course these new pencils have all the Eversharp features—including the famous rifled tip which holds the lead firmly *at the point* so that it cannot wobble or turn.

Eversharp "75" is made in large barrel models—"the big pencil with the big lead"—for those who find a large grip more comfortable.

The big pencils are obtainable in a choice of three colors—black, red, or mottled, gold-trimmed, at $3—black or red, nickel trimmed, at $1.

Regular model Eversharps with the new thicker lead complete the "75" family.

Try the Eversharp "75" at your dealer's

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Made in Canada by THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

Red Top Eversharp Leads are now made in three thicknesses—for standard Eversharps—for "75"—and for Eversharp checking pencils. All sizes in black, blue, red, green, yellow and purple copying. Illustration shows approximate thickness of each variety.

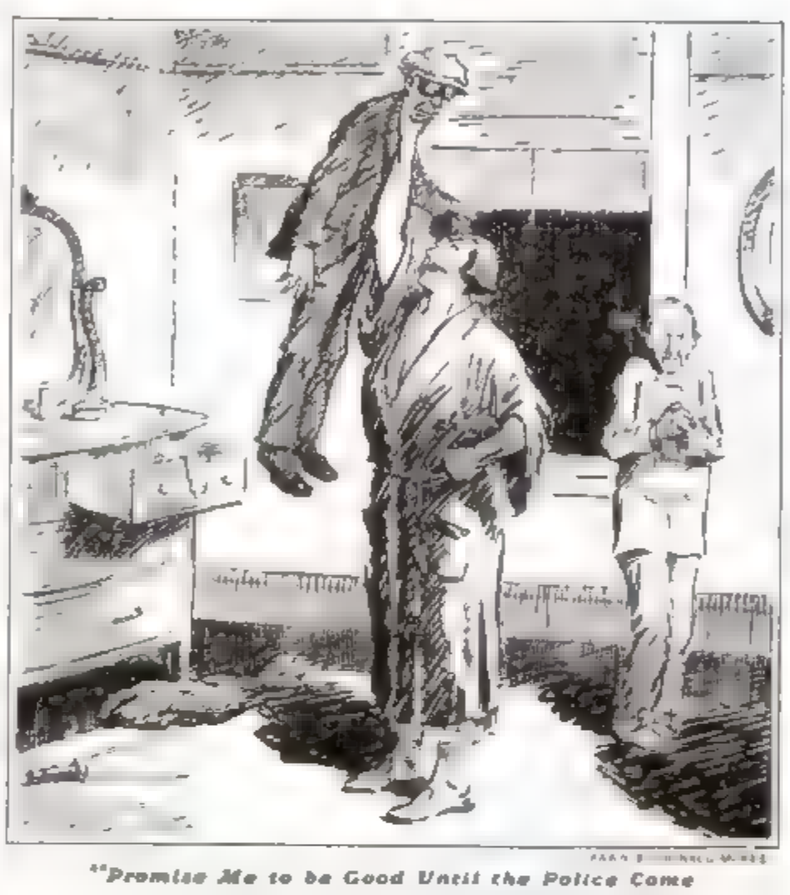
CARTOON AND COMEDY

IM BACK AGIN TO GET A HAND FOR I CAN'T SLEEP IN THIS HOT SAND
AN OLD BULL FROG CAN BRING YOU LUCK IF YOU KEEP ON SMILIN AND TROUBLE-DUCK
IM SEVEN YEARS OLD AND IN MY PRIME- OUT HERE ON THE DESERT AWAY FROM CRIME!
EXIT
CROWDS AN' TRAFFIC COPS BOTHER ME NONE AND I THANK FORTUNE IM A NATIVE SON!

Salome Frog—From Salome, Arizona

"Betty Bloom, the Movie Star, is Broken-Hearted"
"Broken-Hearted?"
"Yes, She Shot at Her Husband and Killed Her Press Agent"

Tightwad: "I Wouldn't Mind So Much if I Hadn't Bought a Round-Trip Ticket!"



"Promise Me to be Good Until the Police Come or I'll Turn You Over to My Husband!"

"What Became of the Pretty Girl Who Worked Here?" "Oh, She Eloped With a Married Man—It Takes a Strong Character to Stand This Environment, Sir"

"Oh, Look—Margie's Getting Her Face Lifted!"

BRICK

(Continued from Page 11)

with gifts and clinching the bargain by closing her eyes to shut out the darkness and opening her ears to listen to a much worn phonograph record!

"The poor nut!" said Brick O'Neill aloud, thinking of the number of gifts wasted on a nurse who couldn't help—or hadn't.

The telepathy of all sick rooms made Brick glance suddenly at her patient. His eyes were opened. When they saw hers staring at him they closed again, with an effect of seeking to escape.

From whom and why? Brick O'Neill approached the bed. For the first time in the twelve days she had been on this case, he ceased to be one of the hundreds of whom she thought collectively or clinically. He became he, himself, and not merely a he. It was her first introduction to John William Thurber.

Doctor Marston had said he could be saved if he only got strong enough to stand a second—the real—operation. He had told Doctor Carleton in her hearing:

"If he gets stronger, let me know instantly, no matter what the hour may be. I'd just like to prove to Phillips that it can be done!"

But John William Thurber did not get stronger, because he did not lift a finger to save himself. She had seen so many cases drift leisurely down the river, so naturally and so inevitably! This was that type of case. The knowledge that he was doomed made a few days more or less of little consequence. But now his not fighting struck her as wrong.

Her unearned silk stockings in one hand and her nurse's thermometer in the other, she approached at once not only her case but John William Thurber as well.

"I saw you playing peek-a-boo with me," she said cheerfully. It was the first characteristic O'Neillism in the history of the case. "Let's see if you have been behaving yourself."

He gave up. That is, he opened his eyes wearily and looked at her. Then he opened his lips for the thermometer.

"That's better," she congratulated him. Then she took his pulse. A minute later she said, "You're doing nobly."

She read the thermometer.

"Fine!" she said. "Fine! You'd better make up your mind to get an appetite. The sooner you get home the better we'll like it, what?"

His pale lips began to quiver till he negotiated a ghost of a grin.

"Ah—I won't—g-get home," he muttered, and let his tired eyelids close again.

"No! No! Look straight at me! You certainly are going home! I tell you, you are!"

He opened his eyes and looked straight at her. Into his eyes came a gleam of upflaring derision. His lips began to tremble, getting their running start. Again he contrived to smile weakly.

"I'm telling the world you'll be out of here in a week," she averred.

"Ye-yes," he murmured. "Fe-fe-fe——" And he stopped, exhausted.

"What?" She stooped, the better to hear him. He drew in his breath in a series of queer little gasps. Then he giggled feebly.

"He-he-he! Ye-yes! Feet foremost!"

The amusement in his tired eyes was genuine.

She felt a thrill of discovery. He was a man!

She laughed—Brick O'Neill's famous laugh—and again she saw that uncanny quivering of his lips, so much like the spasms of a ventriloquist's puppet's jaws, which was as near to a smile as John William Thurber could get. But his eyes, she also saw, were now unfilmed, alive, sympathetic, grateful. She asked him, old-friend-wise:

"What suit are you going to wear for your going away? Because the reporters and the movie men will be lined up outside waiting to shoot you."

"All wh-white," he answered. His trembling lips tried to shape the self-appreciative grin of the self-labeled humorist.

But Brick could not agree to a medical heresy, however heroic the heretic's humor might be.

"Aw, shucks!" she said. "Nighties aren't worn any more by our best families. I like you best in that plain sport suit the Times printed last Sunday. You looked better in that than in all the others."

"Which one?" He spoke quite plainly.

"In the Times. But the others were good, too; only in the sport suit you looked more like—er—your real self." She felt herself floundering, which made her feel stupid, so she went to the bureau and from the top drawer took a stack of pictorial supplements. Then she put them away again.

"I never saw so many pictures of a man who wasn't President of the United States. Why, all the papers all over the country have been printing them! That's how everybody knew you were ill. But now you are going to get well. It is pretty near time they took some new photographs of you."

He had brightened up noticeably, and she felt that but for his weakness he would have sat up and looked over the papers. But the flame she had hopefully kindled died as quickly as it had flared. In the shadow, vanity lights but a fire of straw.

"I -am—tired," he muttered, "of—of—everything."

He was frowning indecisively. Then the frown disappeared, with an effect of having died of sheer muscular exhaustion.

"You mean you are tired of being here," she corrected. "So are we. That's why we want to get you home as soon as possible. You just make up your mind to help. You owe it," she finished, with what she considered a flash of inspiration, "to the public."

"The—public—be—damned!" quaveringly plagiarized John William Thurber.

In Brick's hand were the stockings that Mrs. Thurber had given in payment of a bill she did not owe.

"Yeh," said Brick, "that's all right. But look here, mister, I'm going to tell you something. It's none of my business what you do with what God gave you. Perhaps it isn't your fault. I don't know you well enough to decide. But I'd love to tell you something that I'm not paid to tell any patient. Do you want me to?"

She looked steadily at him, her nostrils dilated pugnaciously, her mobile mouth trembling on the brink of a sneer, her eyes jewel-like with a cold hard light. He stared at her fascinatedly. He seemed unable to speak.

"Do you?" she repeated challengingly.

"Sure—est—thing—you—know!" he whispered. "Don't weaken!"

"Listen to me! I think you must be a pretty good sport to make a woman like your wife think you are 100 per cent decent. You two have been married many years. You still are everything in the world to her. You couldn't be that and be yellow. Why, you are husband and father and sweetheart and brother and teacher and jail keeper and candy giver to her, twenty-four hours a day and no Sundays off. It would be simply hell, if it wasn't so wonderful!"

She glared at him, feeling her words automatically turn to boiling blood in her veins.

He grimaced falteringly before he said, "You—are—all—right. More!"

"Why, when she breathes she doesn't take oxygen and nitrogen into her lungs, but you. You are in her blood, I tell you. I never saw anything like it. Now what do you propose to do? If you don't get well, there is going to be a double funeral as sure as blazes. Get that?"

"Ye-yes!"

"You have no business to make a good woman love you like that," Brick barked at him indignantly, "and then duck because you—are—tired—of—everything!" She dragged out the last few syllables with a scorn that should have raised blisters. "What happens to you is your own lookout. But whose lookout is it what happens to her? Just throw up the sponge and watch her! For heaven's sake, brace up and be a man! Remember that even if you don't love her, nobody else gives a darn whether you get well or not."

She paused, out of breath, her assertive bust rising and falling with the tide of her indignant compassion. She overflowed with the pugnacity with which she would fill him. She felt an army behind her, a reserve corps of searing words ready to plunge their barbs into his soul. She glared at him, furious because he might yet need those additional words to goad him into manliness; also because he had made her speak with more vehemence than a nurse should use toward a patient. He was doubly to blame.

Her victim was not writhing, but merely trying to move, to sit up, to talk back. It was tragically like a paralytic's effort. She saw anguish in his eyes, and anger, at his impotence.

"What is it?" asked Miss O'Neill gently.

He seemed even in his immobility, to be gathering himself for a supreme effort. He drew in his breath twice, three times, with an effect of an athlete flexing his biceps. Then:

"You think I can get well?"

His voice was low, but shrill, his face was flushed. The excitement could not be good for him. But there was nothing else for her to do now but to go through with it. The consequences, by ceasing to exist, ceased to disturb her.

"Certainly," she said firmly, "if you make up your mind to do it. Nothing can stop it. Think of your wife and of yourself with her and, for the love of Mike, make up your mind to get well and keep it made up! We'll do the rest. But you must make a start. Understand?" And because he did not respond at once, she repeated impatiently, "Understand?"

"I un-understand," he answered.

"If people died because they were tired, I'd have been a corpse twenty-five years ago. You'll get well, even if you don't want to. But you are going to want to, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"To get well and to get out of here?"

"Yes."

"Say it as if you meant it! Say it hard! Say yes!"

"Yes!" he cried, almost loudly.

"There! There!" she soothed, and fought to keep herself from going down on her knees and crying her heart out there on his pillow. But the urge passed away almost as quickly as it came.

"Now don't fret any more," she said presently, with the bracing briskness of an intimate friend. "We are going to have some gruel—oh, yes, yes!—and then a little nap; and tomorrow—why, tomorrow you may be calling for a steak!"

"A chop," whispered Thurber.

"No! Two!" she insisted, and when John William Thurber grinned, she waved the wonder-working silk stockings at him and cried, "Hold the pose!" and went out to get food for her patient.

She came back with a double portion. He took it uncomplainingly. As she fed him she told him how nice his wife was—to her and to everybody, and how the newspapers had made her—Brick's—life a burden, and how anxious Doctor Marston was to get his star patient out of the hospital. Then she tucked him in with her newborn friendliness and told him not to think, but to go to sleep, and he did.

She tiptoed to the rocking-chair by the window and sat down. She did not think of what she had done. Instead, she fell asleep. Fifty-five minutes later John William Thurber called her—not at all loudly—but she heard him and went to him.

"How long have you been awake?"

And he answered hastily, "Just woke up. May I have a drink?"

"Yes; milk."

"Please! Water!"

"Oh, Mr. Thurber, take the milk. I'll have it nice and cold. Please!"

If his wife were present, she would give him the water he craved. He sighed regretfully.

"I'd rather have water," he said.

"But the milk will be better for you. It is food as well as drink. Maybe I'd better wake up Mrs. Thurber and get her to coax you to be nice. She is resting, but I can call her."

"I'll take the milk," said John William Thurber.

"Good! She'll be tickled pink."

He drank the entire glassful. Mrs. Thurber came in exactly in time to hear Miss O'Neill ask, "Want some more?"

"Want some more what?" asked Mrs. Thurber, and rushed to the bed.

"More milk. He's doing fine," said Brick.

"I'm better," volunteered John William Thurber.

"Oh, ducky! Oh, d-darling honey boy!" almost sobbed Mrs. Thurber.

"I'm much better," proudly repeated John William Thurber in a stronger voice.

"Honey! Honey!" cried his wife. "Are you sure? Are you?"

"Of course, he's sure," put in Brick coldly. Then she took away the dinner tray.

"She's at it again," she told Edith. "I got him all set to mend and now she is dumping two and a half tons of mush down his throat. I'm through with this case. It's his life or mine—and I'm younger."

"Why don't you talk plain to her?" asked Edith. It was part of her astute kindliness to ask only questions that would infuriate Brick into answering with pleasure.

"Miss Walker, do I look like a moron? Say, short of telling her how she affects my digestion, I've done nothing else but talk plain. Why, she makes me feel ashamed of myself!"

"Make Billy talk to her."

"Oh, heck! His idea of murder would be to offer her his other handkerchief to dry more tears with."

"Have you tried swearing yet?"

"I—I think so," answered Brick.

When Brick returned to 38, she found Mrs. Thurber leaning over her husband. It was plain to her eyes that she had asked the same question a dozen times.

"Darling pettie, are you perfectly sure you are better? Yes, honey boy?"

Mrs. Thurber's mush might negligibly irritate a normal red-headed person. But the fatigue on John William Thurber's face professionally concerned Brick. Edith's advice to talk plainly to this woman was more than sound; it was imperative.

"Mrs. Thurber," she said slowly, "I have done all I could, but I find I must talk plain—for his sake. He knows you love him, but you—all relatives upset patients. It fusses him up to—er—see you looking worried."

"I shan't look worried again, I promise you, Miss O'Neill."

"The best way is to stay away," insisted Brick.

"I can't."

"You can if you wish him to get well. And another thing ——"

"Oh, no, no!" prematurely objected Mrs. Thurber, on general principles.

"Oh, yes!" said Brick. "You must not make me any more presents."

"But, Miss O'Neill, if you only knew how I feel, when I know you don't get enough sleep ——"

"I get all I need," cut in Brick shortly. "I won't accept any more. I tell you, it

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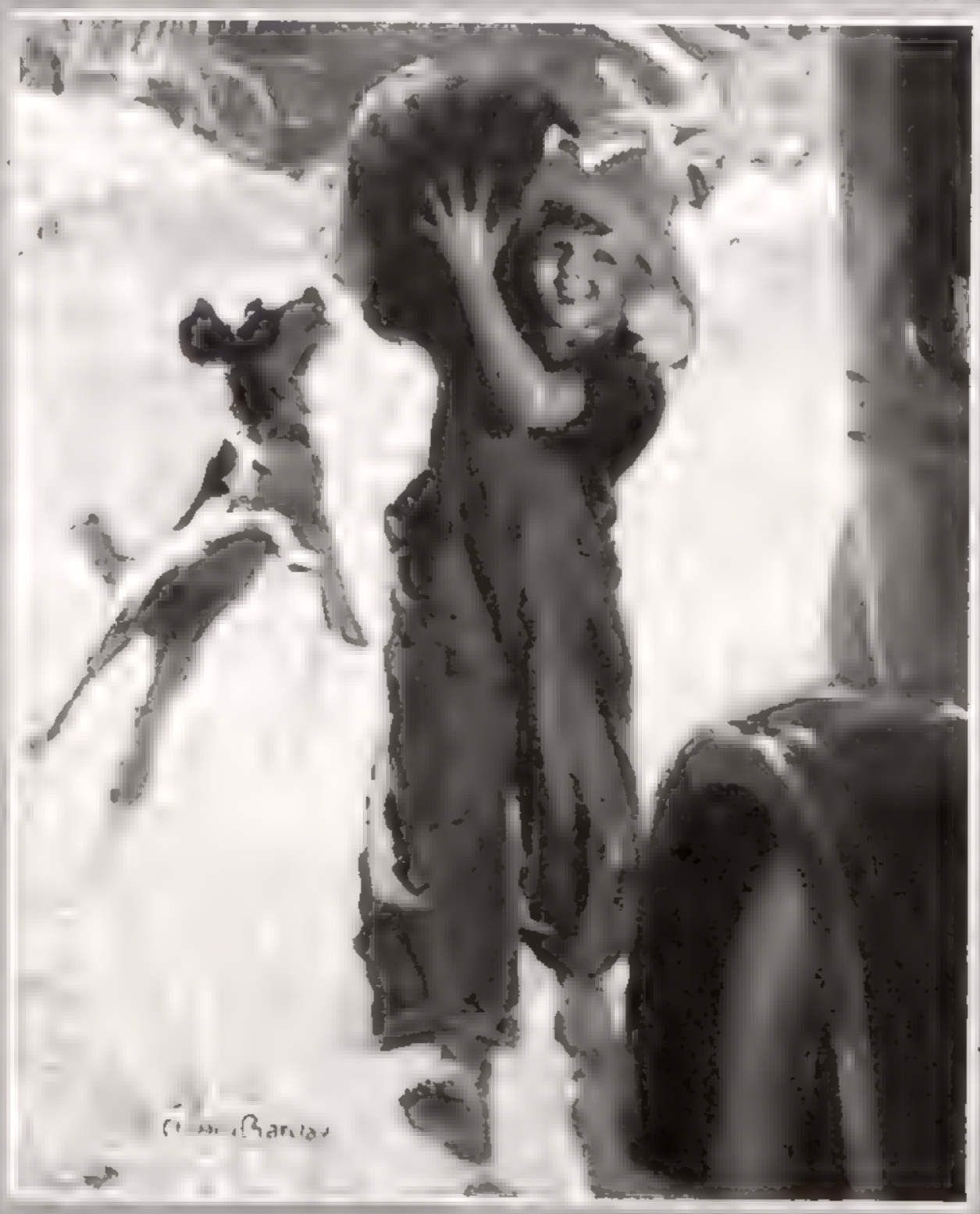
FISHER BODIES



The whole history of Fisher Bodies is a record of sensing in advance the unspoken desires of the motor-buying public, and satisfying those desires. It is largely on this ability, backed by an alert organization and vast physical facilities, that Fisher leadership is so solidly grounded

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

(Continued from Page 44)

makes me feel like a waiter being tipped. You don't tip nurses, you know."

"Oh, Miss O'Neill!"

"Run along now. He is doing splendidly."

But it took more coaxing and finally some threatening before Mrs. Thurber went away.

The memory of that plain talk helped to keep Brick keyed up that night. John William Thurber received more nourishment than on any other night of the twelve he had spent in the hospital.

"Got to get well," she would say, until he believed it. The last cup he actually took at his own request.

Mrs. Thurber came in early. Miss O'Neill was ready for her.

"I'll get breakfast, now that you're here. And after that you are going out and you will stay out till noon. I'm going to have him shaved."

"Did Doctor Marston say he might?"

"No, Doctor O'Neill did. I want him to look like his pictures," said Brick. "I want you to hold the fort—in silence—while I endeavor to sustain life in myself and at the same time get his breakfast. You can come on this afternoon—if you are good."

Brick went away before Mrs. Thurber could begin to bargain. But by the time she returned, Mrs. Thurber had found a dozen reasons for not leaving the room. Brick lost her temper so completely that she shut her mouth and would not say a word. Mrs. Thurber, seeing her face, compromised; she would stay on the roof, in the pavilion, if Miss O'Neill promised to tell her when Doctor Marston came in.

Miss O'Neill promised and Mrs. Thurber went away.

Miss O'Neill tidied up Mr. John William Thurber's person as well as the room. Then she sat down and instantly felt tired; too tired to think, and sleepy. In order not to nap she faced the sun.

Dr. William Carleton, the great Marston's popular assistant, came in. He had been an interne when Brick was a student nurse, years before, and their intimate friendship had not waned.

"'Lo, Brick," he greeted her, in a discreetly lowered voice.

"Miss O'Neill, if you please, insect!" she said in not so discreetly low a tone. "Isn't Doctor Marston coming?"

"Not this morning. Just operated. Abdominal. There were several out-of-town doctors who'd come with the case. He was great. You know how he shows off his technic at times. He's holding a sort of reception. And then he's got to go to Bronxville, where a marble king has some quarrying to do in his gall bladder. I'm not going with him."

"Then the patient stands more show of surviving."

"You're as witty as ever, aren't you?" he said, and began to read the chart.

"You certainly fed him," he commented. "Getting a commission from the kitchen? Say, what made his temperature go up in the afternoon?"

"One of my speeches," tranquilly replied Miss O'Neill.

"H'm! It's a wonder he didn't ——" he began, but she cut him short.

"That will do you, Willie," she said.

He never could make her forget his efforts to grow a mustache during his interneship, nor his confidences in three devastating love affairs. Before patients she was more respectful with him than she was with Doctor Marston. She thought Willie needed all the help he could get. It wasn't her fault the other surgeons didn't starve to death. But to his face, alone, she was his stepmother.

"Are you sure you wrote down the right temperature?" he asked politely.

"Sure, I'm sure," she answered, untouched.

"I'll take it myself if you'll allow me," and he did. Then he took the blood pressure. As he did so he frowned. He pumped feverishly, his eyes on the sphygmomanometer. He shook his head incredulously. Brick also was looking at the figures, over his shoulder.

"Can't be right." His voice was barely above a whisper.

"But he's better," she averred, with an air of authorship.

"But look! Why ——"

"That's all right," she insisted. "He's a lot better, I tell you."

Suddenly he snatched the stethoscope from off his ears and said to Miss O'Neill, "Get Doctor Marston!"

"All right. Listen, Bill, I promised Mrs. Thurber I'd let her know when he came. Do you think ——"

"Catch Doctor Marston before he leaves the hospital. Run, you dumb-bell!"

"You don't have to talk to me ——"

"Hell's bells!" he cried, and rushed out.

Miss O'Neill frowned quite impersonally. Then she bestowed her indignation upon the only fellow mortal within sight—Mr. John William Thurber. Before she could find some reason for vocalizing her displeasure, a question asked itself: Would they operate on Thurber?

The mere asking of that question meant that she must be prepared to tell Mrs. Thurber. In the last analysis, every woman dislikes all other women on general principles. But every woman, also on general principles, joins every other woman when the foe is man. Sex solidarity prevails against individual prejudice. She must tell Mrs. Thurber at any cost. But she could not leave the patient alone, especially when the surgeon had been summoned.

She rushed to the door of Number 37 and knocked. Edith came to the door.

"Go up on the roof and tell Mrs. Thurber to come down. Quick!"

"I'm giving my patient a ——"

"Don't tell me, Ed! Go! Hurry up!"

She heard the elevator gates down the hall slam open—a carelessness that meant haste.

"Here they come! Run!" she whispered in a voice that would have turned a jellyfish into a Finnish sprinter. She darted back into her room.

She saw Doctor Marston, followed by others, walking toward 38 with long strides. When he entered the room he was smiling his famous little smile of intimate incredulity that made both friends and optimists of those for whose benefit he wore it. Doctor Carleton, taking two steps to Marston's one, looked boyishly aggrieved, as though he had been scolded before the entire class. When he saw the nurse standing by the head of the patient's bed, he let the watching world know it was her fault. A white-garbed person from the laboratory waited importantly for the blood specimen.

Marston wasted no time. At one frowning glance he took in the chart that Miss O'Neill held before him. Then, his brow smooth and his lips smiling his congratulations, he lightly rested a fraternal hand on Thurber's forehead.

"Great! Great!" he said. Then he nodded to the important young man in white, who thereupon pricked Thurber's thumb.

"I'm waiting for it," Doctor Marston said, and the young man hurried away with his drop of blood. Doctor Marston looked at Brick O'Neill and nodded. She promptly handed him the stethoscope Carleton had left behind him. Marston thanked her with one of those smiles that made all nurses do what he told them—hang 'im!

He took the systolic and the diastolic and unwrapped the armlet quickly. Then he threw back the covers and began to auscultate the patient. Presently, without taking the stethoscope from his ears, he said, "Remarkable!"

The patient's eyes brightened as at applause. Marston went on, listening and tapping. The important laboratory man, establishing a record for speed, returned and proudly laid the proof on the bed, before the less important surgeon's eyes.

"H'm! Leucocytes, twenty thousand less. Doctor Carleton, operating room at once," said Marston, and stood up. He pulled off the stethoscope and called after the hurrying Carleton, "And ask Doctor Simpson and Doctor Walker to stay over for this if they care too. Oh, and of course, telephone to Phillips. I'm going to prove to him once for all that he's away off. Tell him to hurry. We can't waste a second."

"What's the matter, doctor?" asked John William Thurber, who felt some interest in the case.

"Matter? The greatest piece of luck I ever heard of. I was hoping it might happen, but I didn't believe it—ah—it would come so soon. I'm going to get at that bad spot of yours so I can fix you up for keeps."

"Yes?" said Thurber. His eyes looked toward the door—to escape, Marston, manlike, imagined; for his wife, Brick O'Neill, womanlike, knew.

"She'll be right down, Mr. Thurber," said Margaret O'Neill gently.

Thurber, guilty and grateful, flushed.

"You're going to operate?" Thurber asked it with a sort of apologetic anxiety, as though he disliked putting Doctor Marston to so much trouble.

"Yes, by George!" answered Doctor Marston happily, forgetting the diplomatist in the surgeon. His eyes were shining with a jovial gratitude that had a tinge of complacency. Brick almost looked for him to rub his hands together. Then, hearing footsteps in the hall, she ran out to prepare Mrs. Thurber—which was proper—with a broad smile—which was wrong.

"It's all right! It's all right! Easy now!"

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Thurber, and naturally shook her head at the nurse's smile. It was so reassuring that something terrible must have happened.

"He is so well that Doctor Marston is going to try another operation," went on Brick in the voice of one who brings good news at last.

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Thurber, and would have dashed in.

But a red-headed policewoman held her back by the arm and said sharply, "I won't let you see him at all if you are going to upset him."

"I won't! I won't!" hastily promised Mrs. Thurber, when she found she could not break Brick's grasp. Miss O'Neill, a look of dubiousness on her face, moved aside and followed her.

Mrs. Thurber had no questions to ask her husband with her voice, and only one with her eyes. She waited until her throat ceased paining her. Then she murmured, "Hello, honey bunch."

He tried to smile, and she instantly closed her eyes, literally fearing to drench him with the tears she knew she could not control. Her lips were pressed together tightly, but nevertheless she tried to smile reassuringly with them. She nodded, hoping to cheer him.

"They're—going—t' op'rate," she heard. He also was trying to cheer her, by smiling reassuringly—into her closed eyes. "It is—all right, honey. They know their business, pet."

His use of "they" isolated his enemies from the mass of mankind and that turned her into the mother wolf fighting for her cub. It pried open her eyes and made her vocal.

"Doctor Marston"—she spoke in a voice that did not tremble—"what does this decision mean?"

Marston smiled his sweetest on her.

"Wasted!" thought Miss O'Neill, knowing that the look on Mrs. Thurber's cold face was beyond thawing by optimistic grimaces.

"Ask him outside," she whispered to Mrs. Thurber. At the same time she invited Doctor Marston, with one look, to do his elucidating out of hearing of the patient. Marston, manlike, instinctively obeyed.

In the hall, he said: "Mrs. Thurber, I told you there would be another operation as soon as his strength permitted it. His condition just now justifies us in taking the chance. I honestly think it will make a perfectly well man of him in a few weeks. There is no time to lose."

"But—but—doctor ——" She knew she must not oppose his decision. But she knew also that operations sometimes were not successful. "Can you—is he—can he stand another now? So weak!"

Her eyes, by the black magic of her grief, had sunk into their sockets and she was breathing laboredly, as though she had run all three flights of stairs.

"I wouldn't operate if I didn't think he was strong enough, Mrs. Thurber," reproved Marston. Seeing in her eyes the unassuaged skepticism of love made deaf by dread, he said impatiently, "Don't forget—not for one moment—that it is a case of must. No question about it."

"But, doctor, will he—will it—will you —— Oh, Doctor Marston, he is—he looks so weak!"

She grasped his coat as if to keep him from the operating room. Instead of using his hand to release hers, he resorted to words.

"Madam, it is a race between the knife and blood poison. All I can state positively is that it is his one chance. It is my duty to urge him to take it. I did not ask your consent because we have no alternative. It's that or certain death, and I assume you don't want him to die—or do you?"

She released his tainted coat—Nessus' shirt—and closed her eyes again. If the darkness of doom was to fall on the world, it would be better to have it come while her eyes were shut. That way it would be a darkness of her own making and not of death's. But even in her agony she remained eternally feminine. She accused him:

"But you said there was no immediate danger ——"

"Not for two or three weeks," he explained.

"But you didn't say so," she said.

He saw Carleton coming down the corridor, accompanied by Old Reliable, the super. There was no time for using anything gentler than a bludgeon.

"Madam, do you insist on his dying this month?"

"No! No! No!" she cried.

"Then go to your room and pray!"

"Oh, doctor, he is all I have in the world. He is all I have! I can't live without him!"

"Then I am going to save two lives with one operation. Good! Be brave! You'll be hugging me in half an hour. You can help a lot by praying. You do that and I'll do the rest."

"Wait! Please! Please, can't you wait ——"

"Not a fifth of a second!" interrupted the surgeon. "Go to your room and wait there for good news."

"I can't! I can't!" moaned Mrs. Thurber.

"Oh, hell ——" began Marston. This hysterical woman was keeping him from concentrating on his job.

"Come with me," put in Brick.

"Everything ready?" Marston asked the superintendent.

"Yes, Doctor Marston," answered Old Reliable. He made a motion to take off his coat, whereupon she held out her hand for it. He took it off and gave it to her and began to unlink his cuffs, on his way to the operating room. The rubber-tired stretcher wheeled into Number 38 and presently wheeled out again with its burden. Doctor Marston did not hear the gasping moan from Mrs. Thurber. He was frowning. His jaws were clenched and thrust forward. Suddenly he stopped short, his angry eyes fixed not on the rubber hall runner but on Thurber's thorax, and made an incision in the air. It was his map reading.

He walked on again, unaware that he had stopped to make the initial cut. From the door of 38, Brick gazed after him. Her chum, Edith, summoned to the door of 37 by the witches' wireless that functions overtime in all sick places, looked a question. Brick O'Neill, without turning her head, felt Edith's presence and exclaimed admiringly, "Ain't he the son of a gun?" Then she turned and went back to the room they had left.

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(Continued from Page 46)

Mrs. Thurber was on her knees before the high hospital bed, sobbing mechanically, as if from the sheer momentum of her tragedy.

"Don't, dearie!" said Brick O'Neill, trying to speak gently. But Mrs. Thurber, being without the consciousness of her actions, was without the will to stop. "He'll be all hunky. The doctor said he would," Brick assured her.

These were the words the deafest sorrow could hear. Mrs. Thurber raised her head, ceased to sob and spoke.

"He did?"

"Yes, he did."

"He didn't tell me," she disputed.

"Yes, he did, only you carried on so that you didn't hear him. You know, surgeons never promise a blessed thing. They won't commit themselves. You can't blame them. But he told me."

"Did he? Really? You are not telling me this just to cheer me, are you?"

"Which do I most look like to you," inquired Miss O'Neill in a voice of absolute zero, "a red-headed fool or just a liar?"

"Please forgive me. God bless you, dear Miss O'Neill. You've been so good to us. I don't know what we would have done without you. Don't be angry. He's all I have in the world. Do you really think he's going to get well?" Having asked a question that must be answered, she instantly answered it herself. Hope thereat dawned on her cheeks and the dazzle came into her eyes.

Brick O'Neill nodded and said, "The operation will make him as well as he ever was."

"Oh, honey boy! Honey boy!" moaned Mrs. Thurber to herself.

"Control yourself!"

It was Brick's first foolish remark. She realized it as soon as she made it. It annoyed her to admit its authorship. So she left the room to make an utterly unnecessary visit to the diet kitchen. Edith was still standing by the half-opened door of 37, loyally waiting for her chum.

Brick felt her heart soften—a real buddy! No preface ever needed. She said to Edith:

"He's all she's got in the world now, with all their money. These married dames that don't do a thing for the census give me a big fat pain. 'Oh, honey bunch! Angel Face! You pitty pettie! Oo-hoo! Da-da!'" And she chucked Edie under the chin.

"Swee-ee-eet!" chirped the diplomatic Edie. Brick's frown completely vanished thereat.

"Miss Walker," she said with much dignity, "I'm en route to the kitchen to get me a bowl of much-needed mush."

She walked away, her nose in the air, her heart full of the solace of Edith's appreciative giggles. But as there was no need now to go to the diet kitchen, she turned abruptly and returned to 38, a good-humored smile on her round face.

Mrs. Thurber was still on her knees beside the bed, sobbing with the pathetic discretion of a mother in a sick room, her right hand over her mouth that she might not be heard by the man who was not in the room to hear. With her left hand she was patting, very gently, the pillow on which John William Thurber's head was not now resting.

"That'll never do," Brick O'Neill told her with a cruel cheerfulness. "I'm going to give this room a good airing so it will be nice and fresh when he gets back. You'd better go to the waiting room. I brought you a magazine," and she gave her the copy she had been reading that morning. Mrs. Thurber gazed at her blankly, not having heard a single word.

Brick accepted the deafness as normal and went on: "We've got to wait. Look over the pictures if you can't read. Don't worry! That Marston is one bearcat! He'll turn the trick if anybody can, I'll tell the world!"

But Marston had not been so sure of himself. He even sought to shift the responsibility.

"He told me," complained Mrs. Thurber, "to pray."

"Well," remarked Miss O'Neill in judicial tones, "a body could do worse things than pray. Why not try it for a change?"

"I've done nothing else at night since he was taken sick," sobbed Mrs. Thurber indignantly, "only I didn't tell him."

Miss O'Neill, wishing to allay irritation against the buck-passing Marston, said soothingly, "Maybe that is why Mr. Thurber improved so wonderfully. Do as I tell you. Look at the pictures, anyhow. Here, take it."

"Oh, I couldn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Thurber, stung to the quick by the disloyalty of looking at illustrations while her poor dear was on the operating table and perhaps—perhaps ——

"Then I'd pray, after all," said the rebuffed Brick coldly.

"You don't understand!" Mrs. Thurber spoke feverishly. "You can't! You don't know him! That's why you think I'm a fool."

"Oh, no," denied Miss O'Neill, not at all fervidly.

"But you ought to think so!" said Mrs. Thurber.

"What?" cried Miss O'Neill, and blinked. Who was speaking from Mrs. Thurber's throat?

"How can you help thinking it?" Mrs. Thurber's face wore a look of determined anguish. It came from her fears for her husband and her desire to make friends with the only human being in sight, who also happened to be her only ally in the fight against her husband's foes.

"You see," she went on, with an effect of applying a brake to her words and to her emotions, "he understands me, so I am not afraid of what he thinks of me. He is the best and bravest and most considerate man in the world. We have lived together twenty-two years and you can't imagine what my life has been because of him. I can never do for him what he has done for me. I have known sickness—and his love; and sorrow—and his love; and all I now remember is his love. He always took on himself the blows aimed at me. A perfect sweetheart always, and always the perfect gentleman."

"Why, Mrs. Thurber ——" said Brick distressedly.

"Why should I keep these things from you? You can never be as a stranger to me. If he gets well, we'll see you often—as often as you care to see us. If he—if he doesn't, you must be my friend till my own time comes, for you fought for him. That is what he would wish me to do—to be your friend."

"But he is going to get well. You don't have to read his will to me," said Miss O'Neill, an exaggerated grievance in her voice.

"I must tell you everything. I always thought it a privilege to love a man so free from smallness. I think he felt it, and I know he feared to let me know how much he loved me. That is why he wished to conceal it from me without hiding it from himself—I know him so well—and that is why he took to calling me by all sorts of extravagant pet names—little rosebud and honey bird and the baby talk—laughing at the same time, to make me see the joke. And I laughed and talked baby talk—in fun, of course; and, of course, in earnest. We were burlesquing those absurd persons who were extravagantly in love with each other; and all the time I lived for him, for I had much sorrow of my own; my mother first and then my twin sister. I don't want to bore you, Miss O'Neill ——"

"You'll have me blubbering in a second," warned Brick, who was wondering how she had missed seeing that face in her fourteen days on the case.

"I want to tell you because I—because I do. We kept that up for years. My dear, how can you understand what it is to be ridiculous and to glory in it? Did you ever see Cyrano? He would have understood! You must have thought me crazy or an idiot. But I had to go on. I couldn't discard in this hospital the one standard joke of our entire married life. It was an institution in our home. Stop now because he was ill? Let him know I was too frightened to be natural? Worry him by letting him see how worried I was? How could I do that?"

"Oh, that was it!" cried Brick. She knew now why Thurber had feigned sleep so often—to give his wife the comfort of being anxious without having to hide it from him. If that wasn't consideration!

"Yes, that was it," said Mrs. Thurber, who didn't know what Brick meant. "What would you have done in my place? Die in silence or go down with the old pet names on your lips? Which?"

"Neither!" answered Brick. "I wouldn't die at all. I'd live and talk baby talk to him till God stopped it here. Then I'd keep on talking it in heaven. If you ever call him John or plain dear in my hearing, I'll disown you."

And she glared at Mrs. Thurber, who thereupon looked at Brick with eyes like stars, and cried: "I knew you would understand!"

"It isn't so hard," confessed Brick, "when you've got eyes and ears and a fair working knowledge of the language. Let's walk down the corridor—as if we're going to meet him," and she put her arm about Mrs. Thurber. At the end of the hall she said, "Now let's walk back, as if he were in the room," and they did.

"They'll be here any moment," said Miss O'Neill presently.

"How do you know?"

"I've got good ears," answered Brick, as the elevator door clanged. "Here he comes!" There was uneasiness in her eye.

Mrs. Thurber, white-faced, paralyzed by uncertainty, waited, one hand clutching the nurse's arm, the other pressed against her runaway heart. The wheeled stretcher came on soundlessly, propelled by an attendant wearing sneakers, who deftly turned into the open door of 38. The odor of the ether filled the room. Mrs. Thurber had followed. She inhaled her insentient husband's halitus gratefully, since it was her sense of smell that told her it was the anæsthetic and not death that made her honey boy so dreadfully still. When Marston came in, her eyes filled with foreboding. The flickering of hope in a sick room is almost susceptible of exact measurement.

Mrs. Thurber spoke first.

"Yes, doctor?" she said, and waited.

"I'm glad we operated. But I'm not going to lie to you," he said.

Her face took on a greenish tinge almost with the suddenness of an electric light being turned on. Her nostrils were pinched and her eyes grew dark as though they had become all pupils.

"His chances of recovery are better than they were yesterday—much better. But he is a very sick man." Marston's face was stern.

The wife scarcely breathed. This was a death sentence camouflaged into a surgeon's newspaper bulletin.

"He has better than a fighting chance, Mrs. Thurber. That is more than he had before we operated."

She nodded for him to go on. Then she shook her head.

Marston turned to Miss O'Neill and beckoned to her. She drew near him.

"You began it," he asserted.

"Began what?" she frowned. He had merely roused her fighting blood—as he intended.

But he went on coldly: "Whatever you did to your patient yesterday turned the trick. I thought you would before you got through. That is why I got you on this case." He glared at her. Then he continued accusingly: "I've done all I could, and now it's up to you. I know you are tired out, but I'm trying a new stunt and I wouldn't risk it if you were not in charge here. I've got to go to Washington ——"

Miss O'Neill shook her head. She meant that he didn't have to do so much talking; but he understood that she didn't believe him. It did not make him angry. He merely assured her earnestly: "I've simply got to. Honest, Brick!"

Her face turned the color of her nickname.

"You've got to see that he gets the subcutaneous injections that I'll leave with you—one every hour. And tomorrow feed him and see that he keeps the food down Watch his temperature and report any change to Doctor Carleton. Keep your patient from vomiting. Understand?"

"Sure, I understand," she said, too much impressed by his earnestness to speak as independently as she had meant to when he called her Brick.

"Allow no one to interfere with you. Follow my instructions. You answer only to me."

"No interference?" said Brick.

"None."

"And you leave it to me?"

"Entirely."

"Then keep her out of this room," said Brick loudly, and pointed to Mrs. Thurber. "It will be all I can do without having to answer questions or quiet nerves."

Marston shook his head mildly rebuking. He said:

"I'll try to get somebody to relieve you. It won't be another nurse, don't worry. I could not get one for love or money. If I didn't have to go to Washington, I'd stay on myself."

"That's all right," said Brick, and her bosom rose and remained aggressively inflated. "I'll be on the job."

"I know you haven't had enough rest ——"

"I'll be here as long as necessary," she interrupted him.

"Irish on both sides, aren't you?" he asked politely.

"And proud of it!"

"You've a right to be. Come, Mrs. Thurber, we'll leave him in Miss O'Neill's charge. She is the one nurse I've picked out to take care of me when I'm really sick. Give him the first shot at eleven. One every hour. After you, Mrs. Thurber."

"Oh, I can't leave him! I can't!" cried Mrs. Thurber, and clutched the rail of the bed with both hands. She would not let them drag her away.

Marston saw Brick's face flush and saw the challenge in her blue eyes, as well as the near-sneer on her red lips. He said frigidly: "Mrs. Thurber, you have my word that no untoward complications need be feared. I am compelled to leave town for a few hours and I cannot have my orders defied by anyone. You will either leave this room at once or I shall ask the superintendent to forbid you admittance, by force if necessary. Nobody is going to murder this man with my consent!"

"Oh, doctor!" cried Mrs. Thurber. Her indignation could not push its way through her fear.

Marston, manlike, had overdone it; he had sinned against the sex. Mrs. Thurber should have resented it.

"You come with me, dear," said Miss O'Neill gently. Then to Doctor Marston icily: "I'll be right back." As she went out, she said, quite distinctly, to the door knob, "I'll have two patients on my hands if any more third degrees are handed out here."

Marston frowned, with an essentially masculine indignation at the injustice done him; and then ceased to frown because of the sex and the long strain. The nurses had every right to be feminine, after all they had been called upon to do during the flu epidemic.

Miss O'Neill came back. It was her duty to receive orders and carry them out.

"It's up to you now," said Marston.

"How many times ——" she began; but she ended—"should I feed him?"

Marston tried to frown, but couldn't. He answered: "As often as you can make him take it. And—well, I'll look in before train time if I possibly can."

"Yes, doctor," she said so pacifically that he bit his lip and left the room hurriedly.

He came in again in the evening with Doctor Carleton. He read the chart

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nodded approvingly, felt Thurber's pulse and nodded again. Then he told Miss O'Neill:

"I've asked Doctor Carleton here to relieve you tonight and he is going to speak to one of the internes so that you can get some rest ——"

"No, no," interrupted Brick. "I've just had two big cups of black coffee and I'm good for at least six hours more. If you want me to sleep, let Doctor Carleton come on around two o'clock and I'll be on again at ten in the morning."

"But you need sleep," insisted Marston.

"Oh, really?" she said. She caught herself and went on: "Yes, doctor, but there is no sense in wasting that coffee. It will do me for several hours. Besides ——" She did not finish.

Marston asked, "Besides what?"

"Nothing, doctor."

"Besides what?" Marston repeated impatiently.

"This man's got to get well."

"He has, has he?"

It was that exasperating little smile of Marston's that made Brick boil over.

"You put it up to me. I got it the first time, dumb as I am. I can always tell that you are up to something when you try not to smile. I only hope your assistants won't undo my work while I am out of the room. You'd better tell them they are not to use their judgment."

"Thank you. Got everything off your chest that was bothering you?" Marston's voice was friendly.

"It wasn't bothering me," said Miss O'Neill so superciliously that Marston laughed. Whereupon Miss O'Neill's face took on apoplectic symptoms. If there was anything she hated it was that insulting giggle; it was not even an honest adult laugh.

Dr. George E. Marston looked at his nurse and the laughter left his face. Very gravely the great surgeon said, "Brick, if you don't mind, I'd very much like to shake hands with you."

"I don't mind," said Brick coldly, and extended her hand. Marston shook it in man-to-man fashion and kept it in his.

"You know that I know you, don't you?" he said. "That's why you're here. That's why I can go away. I shan't worry a bit. Thanks, Brick. Good night."

He shook her hand again and left the room without spoiling the effect. Miss O'Neill turned around in search of an audience to enlighten.

She said to Doctor Carleton: "That's the way he gets 'em to do exactly what he wants just before they die of exhaustion; and after they finish, the poor fishes send him a vote of thanks for the privilege—and I am the mother whale! Bill, learn from him and me that it takes more than slicing and sawing and suturing to make a real surgeon. It takes brains, sonny, and extra good eyes. Go off somewhere now and take a nap and come back here about two or 2:30 and I'll let you find out for yourself what real work is. Run along, Willie."

She gave Thurber the hourly injections. At 2:40 Carleton relieved her. She came on again before nine.

"Why did you come so early?" he grumbled fraternally.

"You ungrateful wretch! I didn't want you to miss the two dollars this morning's patient will give you if you get to your alleged office in time. Your hours are 9:30 to one, aren't they?"

He looked at her dubiously; then he smiled.

"You are all to the mustard, Brick. You'll have a hard day. Call me up any time. I'll come on early tonight."

"Midnight will do."

She followed Doctor Marston's instructions to the letter. It took infinite patience and tact and a nerve-racking pertinacity, for Thurber was too weak and drowsy to develop the will to help. But after each injection she fed him and did his swallowing for him with her coaxing voice and retained the food with her praises and her vetoes. She stood guard by his pillow that he might know she was there, fighting with him, for him, until the hourly skirmish against nausea was won and he dozed off to safety—till the next time. Throughout that long battle day she had no other thought than to obey the orders that would win, except that before she returned to her chair to wait for the next hour she sent a message to Mrs. Thurber. Twice she allowed the poor woman to take a quick look at her sleeping husband, averting speech by putting a finger to her lips and looking alarmed.

Doctor Carleton came on shortly after eleven P.M. to relieve her. He read the chart and nodded.

"Good work!" he said. He did not think Brick knew how narrow an escape Thurber had had. The operation had been just in time, and they were not out of the woods yet.

"Huh?" she grunted absently. She was regretting Marston's absence.

"He's doing very well." He tried to make his voice congratulatory.

"Why not?" asked Brick the superb. "But you'll have a harder time tonight, because you'll have to feed him. Listen! You've got to talk him into it and slip it into him when he isn't thinking. And then you've got to keep him from thinking. I had some mighty narrow squeaks. When he's stronger and you can joke it will be easier."

"Very well, doctor," said Carleton meekly.

"I'm telling you, insect!" she said, and walked unsteadily to a cot in one of the nurses' rooms, lead-weighted eyelids, iron shoes and all.

She was worn out, and overslept so that she did not show up in 38 till nearly nine. She looked at the chart and exploded.

"I knew it!" she cried vindictively.

"It wasn't I!" put in Carleton hastily.

"No! I got up in my sleep and administered an emetic to him! After all my trouble! I tell you right now you're through in this room. I'll stay on alone. You are a pill! You make me sick! Gosh!"

"I tell you I didn't do it. Doctor Marston was here before eight ——"

"Yes, and you tried to feed him in a hurry and made him gag and he vomited. I told you what to do. You've got to talk them into swallowing and then talk them into forgetting that they have swallowed. You needn't come tonight. I'll manage."

"Hang it, Brick ——"

"Who gave you license to call me by my maiden name? You've certainly got a crust to stand here and argue. It's a wonder you don't plead self-defense. Your life or his, wasn't it?"

"I tell you it was Doctor Marston!"

"Why," inquired Miss O'Neill coldly, "did you let him?"

"What? Doctor Marston?"

"Yes, why did you? It was my case. Beat it!"

He obeyed—as, in the last analysis, all men always must. From the safety of the door he turned and told her, "By-by, Brickeena. It's your case!" And he hastened away.

She set about repairing the damage done by the great surgeon who had not succeeded in following his own instructions about the retention of food by the patient. A bad habit is easy to learn, but she made Thurber unlearn his.

Her will was the only will that transacted business in that room. It was the second day and the tactics had to be changed. She used more vigor, less coaxing. It came easier, because she was more herself; it was harder, because the swallowing was more painful. The patient had good sick-room manners. He didn't rebel, though he sought to temporize. She saw in it a sign of improvement.

"It isn't an hour already, is it?" he whispered once when he saw the milk in her hand.

"Yes; more."

"Later, please!" He turned his head away. It was his only escape.

"No, sir. The more you eat, the sooner you'll be out. Just do what you're told. That way you'll save a lot of breath. Come now! Take this!"

"I'd like to say ——"

"Say it with swallows, young fellow. Every time you admit two ounces of milk to your inner consciousness you're really sending twenty-four roses to your wife. Show her!" And he gave in.

Two hours later, as she was feeding him, she saw him gulping ominously.

"Here! Here! None of that now," she said sharply. "Get your mind off it. Think of something else."

"Of what?" he asked meekly.

"Of don't!" she answered.

"Don't give me any more." He said it feebly, but he grinned hopefully.

"At-a-boy! Be a good sport and joke about it. Just one more swallow. That's the way. Whoa there!"

"I wasn't going to," he denied.

"That's right. Swear at me! Tomorrow you'll be thinking of a motor ride."

"Yes, to a dairy," he whispered, with his conscious humorist's smile.

"Good shot!" she applauded, and then made him pay for it by giving him the entire glassful before he stopped feeling pleased with himself.

Mrs. Thurber was allowed to come in for the usual impressively stipulated half minute.

She looked at Miss O'Neill and Miss O'Neill promptly answered, "Fine!" Mrs. Thurber looked again. Miss O'Neill complied. She explained: "Temperature normal. Pulse normal. Took food regularly and retained it. Joked and smiled -and asked for you. If he was any better I'd be scared stiff."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Thurber, and closed her eyes, this time that she might not be dazzled by the sun.

"You must have prayed," said Brick for good measure.

"I did! I did!"

"Then do it again and you'll have him sitting up tomorrow. No, no, dear, don't tempt Providence. Miracles don't come in pairs. Go out and get some fresh air. Doctor Marston was here early this morning and he won't be in again till this evening."

It was after eight when Doctor Marston, accompanied by Doctor Carleton, called. Mrs. Thurber had come in for her second farewell look at her honey boy.

"How is he?" Marston from the door asked Miss O'Neill.

"Fine!" she answered, from professional force of habit. She looked pale and the rings under her eyes showed quite dark. Fatigue made her look her age intensively, as it were.

Marston looked at the chart and smiled, and looked at Miss O'Neill's face and ceased to smile. He then turned to the patient meditatively.

Mrs. Thurber bit her lip. Why didn't the doctor look pleased?

Marston took Thurber's pulse, staring at his watch before him. Presently he released the wrist and nodded, but not decisively enough to soothe Mrs. Thurber. He took his stethoscope from his pocket with an ominous leisureliness and auscultated his patient.

"Good!" he exclaimed at last, and Mrs. Thurber took a deep breath. "It may disturb you a little to change the dressing," he told Thurber with a perfectly adorable heartlessness, for Mrs. Thurber's benefit. "You can swear all you want to, because there is no need to coddle you any more."

"Oh, doctor!" cried Mrs. Thurber, and started toward him, obviously intent on making her gratitude plain to all.

"No, no!" And Marston held out his hand to keep her away. "Don't look at me that way. I didn't do it. She did." And he pointed at Miss O'Neill.

He bent over his patient's bandaged chest and began to laugh exasperatingly—a series of noiseless giggles.

"I did not!" denied Brick furiously. What she wanted to shout was: "Look at him! Laughing!"

"You did so!" said Marston, and laughed aloud.

That laugh—a sworn affidavit—propelled Mrs. Thurber toward the nurse, but her strength failed and she sank to her knees before she could reach Miss O'Neill's side. Quickly Brick stooped to raise her. Mrs. Thurber seized the plump hand and pressed it against her wet cheek.

"God bless you! You saved him for me, you darling girl! I knew you would!"

"Aw, Doctor Marston did. Nobody else could have pulled off that operation. Come over here and sit down and don't pay any attention to people who tell you foolish things about this baby."

She helped Mrs. Thurber to the chair by the head of the bed, from where she could see John William Thurber to her heart's content.

"You saved my honey boy!" said Mrs. Thurber, and shook Miss O'Neill's hand again and again. "You saved my darling honey boy!"

"What do you want to eat?" asked Marston.

"Nothing," answered the patient.

"What?" said Brick.

"Anything!" hastily said John William Thurber.

Marston roared.

"Did you say it wasn't your case?" he asked Brick. "And now that that's settled, shall I change the dressing tonight or wait till tomorrow, Miss O'Neill?"

"Tell him tomorrow, Miss O'Neill," said Thurber, and smiled.

Mrs. Thurber looked at Miss O'Neill proudly. Wasn't honey boy wonderful? But Brick, her face a resentful purple, left the room to keep from exploding. As she walked by the open door of Number 37 she beckoned to Edith.

"What now?" asked Miss Walker with a flattering apprehensiveness.

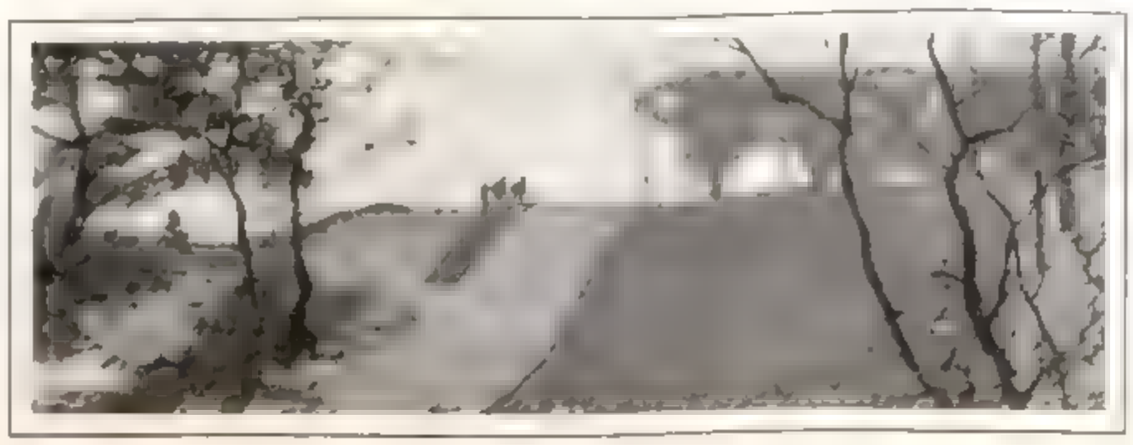
"Oh, that Marston was kidding me in front of everybody, so I walked out on him. He makes me good and sick. And she took it for gospel truth. 'Oh, you saved my darling honey boy for me!' she says. Ain't she the mush! But oh, geewhillikens, I'm nearly dead for some sleep! They wouldn't treat a bigamous hyena the way they treat a poor nurse. So long, honey bunch."

"Olive oil, little rosebud!" affectionately cooed Miss Edith Walker, and went back to the Porto Rican patriarch, while Miss O'Neill walked sleepily down the corridor on her way to the diet kitchen to get some white of egg for her patient.

"Ah-h!" she yawned. With luck, her case ought to be discharged from the hospital in ten days. She yawned again.

"Gosh!" she said. "Ten days!" and stretched her arms.

It was her prayer to Somnus. The rest was ancient history.



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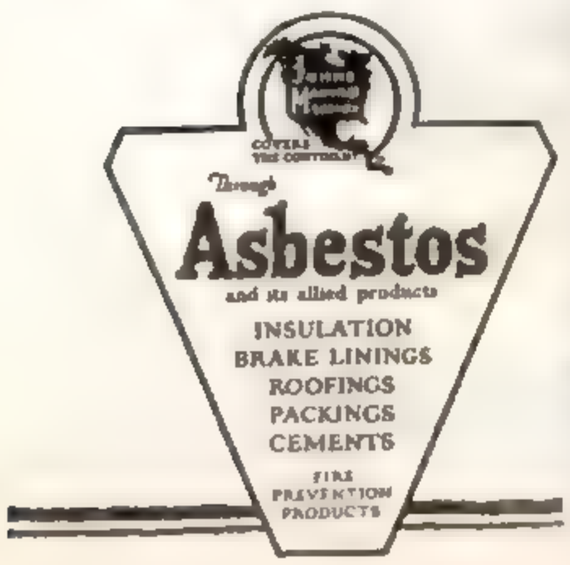

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Continued from Page 40

along they get excited and double the price. But Alonzo Bissell, it appeared, had specific reasons.

"The boy had only worked here a little while," he said, "before I thought I saw possibilities in him. He was always on hand bright and early in the morning, never grumbled if he had to stay after closing time, and no trouble was ever too much for him in trying to please a customer. I told him one day how much I liked his work, and to show I meant it I gave him a pretty fair increase in salary."

Mr. Bissell smiled sadly at the consequences of this act.

"I guess prosperity sort of went to the boy's head," he went on. "You know there are a lot of places around town here that sell things on installments. Well, the very next day he showed up with a sporty diamond ring on his finger. It was none of my business if he wanted to decorate himself up that way, but the first thing I knew, a fellow began coming in every Monday morning to collect the installment, and I began to hear the other clerks joke Scott about how many weeks it would be before he would own his ornament.

"I'm not one of these thrift fanatics that believe a man's chief function in life is to hoard his pennies, and I thought the boy would soon realize it was a poor plan to mortgage his future that way. I even gave him a further increase in salary after a while so he could get on a cash basis again. Did that work? Hardly. He had tasted the joys of buying things without waiting to save the money, and the increased salary gave him a chance to make other first payments. Pretty soon collectors began coming in for weekly installments on a gold watch, a fur-trimmed overcoat, a platinum scarfpin and a secondhand automobile. The other clerks joked him more than ever.

"Strangely, all this did not affect his efficiency in his work. He was by far the best salesman I had, and I was still hopeful. About a year ago I had a heart-to-heart talk with him, and found he was in the condition where he could catch up with his debts in about six months if he did not enter into any more time-payment complications. I told him if he would do that I would put him on a profit-sharing basis for the coming year, an arrangement that would net him quite a decent little sum, the way business was going.

"Of course he was pleased over that, and promised there would be no more dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week transactions. Sure enough, the collectors began to drop off after a while until the only one left was the secondhand automobile man. One day this fellow came in to see Scott, and pretty soon the latter came back to the office and asked me when he could count on his profit-sharing money. I told him the first of July. Next day Scott came driving down to the store in another secondhand car. The old one, he said, didn't have a self-starter. I reminded him of his promise about installment payments.

"'This is no installment proposition,' he said proudly. 'I gave him a note for the whole two hundred dollars, payable the first of July.'

"Then it was," said Alonzo Bissell, "that I gave up my idea of making a partner of the boy. Instead, I decided to sell out and take my trips to California and Europe."

Of course Scott Reed had acted foolishly. But, I reminded Mr. Bissell, if he was all right in a business way it was really no one's affair how he handled his private concerns. If he was a good clerk there was no reason why he might not make an equally good merchant.

"But there is every reason," said Alonzo Bissell earnestly, "why the boy could not be a good merchant. If he cannot wait until he has the money before he buys things, it shows he lacks self-control. And self-control is precisely the thing a merchant has to practice a dozen times every business day. A traveling man, for instance, comes in here with a new line of goods that I should like to buy, but I don't do it because the old line must be worked off first. I should like a new and more stylish delivery car, but it would be extravagance, because the old one is still going strong. Self-control? That's about half the business battle. Without it a person may be a fairly successful clerk, but never, certainly, a business man!"

After the closing out of the Bissell hardware business Scott Reed went to Chicago, where he now has a position as salesman in a department store. —J. R. SPRAGUE.

Round Pegs for Round Holes

IN A DEPARTMENT store like ours with a peak staff of 9800 and a normal one of 7500, I, in my position of employment manager, select approximately 3000 persons within a single year. Ninety-five per cent are women.

Roughly speaking, I have seen about 350,000 persons within the nine years of my service, and have employed less than one-sixth of them. As year of experience is piled upon year of experience, so many of my tools become self-functioning that it grows increasingly difficult to speak from the layman's viewpoint.

For sales positions, however—and as they average 30 per cent better pay than the clerical ones and outnumber them ten to one, they are the most desired—I have applicants from every walk in life. College instructors and school-teachers bored to tears with teaching, runaway wives, unacclaimed artists, bored society girls, high-school and college students fresh from their classes, domestic servants who are on the outs with domesticity, home girls with time heavy on their hands, sales persons from other stores or other cities, and a wide range of widows, mainly grass. All of them feel that a huge pile of brick and stone and marble like ours must spell opportunity in heavy type. It does more or less—mostly less.

For one sales position that will pay between three and four thousand dollars a year in commissions and salary, there will be fifty that offer a starting wage of fourteen dollars a week.

The rate is my first shock attack. The thinning out is numerous. "Me—fourteen dollars! Why, I make twenty dollars and board as second maid, to say nothing of days off, clothing and occasional use of a motor." "You aren't serious when you say fourteen dollars. I spent that much in car fare to and from school." "Even art pays better than that!"

But if the applicant is in earnest and passes the wage hurdle, I am ready to do some research on my own account.

Married or single? My decision will not hinge on that item, but it will be influenced by it. Married women, with wage-earning husbands in the offing, often develop a temperamental attitude toward their jobs that works against permanency.

"Are you asking me to hang up that messy heap of dresses? What about Mae and Violette? They're doing nothing. I guess I don't have to work if I don't want to; I don't."

"Late? What of it? If your husband came home sick, I guess you'd see that he had a decent breakfast before you broke your neck getting to work."

Of course some married women are just as conscientious in the discharge of their duties as any single employes; but marriage always gives me to think.

Incidentally, persons with physical defects are weeded out by my assistants before the applicants are passed to me. Personal appearance is an important item in every case. So much so that I have an applicant upon whom I am looking favorably remove her hat and wraps before I send her to interview the chief of the department for which she is being considered. I want to know the worst at once, and many defects that a hat or cloak has covered are revealed to me. Sometimes there has been a mishap in dyeing, and the colors of the rainbow, which are a real asset to a rainy, overcast sky, are of no value whatever when they are streaked through a woman's hair.

Closely allied to external appearance is the matter of good speech. I make my applicants talk, and sometimes they talk themselves out of a job. While I personally am almost shock-proof against such pleasant expressions as "You got nothing on me, kid." "Mr. Garton, did you say, modom? No, dearie, he ain't in yet." "Flannel nightgowns! You ain't asking for them things at this time of year." "Lookit this hose, sister. Have you ever saw a sweeter color?" yet I feel that many customers might have such a negative reaction to them that I hesitate to give them the opportunity.

With appearance and linguistic requirements satisfactorily adjusted, four last considerations weigh with me in the placement of a candidate—preparation, the law of supply and demand, suitability of applicant to the rest of the personnel in the section, manifestation of interest in the job. I will tick the points off in the order of their naming.

Previous experience on a similar job is considered good preparation. This is almost necessary in fashion departments like hats, gowns, fine wraps, boots, or in costly merchandise sections like furniture, jewelry, art, Oriental rugs and musical instruments. From the standpoint of the novice who has had no such training, schooling, travel and social experience tend to offset the first-named requirement.

Supply and demand is self-explanatory. When the market is flush I am much more critical and much more exacting than when it is dull. So is every other employing medium.

The personnel of a section is my constant source of study and of information. If it is manned by older women exclusively, a young girl has a good chance to be more of a slavey than a sales person. Or the section head may have certain eccentricities. I used to send applicant after applicant to one section, only to have the local manager send back the word "unsatisfactory." Finally I tried out a candidate that met only partial approval from me, but who was the last choice of the morning. "O.K.," came the answer. I was mystified, but had no intention of remaining in the dark. I did a bit of sleuthing, and the mystery was no mystery at all. The head was five feet eight inches tall and he liked to tower over his employes. So he wanted no one over five feet four and a half inches.

Then if the woman or girl is the right height or the right color or the right age—perhaps I should say "and" rather than "or"—I need only convince myself that she is very much in earnest. With that in view, I list all the undesirable features that might have a bearing on her interest, and I watch her reaction. If she begins by looking doubtful, then more doubtful and finally most doubtful, I stop wasting her time and mine. But if she starts to refute my statements or minimizes the difficulties by reminding me of other greater difficulties that she has already surmounted, I tell her to go to it with my blessing.

But I do not want to leave the impression that the sky is the limit. A saleswoman may become an assistant buyer or a buyer. But out of 4000, this promotion may be made to ten or twelve persons within a year. The buyer and her assistants may live for twenty years in the particular department in which a sales person happens to fall. Then she is likely to remain a sales person. The one point is that she must be unusually clever, enterprising and aggressive to top the others. If she does, then of course she presently finds her proper station.

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THAT MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL MIND

(Continued from Page 27)

goal. Our self is important to the extent that it brings harmony with the whole scheme of family, village, the state and the whole universe. This sense of harmony is the foundation of the Japanese civilization. In harmony alone beauty is found. To harmony, therefore, we sacrifice our individual self. It has the drawback of toning down the strong individuality which is the strength of American democracy. It also has the disadvantage of blurring the sense of distinction which is the backbone of science, the glory of the modern era. It has the advantage, however, of keeping before our eyes the relationship of ourselves with the great scheme of the surrounding world. Compared to the sublime scheme of the whole universe, our small self becomes infinitesimal.

Generalization is never satisfactory as an explanation. Let me narrate a few stories to explain to what an extent this ingrained sense of harmony has gone into Japanese life and mentality.

Some two hundred and fifty-odd years ago there lived in Japan a great painter, Tanyu Kano. He was asked one time to paint on the screens of a newly built Buddhist temple in Kioto. It was an honor, and the great master put his heart and soul into the work. People waited with expectancy. It was announced at last that the picture was done. The lord abbot of the temple made an official visit to the hall on whose screens the great Tanyu used his brush. The picture portrayed an old man accompanied by a few servants. A work of undoubted merit. The quick eye of the lord abbot recognized the subject of the picture. It was Li Po, the great Chinese poet, who was always identified by two things, the wine casket he carried on his back and the waterfall by which he somehow was supposed to have been standing untiringly.

"Is this not the picture of Li Po?" asked the high priest.

"Yes, your lordship."

"Why, then, haven't you forgotten to paint something? Where is the waterfall, sir?"

The painter, without answering the query, quietly rose from the seat and walked across the large hall to the opposite side and, opening the paper screen, pointed to the garden outside and bowed. Lo! There was a beautiful waterfall among the rocks and trees. The idea was obvious. There is a waterfall, a real one in the garden. Why, what's the use of duplicating it in the picture in the room? Li Po on the screen and a waterfall in the garden—is it not a perfect harmony for the whole temple ground? The lord abbot smiled and bowed in turn.

Steps That Were Out of Harmony

Another story: Some two hundred years ago there lived a great dancer who was even honored by invitations from the mighty shogun himself—ruler of the land—to dance in his presence. It happened one day that he was paying a visit to a great temple near Kioto. He went up the flight of stone steps leading to a belfry. When he reached the top of the steps he bent his head to one side and seemed to reflect on something. He then turned round to his following disciples and said, "It is curious. There is something wrong about these steps. I don't think these are just as they were originally built. There must have been one more step. One of you boys will please go and ask the abbot about it." Presently the abbot came out with the disciple and explained that when he succeeded to the late abbot some thirty-odd years ago, the steps were then just exactly as now. The master dancer was not satisfied with the explanation. He asked a few laborers to be sent for. He ordered them to dig at the foot of the steps, and behold, there was another stone step buried by the accumulating dust of centuries!

"There you are!" he cried exultingly. "When I ascended the flight of steps and reached to the top, I felt there was something lacking in harmony. I could not conceive that the great gardener who had designed this garden could leave this flight in such an unfinished state. Without another step it is entirely out of proportion with the surrounding scenery of the garden."

It was the same intuitive love of harmony which could not conceive of anything separate from all the surroundings. In a garden, in a picture, so in life. In what relationship do we stand with the surrounding community—the family, the village, the state and the whole world? The unending quest of soul goes on fervently. You may deplore that in the great stress laid on the harmony of the whole, the dignity of the individual is neglected. It is true. But is it not also true that compared with the sublime scheme of the universe the value of our self is infinitely small?

Oriental Memory Education

After the Great War a number of European statesmen published their autobiographies defending their causes and policies. Not a single public man of Japan left an autobiography. And why? Because consciously or unconsciously all of them felt that their parts were very small in the life of a nation. A small part was played in the great drama. It does not matter much if the name of the actor is not honored. If it is to be honored, the vindication will come later without his own help. The world history, after all, is the world court. Of course, men are human. Some must have felt otherwise. But as public opinion considered self-vindication bad taste, they had to go out quietly.

There is no moral issue involved. It is just a matter of taste.

Another trait of the Japanese and Oriental mind as a whole is the love of abstraction. It stands in sharp contrast with the Anglo-Saxon love of particulars. The former runs along the line of generalization, theory and metaphysical abstraction. The latter is concrete, direct, practical and particular. The contact of the two minds, therefore, ends by going off in a tangent, one way or the other.

Then there is another characteristic. The difference of education has left marks of difference in the minds of these two peoples. The Anglo-Saxon education has been, to my mind, particularly successful in developing the power of judgment in the children. They are taught in school and at home to form judgments of their own on all occasions and matters. Sometimes with some speed too. Here is again seen the mark of individualism. Concrete individual opinions are only possible in the atmosphere of individual liberty and the freedom born of democracy.

The education of China and Japan is based on memory. Children of both nations have to memorize a tremendous number of Chinese ideographs and idiomatic expressions. The ideographs alone run up to fifty thousand. In the feudal age the task was even greater. Students had to remember the interpretations of the classic textbooks as given by the particular teacher they studied under. It left very little room for the development of individual judgment.

It was said of Lord Macaulay's memory that he could cite some author on any given subject without taking the trouble of thinking it out himself. So the cultivation of memory was a drawback for the Chinese and Japanese students in developing the power of judgment.

Love of harmony tended to discourage the individual differentiation, love of abstraction to diminish the chance of formulating concrete opinions, and the century-old system of memory education thwarted the power of making confident original assertions. Fortunately there is in the educational systems of China and Japan now some tendency to emancipate the children and youths from the burden of memorizing so many characters.

Now, with the help of this knowledge, let us come back to the conversation between young Kato of Tokio and Mr. Smith of Oklahoma. Kato was just out of the university and was not acquainted with the Western mentality. He was not used to talking with an American. So naturally the only thing he could fall back on was the eighteen years of education in Japanese schools. The question of earthquake was very easy. He had just to state facts and personal experiences. But when it came to immigration it was not so simple. He had to think. So his Oriental mind had to be mobilized and set in motion.

Let us get around his smiling face and look inside his head and study what was happening there. Unlike most Americans, a Japanese does not have decided opinions on every subject. He has a certain aversion to coming to hasty conclusions on concrete things. He is fond of meditating on theoretical subjects in a leisurely manner, but does not make up his mind on the practical issues of the day with a snap of his fingers, so to speak. So when Mr. Smith of Oklahoma asked Kato about his views on the immigration law, Kato woke up with a shock to the fact that he must form his opinion right there. His emotional reaction on this issue was very clear, as is that of most Japanese on any subject. He did not like the immigration law. But then he thought it was sentimental, and as an educated person in a foreign country he felt that he should give a well-reasoned-out argument. He also felt a curious responsibility, as most Japanese do on such occasions. He felt that he was representing Japan in a foreign country and, although a private citizen, he thought he was voicing the sentiment of his country. This weighed him down and restrained him from making some clever remarks light-heartedly, attuned to Mr. Smith's atmosphere. So he smiled and began to think, unfortunately looking away from Mr. Smith.

Smiling Faces and Gloomy Shows

His innate love of abstraction led him to academic research. He first questioned himself, "What is immigration?" Of course it is the migration of individuals belonging to one body politic to another. Then he questioned, "On what philosophy is immigration based?" Of course it is based on the sense of justice that humanity has the right to seek food. Then his long training of memory began to work. His great temptation had always been to find out from his stock of memory the solution of problems.

So he rummaged his knowledge of Chinese classics, which form the backbone of Japanese ethical views. There was the irresistible Confucius. Confucius based his theory of human society on justice and benevolence. There! His major premise is founded. He can gradually follow this theory by process of deductive argument and apply it to the solution of the immigration law of 1924. So with all sincerity and the best of intentions he began, "Confucius said twenty-five hundred years ago ——" Receiving a few words of encouragement from Mr. Smith on this view he proceeded to his next logical point, "Immigration means the migration of people ——"

Bang! With incredible rapidity Mr. Smith began to speak. Oh, such an avalanche of words! Jumping so rapidly from point to point that young Kato could scarcely follow the logic of argument. In the whirlwind velocity of the talk of the American, Kato was dazed. It was so new to him, this American system of argument.

(Continued on Page 56)

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(Continued from Page 54)

The only thing that Kato didn't know and Mr. Smith didn't know was the simple fact that the Oriental way of argument was to begin from a, b, c and go down, while the American method was to start with z, y, x and go up. Americans do not usually reach to c, b, a, whereas many Japanese stop somewhere near l, m, n without coming down to x, y, z. So the one stops at the concrete solution of the particular case and calls it practical, direct and frank, while the other lingers leisurely on the mystic height of abstract theory and calls it deep, philosophic and fundamental.

Nothing affords a greater contrast between the Japanese and American life than the theaters of the two countries. The Broadway theaters glow with humor, wit, color and wholesome laughter. The tone is bright, cheerful and thrilling with the surging of young and vigorous blood of a new nation. The Japanese theaters abound in tragedies; lots of weeping. Programs are half tragedies and half classical dances. Very few comedies. This astonishes a casual traveler who sees smiling faces and gay kimonos all around in actual life. And it is an index to read an Oriental mind.

The theater, in a way, is an escape from life. Nobody goes to theater after the day's work is done to see his actual life repeated on the stage again. He will rather welcome a change, revealing a different angle of life. Americans go to their work with an intensity and seriousness that call forth unstinted admiration from an outside observer. But it is not their whole concern in life. Their warm and frankly kind hearts must find expression in some other form of life. The note of buoyancy and optimism of their theater supplies the need. It seems so to me at least.

Apply the same logic to the Japanese theater. Why are there so many gloomy scenes on the stage and so much weeping? It comes from two things. One reason is the Japanese love of art for art's sake. The real lovers of the theater in Japan do not pay much attention to plot or story. They take immense delight in watching how the part is acted. They go to the same play ten to twenty times—not on consecutive days, but during a lifetime. But everybody is not such an expert or connoisseur. There is also a second reason which applies to a greater number of people. It is an escape from life. The Japanese are highly emotional. But their tenet of life consists in the suppression of emotion. Even a small betrayal is considered to be bad taste. They have to smile on—day in and day out. But their actual life is not, unfortunately, just the continuous flow of springtide joys. Particularly in the good old feudal days life was a pretty sad affair. That pent-up sense of tragic real life was given expression in the theater. Thus real emotion found full play on the stage.

Suppression Versus Expression

We are highly emotional—to some Occidental observers even sentimental. The Oriental mind cannot be studied separately from this emotional quality of the owner. Heart and mind go together in the East, even in the meditation on more detached things. Particularly in Japanese life emotion is the great force that drives people on. Some inscrutable conclusions and acts can be explained by a glance into their emotional origins.

With an emotional person blood goes easily to the head. But he cannot live happily with all his blood in his head twenty-four hours of the day. So there comes another quality to his rescue. It is the strong discipline of suppression. According to an authority greater than mine, the difference between the civilizations of the East and the West lies in the fact that whereas the essential point of the latter is the conquest of Nature, that of the former is the conquest of passion. Passion in all its different forms, apart from genuine and noble emotion, is to be kept under leash. That leads to different modes of Oriental life. Our love of simplicity is based on the fundamental desire not to be swept away by the passion for luxury. Our aversion to oral expression which has made the Japanese one of the most taciturn of races comes from the desire to deny ourselves the satisfaction of self-expression. We take delight in understatement. Language for us is not expression, but suggestion.

Suppression and not expression of emotion is the mode of life in the Orient. We believe that there is more dignity in the quiet accumulation of water in Lake Erie than in its climax leap at Niagara.

"Why don't you kiss in Japan?" is the question put to us frequently. It comes from the same aversion to excess expression. Gleams in the eyes of two lovers mean ten times more than the smacking of lips—so at least think the Japanese.

This apparently queer perversion of highly emotional qualities in the Japanese and their fondness for suppression have given rise to enormous misunderstandings. During the Russo-Japanese War many a foreign observer attributed the Japanese soldiers' willingness to die to lack of feeling and sensibility. They missed these soldiers' emotional love for country and emperor. Not used to this kind of suppression these casual observers missed the essential point.

This deep-seated emotion and formal suppression have given rise to the so-called inscrutability of the Oriental mind. But here we are going into another side of the study.

The Confessions of a Cat

The best way to study the psychology of a nation is of course to go into its imaginative literature, particularly fiction. I have always considered it a great misfortune that modern Japan is known only by its armaments, industries and diplomacy. The achievement of new Japan in its literature can scarcely be called inferior to its material progress.

Soseki Natsume's name stands out as one of the two or three great writers of modern Japan. His novels, short stories and essays have gone very far into the making of the mind of young Japan. He spent the best part of his life in the study of English literature. In fact, he occupied the chair of English literature at the Imperial University of Tokio left vacant by the death of Lafcadio Hearn. In his mind the best spiritual elements of the East and West met. After his return from London, where he had spent three years of study, he was quietly teaching, away from the gaze of the world. He took the whole country by storm in 1905, however, by his first novel, I Am a Cat. It was supposed to be a cat's impression of human life around him. It was a vivid picture of the contemporary age with a vein of genuine humor after the style of some English writers. It was at the end of the sad war with Russia and people were thirsty for cheerful laughter. The story caught the popular imagination and Natsume was enthroned in the secure seat of a great writer.

I Am a Cat was a curious story with no particular plot. It appeared in serial form in a monthly magazine, and every part of it was interesting and independent of the others. The tremendous popularity of the novel made the publisher force the writer to continue the story apparently against his will. He complained of it often. I was one of his students. He used to come to the class and say "I am going to murder the cat one of these days," and he finally did. Suddenly he made the cat of his famous story drink beer from a glass left by the master, drop into a water bucket, and sing out in a most hilarious way, revealing all sorts of cheerful things it saw in the water. And that was the end of the famous cat. The public was disappointed, but could not complain about the delightful manner in which he killed the cat and ended the story.

This cat story has nothing to do with the present article except to indicate that the Oriental mind is not entirely devoid of humor, and also to serve as a contrast to the following explanation of this man and his ideas:

Natsume's reputation was sustained and enhanced by the novels that followed the cat story. The most significant part of it all was the time of his appearance as a novelist. The period between 1905 and 1912 was a remarkable period for new Japan. It was the period of a great renaissance in Japanese literature; in a sense a new Japan was being born. After the stupendous sacrifices made during the war with Russia, there were unmistakable signs of disappointment throughout the country. This led to a great reaction against the romanticism, heroism and nationalism that had preceded the war, and eventually to the awakening of the new spirit of scientific realism. A great wave of naturalism swept the whole country. Novelists of undoubted merit rose in the tide of naturalism. It was the day of destructive criticism and merciless exposition. In the eager quest for truth they tore down all semblance of respect toward things which had been considered sacred in Oriental culture. They brought the bold challenge of the Occidental mind to the Oriental. All the myth and mist were to be scrapped by the Western scientific realism. They stirred the conscience of the whole nation.

Then came Soseki Natsume with the story of a cat and challenged the storm of realism. He was almost alone and he made a gallant fight. During his three years of sojourn in London he began to doubt whether the word literature meant the same thing in the East and the West. He came to the conclusion that it was different. This he brought out in his monumental work, On Literature, which he began with a curious sentence, "The essence of literature is F+*f*." The following five hundred pages were devoted to the explanation of this single thesis. By F he meant Facts and by *f* feeling—that is to say, that the interplay of reason and emotion constituted the essence of literature. He quoted profusely from all great writers of the West, particularly Tennyson, Swinburne and Shakspere. He, as a concrete example, would describe the reaction of the Oriental and Occidental minds to the same subject such as a bamboo grove. He would sing its beauty first in English verse, then in Chinese verse and then in Japanese lines. Such was his gift! And he would explain how differently the Oriental and Occidental literature would treat the same object. In sum, he concluded that the greater part is played in Oriental life by emotion.

A Japanese Huckleberry Finn

In him met the best of the two civilizations. Although a thorough Oriental, he was keenly aware of the great attainments of the West. Particularly his humor had great Occidental flavor in it. His novel Botchan; or, A Little Chap, with its genuine humor and penetration, can be compared to Huckleberry Finn as describing a typical Japanese boy's psychology. His attitude was called by advocates of naturalism "a loitering taste." In fact, he himself wrote an essay called A Loitering Taste, which throws some light on the Oriental mind.

He wrote: "Life abounds in all kinds of leisure. To comment on the quality of tea, to water flowers in the garden, to dally with pictures and sculptures or to make a few jokes, these are all little delights of idle moments in life. There is no reason why these also should not be the material for literature. The loitering taste is the taste for quietly lingering at every pleasant or interesting spot as long as possible. It is, therefore, a taste that does not make for a rapid development in story. In other words, it is the taste that only a man who is not hurried in his mind can enjoy. A man of this way of life, for instance, goes shopping. He is sure to tarry on his way. He will stop in front of a police box to watch a boy who is delivering a rat to a policeman. He will also stop to listen to the tale that an unknown braggart is telling his friends. Thus the unhurried shopper moves slowly on his way. To a busy man this can never happen. He is out for shopping, so he must shop with grim determination. When the shopping is over, his work is over too. The same is true in a novel. If the writer's whole passion is centered on fate, and particularly the fate of the hero in the story, he has no genial ease of mind, and accordingly there is in his work no art of leisure."

Natsume's basic philosophy was Buddhism and the backbone of his system was Orientalism. But he had an Occidental culture which enabled him to look objectively at the weaknesses of Oriental training. He clearly dissociated genuine emotion from sheer sentimentalism, which had been the weakness of the preceding Oriental writers. Although he taunted English culture once in a while, saying "English gentlemen are creatures I could never understand during my three years' stay in London," his works were permeated with a strong moral tone, much after the fashion of English literature, and stood in strong contrast to the works of naturalistic writers who exclaimed that sordidness was the real status of life. To Natsume the highest motive in life was a moral motive, and the goal of life was to translate one's moral convictions into action.

Here our study of the Oriental mind leads us into another subject—that is, the peculiar position which the Japanese mind occupies between the Oriental mind and the Occidental. Here stop the dissimilarities and begin the similarities between the Japanese mind and Occidental mind.

Behind the Oriental Mask

The whole of Asia is summarily called the Orient, and its peoples Orientals. But what a world of difference between those so-called Orientals! In fact, there is not one Oriental mind, but many Oriental minds. In some respects the Japanese are more like Americans or French than like the people of India. History, geography and national habit have combined to give the Japanese some idiosyncrasies which are different from those of their continental brethren.

With all our love of abstraction, we have not produced great systems of philosophy as in China, nor a sublime system of religion as in India. And why? Simply because the Japanese mind could not dissociate metaphysical thought from actual conduct. Wang Yang-ming is a Chinese philosopher but he has a greater number of followers in Japan than in China. His whole tenet of philosophy was "To know is to do," and it fitted extremely well with the Japanese mentality. The Japanese outlook on life is based on the theory of conduct and not on that of existence. The Japanese were pragmatists before the days of William James. This makes a Japanese rather conservative in expression. He is afraid of not living up to his statement. It has handicapped the Japanese in parliamentary affairs. "He talks" has finished quite a number of public men, and eloquence has never flourished in politics. That diffidence in expression has again handicapped the Japanese in international friendship. It has given an uncomfortable impression of reserve to outsiders.

Then another thing: Fifteen centuries of Buddhistic teaching could not convert the Japanese to its sublime pessimism. By nature we are boisterously optimistic. Centuries of training to suppress our emotion has given us the veneer of quiet appearance, but underneath it all there is a strong optimism surging throughout our whole life. Seven hundred years of feudalism was a sad and gloomy experience for the majority of the people and the marks are still prevalent. But sixty years of emancipation is bringing to the surface the dominant note of optimism.

If the West could penetrate through the apparent coolness of the Oriental mask into the inner sanctum, it would discover to its amazement that the Japanese mind is surprisingly cheerful and practical. Japan lies between Asia and America; so does her mind.

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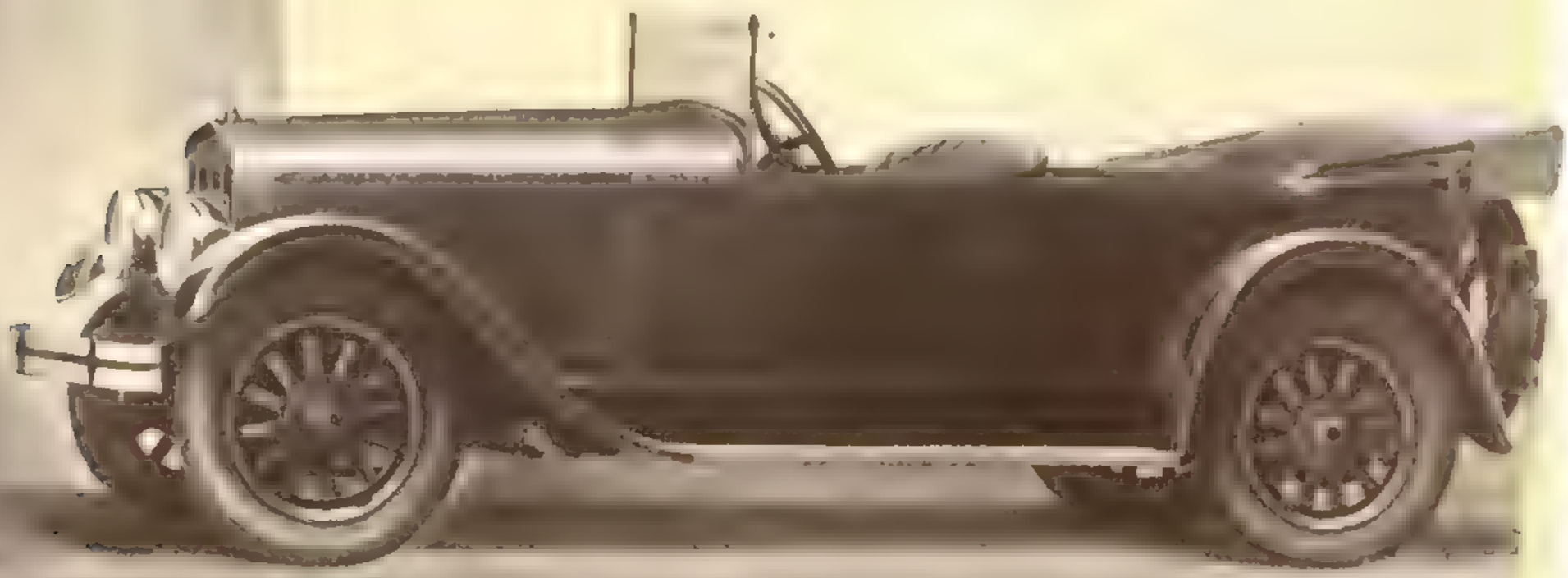

DAMAGED GOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

"Shuh! They's lots of just as rotten actors as him."

"Oh, is they? An' I guess they can all wrastle bulls, too, cain't they?"

"I reckon us can do that pitcher 'thout no bull-wrastlin'."

J. Cæsar rapped impatiently on the desk top.

"Trouble with you, Orifice, is that all the talkin' you does ain't got no sense to it. Now I asks you, does you remember how come us to make this pitcher, an' how come the story to be wrote?"

"I don't see ——"

"Nos-suh! You is blind. Well, I'll remind you. Opus come to me a long time ago an' says that once when he was busted he tooken a job with a feller which used to go roun' the country wrastlin' a bull. Opus' job was to travel with the bull an' take care of him, an' while he was doin' such he learned all about bull-wrastlin'. So us prepares a story which Opus plays the comedy lead in. The way the scenario runs, Opus has got to wrastle a bull. An' the night befo' he does such, he slips aroun' to the barn an' takes that bad bull out an' puts a lady bull in his place which would be easy to th'ow. But the villain, which Welford Potts is playin', sees him do such, an' the minute he gets away, Welford goes an' swipes that bull again an' puts him back in place of the cow.

"Now tha's the big comic scene of the pitcher. 'Cause Opus goes out an' bets all his money an' also the gal that he can th'ow that animule. An' the nex' day when the big contes' comes along—why, he gits out there espectin' to wrastle a cow. But who should show up but that cow's husband, an' then what happens? Why, Opus wrastles the bull an' th'ows him, gittin' the best of the feller which tried to put one over. It's gwine be an awful funny pitcher, an' even if us was to put in a calf instead of that bull, I guess we coul'n't git nobody else to wrastle with him. Now I tells you to make a reconsiderment."

"An' I says I won't, bull or no bull."

"Yah! You makes me plumb disgustful. All he wants is twelve hund'ed a yeah extra fo' two yeahs—twenty-fo' hund'ed dollars. It ain't a cent mo'n he's wuth, but just 'cause you is butt-headed you flings away six thousan' dollars which we has a'ready inwested in the pitcher. Honest, Orifice, was I to espress my 'pinion of you, you could have my th'oat cut. But I woul'n'—'cept to say I think you is a fat, nonethinkin' ol' buzzard without a brain inside yo' skull, an' ——"

"Director Clump!" The voice reverberated through the room as presidential dignity asserted itself. "This is less majesty, an' that ain't one of the fondest things I is of. Now I says to you what I says to Opus Randall: Ise runnin' Midnight an' Ise runnin' it my own way, an' if you don't like what I does, you can git out also. Mistuh Randall is fired plumb absotively discharged, less'n he comes back on his old sal'ry of seventy-five dollars a week."

For a few seconds there was silence. Then J. Cæsar flung from the room, not daring to trust himself to further expression of opinion. He returned to Opus and tried to make that gentleman believe that he should pocket his pride and accept a renewal on the same terms, but Mr. Randall refused.

"I cain't do it, Cæsar, not an' have no honor lef'. If I don't anyhow git a hund'ed a week I got to quit."

They stared miserably at each other; and if the situation was calamitous to Opus, it was almost as bad to the litt e director, upon whose able shoulders rested the chief responsibility of Midnight picture production.

J. Cæsar was not interested in the financial aspects. He asked for competent actors and a competent technical staff, regardless of price. With them he guaranteed to turn out two-reel comedies which would shake a nation with laughter, and even with them he was continually battling the specter of delivery dates. Not yet had Midnight attained that production speed where negatives were resting on their shelves waiting to be delivered. It was a case of maximum efficiency and feverish haste at all times.

But the keenest unhappiness dwelt within the ample bosom of the portly star, who trudged mournfully homeward from the barren studio where he had known his moments of greatest happiness and achievement. For Opus the world had ended.

News of the startling rift in the Midnight lute circulated quickly. There was a gasp of astonishment from the very considerable personnel. Even those who did not particularly relish the society of Mr. Randall believed that it would have been wiser for Latimer to accede to his salary demands, albeit there was a chorus of agreement that Opus' ultimatum had been decidedly in the nature of a hold-up. Opinion was divided, and pressure was brought to bear on Orifice Latimer, but that gentleman was determined to maintain his position at all costs. He was willing, he averred, to pay Opus seventy-five a week for two more years, but not another cent. And Opus declared firmly, but with a tremor of weakness, that he daren't take anything under a hundred. Meanwhile J. Cæsar Clump was working overtime on a new picture, pigeonholing the big one in the forlorn hope that some day the differences between star and president might be settled and he be permitted to pick up where he had so abruptly been forced to leave off.

And so actor and executive remained apart while unrest seethed on the Midnight lot and acrimony became general. In particular there was bitterness between J. Cæsar Clump and his president. Feeling that there was some measure of justice in the director's attitude, Orifice Latimer resented Clump's expression of opinion, and Cæsar did not let a day pass without making scathing comment anent the partly finished picture which was lying idle in the company's strong box.

"Six thousan' dollars' wuth of no-good pitcher just 'cause you went an' got persnickety with Opus Randall. The opinion I ain't got of you, Orifice, is something terrible."

J. Cæsar even pleaded with the ex-actor to sign up at seventy-five.

"I cain't," wailed Opus. "I done swore I woul'n't do it, an' was I to change aroun', ev'ybody on the lot would be laughin' at me."

"Fumadiddles!" Mr. Clump was supremely annoyed. "You makes me plumb disgustful. How much is you makin' now?"

"Nothin'."

"An' tha's seventy-five less'n you did make. What you ain't got in yo' haid is no brains."

"I got pride."

"An' pride never bought nobody no barbecue when he was hungry."

"Ise willin' to starve."

"Yeh, an' I wishes you success."

"Aw, Cæsar"—there was a sob in Mr. Randall's voice—"don't you go gittin' sore at me."

"Why not? Ain't I the goat?"

"How come?"

"Fightin' time, tha's how come. Delivery date crowdin' us an' ol' Latimer so dumb he ain't scared. But me, Ise frightened, 'cause I cain't git goin' on this new pitcher. Sets ain't ready; coschumes ain't ready; actors which I wants are workin' in the Eddie Fizz unit. I ain't sayin' a word 'bout you an' Orifice Latimer fightin'; but it does seem to me that you is suttinly th'owin' me down, an' I has been a mighty good friend of yourn, Opus."

"Tha's right, Cæsar. You suttinly ain't been nothin' else."

"Yeh, an' what is you doin' to me? I requests you that."

Opus Randall was almost in tears.

"Gimme an hour to think it over, will you, Cæsar? I craves some solitudinous thinkin'."

J. Cæsar Clump departed. He was hopeful of results, for he had appealed to the very soft sentimental spot in the make-up of the portly star. Such sympathies as Mr. Clump possessed were on the Opus side, but what he really sought was results; and just at the moment he wished to complete the bull-wrestling picture, which was utterly worthless without its big comedy climax—the climax which only Opus Randall could provide.

When J. Cæsar returned, Opus Randall was smiling.

He crossed the room to his little friend and dropped two fleshy hands on the director's shoulders.

"J. Cæsar," he murmured, "fo' you I does it!"

"You mean you signs a contrac' at seventy-five a week?"

"No." Opus shook his head. "I never works fo' Midnight again at seventy-five dollars. But on account I is the on'y actor which knows bull-wrastlin' an' also that you requests me, I consents to finish out this one pitcher."

Director Clump was overcome. He wrung the hand of his actor friend.

"Golly! Opus, you suttinly is a wonderful feller. A heart like you got! But you ain't gwine suffer fo' it. Nos-suh! How much money you craves fo' doin' this you gits. I promise that. I don't care how much."

Opus assumed an attitude. He made a noble gesture.

"No, Cæsar, I don't want a penny."

"Says which?"

"Not a nickel. 'Tain't gold which draws me back to Midnight; it's my friendship fo' J. Cæsar Clump. Mistuh Opus Randall cain't be boughten, an' what you has got to do is let ev'ybody on the lot know that I does this fo' nothin'. Absolutely not a dime!"

A half hour later J. Cæsar Clump staggered into the street, dazed with happiness. By this magnificent act of his friend, all the pressing directorial troubles had been removed; the great bull-wrestling picture was to be completed with the original cast, the bugbear of delivery date could be laughed at, and Cæsar felt that Opus had won his undying allegiance. He sought Orifice R. Latimer and informed that gentleman of Opus' generosity. Orifice was impressed, more so than he admitted. But he was cautious.

"Reckon he's got an idea in his haid, Cæsar. He thinks Ise gwine be so grateful I gives him his hund'ed a week."

"Pff! Always you is judgin' other folks by yo'se'f, fathead. An' whether he is or not, I don't see what diff'ence it makes. Was I you, I'd give him the hund'ed dollars he craves an' have peace in the company."

"I ain't intrusted in what you'd do," returned the president frostily. "I has said what I'll do, an' I ain't aimin' to commit nothin' else."

The following morning Director Clump did two things. First, he summoned his cast and technical staff and made arrangements for shooting the bull-wrestling scene the next day. Then he informed all and sundry of the noble act which Mr. Randall was performing. He made it unmistakably clear that he considered Mr. Randall the noblest actor who ever graced the silver screen, and let it be known that his sympathies were absolutely and entirely with Opus on the civil war which was rending the Midnight lot.

Clump knew that news of his speech would reach the ears of his chief executive, but he didn't care. It was his first plunge into warfare and his position was sound. If Orifice didn't like it, Orifice knew just exactly what he could do. All Mr. Clump could see was that the president of the concern was willing to cramp his production program, while a mere actor who had received the short end of a deal was volunteering absolutely without charge to help an old friend.

And so when Opus appeared at the Midnight lot the following morning his advent was very much of a triumph. Even those whose jealousy might have been aroused had his cause been successful crowded about him to express sympathy and wish him luck. Orifice R. Latimer watched the reception through the windows of his sanctum. The president of Midnight was frankly worried. Despite his pig-headedness he was no fool, and he realized keenly the trouble which might be caused should this dissension be permitted to grow unduly.

But Orifice had taken his position and had no intention of shifting from it. Even more important than tranquillity was his dignity, and he realized that once he confessed himself beaten in this affair, he could never again hope thoroughly to control his organization.

The return of Mr. Randall under these conditions annoyed him. If Opus had accepted money, things would have been different. But Mr. Randall's magnificent indifference to the lure of gold was staggering. It amazed the president that even Welford Potts, Opus' co-star and hated rival, should be sympathizing with Randall in the controversy.

"Oh, golly!" moaned the president. "There ain't nothin' I can do, an' I ain't got no time to do it in!"

Meanwhile J. Cæsar Clump was busy directing certain scenes leading up to the great bull-wrestling climax. Opus was in fine fettle; he threw himself genially and unreservedly into the comedy effects and the company worked earnestly with him. Sicily Clump, resting from her own picture, was solicitous.

"Ain't you scared wrastlin' a bull, Opus?"

"Golly, no! When I was chaperonin' that other bull aroun' the country, time I was workin' fo' the perfessional wrastler, he taught me all the tricks. 'Tain't hahdly no danger in it if you know how. Besides, I is such good friends with Cæsar, I'd wrastle a hippotamus was he to ast me."

And now the cast and supers were summoned to the arena where the great scene was to occur. Opus retired to his dressing room, to emerge a few moments later clad in a wrestling costume which looked strikingly like winter red flannels. Over this lurid color was a bathrobe. The spectators were genuinely excited. After all, Opus knew this was merely a picture, but there was considerable doubt as to whether the bull understood. There was the possibility of genuine drama; a perhaps too enthusiastic participation on the part of the bull ——

Two cameras were set up; one to take a close view of the contest, the other to grind away at a slightly greater distance so as to film the battle and the spectators. Behind one of the cameramen stood J. Cæsar Clump, the chief electrician, the head carpenter, the assistant director, Lawyer Evans Chew, who handled the legal affairs of the corporation, and President Orifice R. Latimer.

Mr. Latimer had long debated the subject of nonattendance. Eventually he came to the conclusion that his failure to witness this scene would be construed as a distinctly ungracious gesture. He even smiled with simulated warmth upon the portly star.

"Howdy, Opus."

"Good mawnin', Mistuh Latimer."

"I is ve'y grateful ——"

"Nemmin' bein'. Ise doin' this fo' Cæsar Clump."

Opus swung on his heel and waddled magnificently away, distinctly a victor in the little clash. Orifice stared hungrily after him; if only this little misunderstanding could be adjusted without loss of prestige to himself ——

(Continued on Page 62)

It was *Miles* between tubs

THEY were motoring and frequently rooms with a bath were as scarce as hens' teeth.

One evening she came across a magazine advertisement that suggested an unusual use for Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

"To freshen up quickly when you don't have access to—or time for a real bath," the advertisement said, "simply sponge with clear Listerine."

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* * *

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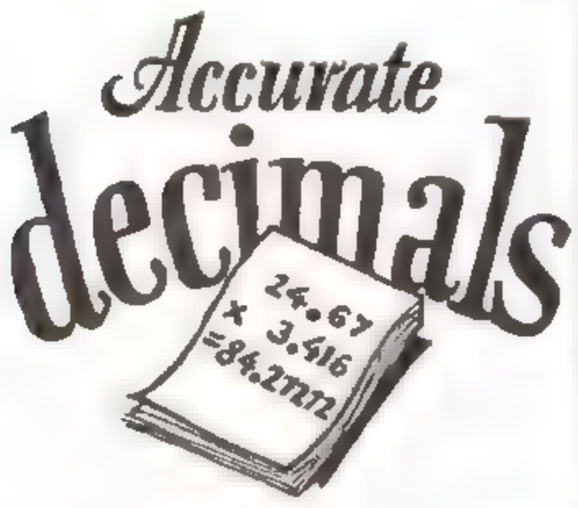

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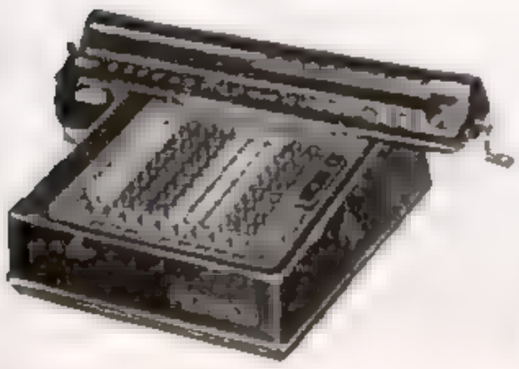

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BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

(Continued from Page 60)

And now the preliminaries were being filmed, including the triumphal entrance of Opus Randall into the roped arena. Never in his rather brilliant career had Opus capered about with such superb ludicrousness. The supers were laughing genuinely. Even Orifice Latimer was compelled to smile. And then Opus leaned on the ropes and howled for the bull.

Two gentlemen appeared leading the animal. Opus, following Clump's stentorian directions, registered amazement and horror at the discovery that this was not the cow which he had substituted the night before. He turned to the man who played the referee in the picture and protested vehemently that something was being done to him, but this individual exhibited Opus' signed contract. Then the nearest camera focused directly on Welford Potts, who was playing the rôle of villain, and caught his expression of triumph.

Now the bull was in the ring and the two assistants did a comedy flip over the ropes in their eagerness to get away. Then started a screamingly funny scene. Opus was registering a terror which he did not feel. He capered with elephantine grace about the canvas floor, making gestures at the bewildered bull. Once or twice the bull started forward uncertainly, and then Opus would follow Clump's directions and stumble all over himself in his supposed eagerness to get away.

But finally Mr. Randall permitted himself to be cornered, and it was then that memories of his long-ago training came to his assistance. He reached out two muscular hands and caught the bull's horns. Then he side-stepped from the corner to the comparative safety of the middle of the ring.

Convinced that he had not forgotten the old art, Opus waxed enthusiastic. He danced and leaped about the ring, causing the bull to become more excited and bewildered. Clump was howling enthusiastically, the spectators were registering unfeigned enjoyment. And then, when sufficient footage and a little more had been obtained, Clump barked his orders:

"All right, Opus, th'ow the bull!"

Opus set himself determinedly to the task. It was not quite so easy as he remembered, or else this particular bull was not eager to be thrown. Certainly he resisted stubbornly. Opus strained and tugged. It had been simple in the old days, a neat little knack of twisting the neck and letting the bull down with great ease; a feat more impressive than difficult. For perhaps a minute a very real struggle was enacted in the ring. Opus pulled and tugged.

"C'mon, bull, lay down fo' a minute, won't you? What you reckon you is heah fo'? Aw, be a good spoht! Ise gettin' all winded! C'mon!"

One last herculean effort, one final tug in which the tiring star exerted the ultimate ounce of strength. The bull's head twisted, he staggered—and then fell. But he didn't fall gently. His massive body hit the floor with a thud, and a piercing feminine shriek echoed through the morning air.

"Oh, lawsy! Opus is underneath!"

The lady was correct. The nether portion of Mr. Randall's body was acting as a pillow for the squirming animal. Under sharp orders from Clump, a half dozen men leaped into the ring and dragged the bull away. But Opus Randall did not move. He lay perfectly still, eyes closed, body limp.

There was a bedlam of conjecture and sympathy. Lawyer Chew and Orifice Latimer started forward together. The nimble mind of the attorney leaped ahead.

"Good goshness!" he murmured. "What a lawsuit he's got!"

Someone rushed to the telephone and summoned Dr. Lijah Atcherson. But by the time that emaciated man of medicine arrived, Opus had returned to a groaning consciousness. He complained that he was severely injured.

"Where?"

"Inside."

"What sort of inside?"

"Inside of me!" snapped Opus.

There was a hurried examination, a series of large, loud groans, and Doctor Atcherson delivered an opinion that Mr. Randall had strained several ligaments and was perhaps injured internally. He ordered Opus to a hospital.

"Nos-suh," negatived Opus. "Take me home."

"But, Brother Randall ——"

"Don't you but me, li'l' man. Ise had enough' buttin' fo' one day!"

They carried the moaning Mr. Randall to the entrance and bundled him into a Gold and Silver taxi. Director Clump accompanied him. And on the lot a pair of worried men cornered the doctor.

"How bad is he hurt, doc?"

"I don't know, Brother Latimer. Maybe pretty bad and maybe not so bad."

"Oh, good gosh! An' if he's hurt real se'ious ——"

Chew and Latimer entered the former's car and started southward.

"Where us goin'?" inquired Latimer.

"To where Opus is at."

"Why?"

"Cain't you see, Orifice?" explained the man of law. "He's got us in a rotten fix. There ain't nothin' can keep him fum suin' us fo' damages."

"B-b-b-but, Lawyer Chew, he done it his ownse'f."

"Tha's right. But you wasn't payin' him nothin'. Now I ain't sayin' he could win no suit, but he suttinly could give us a fit, an' that ain't no lie."

They reached the boarding house of Opus Randall. Director J. Cæsar Clump met them in the hall and motioned for silence. Through the closed door came sounds of masculine agony.

"He's all busted up," proclaimed the little director, "an' befo' you go in I might's well tell you that you is in an awful pickle. Opus is gwine sue us fo' damages. Not on'y because he wasn't gettin' paid fo' this but he says he's figgered it out that ev'y-body on the lot knew Orifice Latimer had it in fo' him, an' he's gwine claim in his lawsuit that Brother Latimer shifted bulls on him an' made him wrastle a wilder one than he was used to."

"But I didn't!" wailed the harassed president. "I don't know nothin' 'bout shiftin' no bulls!"

"That don't prevent him fum sayin' that you done so; does it, Lawyer Chew?"

The erudite attorney shook his head.

"I absotively agree with you, Director Clump. I should say that he has an excellent *casus belli* and that he has furnished a startlin' *corpus delicti*, which if we is wise an' can git a reasonable settlement, we should make same at once."

Clump smiled briefly.

"I thought so," he vouchsafed, "an' I has a'ready found out what he's willin' to do. His terms is that he signs a contrac' fo' two yeahs to act fo' Midnight at seventy-five dollars a week."

"Seventy-five a week?" Latimer could scarcely believe his ears.

"Uh-huh. Tha's all the sal'ry he craves."

"Hot diggity dawg! I reckon us does it."

"But wait!" Cæsar put out a restraining hand. "That ain't all, n'r neither much mo'n half. When he signs that contrac', he also signs another contrac' which says that he gits fum Midnight in addition the sum of twenty-five dollars a week fo' two yeahs. That's damages, an' it will make one hund'ed dollars a week us ginuwinely pays him. Now what you say?"

Latimer was not long in reaching a decision.

"Done with him! Lawyer Chew, you draw up them memorandums of agreement right now an' le's git 'em signed. I always did think he was wuth a hund'ed a week, but I wasn't willin' that mo' than seventy-five of it should be sal'ry."

The director and president entered the sick room, while Lawyer Evans Chew sought a solitary spot where he might draft the memorandum upon which the final contracts were to be based.

President Orifice R. Latimer looked down compassionately upon the moaning, groaning figure.

"I shuah is sorry, Opus."

"Oh, golly! Oh, how them ligaments hurts! I wisht I hadn't never sawn no bull."

"Tha's all right, Opus. Just you quit carryin' on so."

But Opus did not quit carrying on. He was still making the air hideous with his moaning when Lawyer Chew appeared with two brief but formal contracts, and somehow Mr. Randall was able to control his agony sufficiently to read them both intelligently.

President Orifice R. Latimer affixed the signature of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Then Opus Randall added his signature to both contracts. J. Cæsar Clump signed as witness.

"An' that means," questioned Mr. Randall weakly, "that fo' two yeahs Midnight has got to pay me one hund'ed dollars ev'y week?"

"It does," answered President Latimer. "An' you is wuth it. You is a fine actor, Brother Randall, an' Ise glad to welcome you back into the fold."

Opus cocked his head on one side.

"If I is wuth that hund'ed dollars, why di'n't you give it to me befo' instead of havin' all this fuss?"

The president smiled indulgently.

"You ain't never understood that, Opus. 'Tain't how much I pays you that worries me; it's what we call it."

"Fine!" returned the actor. "We'll call it square."

"And our relations ain't strained, is they?"

Opus Randall laughed aloud as he leaped nimbly from the bed.

"They shuah ain't, Orifice," he responded heartily, "an' neither is my ligaments!"

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ESQUIRE

(Continued from Page 21)

might step in at the stables and see if they need anything," he added, to make matters perfectly clear.

Mr. Gray looked more cheerful. "Thank you, Mr. Crewe. I will. Good morning, all."

"Good luck," said Ogden. It was the only remark he had made that the departing sheriff understood.

Mr. Gray ambled out, and Mr. Crewe's perfect butler made no move to show him to the door. It was a formality that the feed merchant did not miss, however, never having had a door opened for him in his life. No, Cotter stood there, still beyond his natural station, and let him go. Ogden, lighting a cigarette, gave him a quick curious look.

Cotter put one hand into his breeches pocket, and with the other thoughtfully caressed the back of his head. "Mr. Crewe," he said slowly, bringing up his eyes for a twinkling look at his employer, "I, too, should like to make a speech."

"This man is no more a butler than I am," said Ogden to himself with sudden excitement. "Look at the way he stands there. Grandsir is right. The man's a gentleman." Aloud he gave a cheery "Hear! Hear!" and dropped negligently upon a chair.

"Well, Cotter, the floor's yours," said Grandsir. "We are having one of the gayest forenoons I ever spent."

"I cannot tell you, sir, how much I appreciate your standing up for me. I'd like to return your confidence, and I hope very shortly to be in a position to do so."

"Is that all?" cried Ogden as a long pause spun itself out.

"I think that is all," said Cotter, "unless Mr. Crewe has anything to say to me. I mean, unless it is all off, and so on."

"Cotter," said Grandsir, "one of the most delightful things that has ever happened to me was to have an officer of the law come here and make you swear you'd stay here."

Once more was Grandsir favored by the intelligent twinkle of Cotter's look. "Thank you," said Cotter. His hand came out of his pocket, both hands fell lax at the end of his arms, and he stepped back to his place near the door. His face changed indefinably to that of a perfect butler. "Is there anything more, sir?"

"Not a thing," said Grandsir. "I mean, no, that's all."

"Thank you, sir," inaudibly said Cotter and withdrew.

Ogden turned his head slowly and looked at Grandsir.

"What is this—a dream?"

"Curiously enough," said Mr. Crewe, "that's the very remark that Cotter made to me when I first met him."

V

ABOUT eleven o'clock, when the house lay silent and tranquil on the superior side of the green baize door that closed off the domestic activity of the servants, the rakish boatlike car that had borne Shirley fleeing away from a suitor who did not materialize brought her back again. She came along the road to High Crewe at a mere saunter, with her hands light on the wheel and her slim length at ease.

Uncomfortable questions were perplexing Miss Crewe. She very definitely declared to herself that she did not love Diggory Chase, and had gone to Betsy's not at all because she was afraid of him but because she did not want him to think she was waiting, sure that he would follow her. For although she had omitted to tell Grandsir so, it was a fact that she had run away from Diggory in the first place. He was the sort of suitor you had to run away from if you wanted to catch your breath. She had visioned his utter disgust and rage when he found her gone, and it had never occurred to her that he would do other than one of two things—he would sulk at Stockbridge or he would hurtle after her. According to the daily press, he had done the latter, yet he had not besieged High Crewe.

She was aware that this had made her look rather foolish, but she could live that down. No, what was troubling her was that when she had called the house on the telephone that morning, her mind was so full of Diggory that the new butler's voice had seemed like her lover's, and, worse yet, the very sound of it had set her heart to sun-dancing like an Indian making war medicine. For one wild moment she had thought Diggory had come, seen and conquered Grandsir—before he had announced himself as the butler. And even then, so did his voice fill her with unnamable agitation that she could scarcely bring herself to speak.

She had plenty of suitors, plenty, and Diggory was only one of them. It was trying to make that statement stick that occupied her; the thing would keep slipping, and her mind going back to that breathless gallop of her heart at the supposed sound of his voice.

She ran her car in to its accustomed moorings near the steps, and she went up to the wide brick terrace and let herself very softly into the house. The generous open doorways of the spacious rooms gaped obligingly to show her there was no one about to whom she might have to explain her actions. Something she could not put into words made her wish to see this creature with the voice that sounded like Diggory's, and to get a good long look at him without his knowing it. Grandsir had said he was a good butler, and she knew that at this hour he would have just turned his attention toward his first luncheon preparations.

Light as light itself she crossed the great hall and round one of its wide corners. The green baize door let her pass in utter silence. This was not at all dignified, but what was dignity unless somebody saw it? If this—what was his name, Cotter?—should come upon her in her approach he could never know she had not sought him out to see that he was attending to his duties. She had a general idea of the sort of thing: "You are the new butler? I am Miss Crewe"—followed by domestic inquisition.

She stole forward to the door of the pantry, with its little glass panel. It was quite light in the pantry, somewhat dusk in the hall, which gave her an advantage.

She could see only a part of the room, the little judas window being only designed to keep the Cotters from swinging out inopportunely, heavily laden. And only a part of Cotter—the edge of his shoulder and one arm, clad in Crewe livery. He raised this arm rhythmically, bringing down thin crystal goblets from a shelf. A tall man, taller than old John, if possible. In a moment he would move where she could see him.

In a moment he did, carrying a tray of glasses to a table. There was a little kettle of hot water boiling wildly on an electric plate, and Cotter held his goblets one at a time over the steam and repolished them with a soft snowy cloth to an even greater brilliancy.

But of his meticulous labor she saw nothing. At first glimpse of that bronze-red hair her heart had leaped like a man shot, rolled over, and played dead. When he turned his face a little more her way her breath fairly barged out of her body. Luckily her hand lay upon the solid wall and not against the treacherous door, for her weight swung upon this arm for support.

It was only for a split second of weakness, and wholly due to her astonishment. She was very definite on that point, later, with herself. Immediate reaction set in, manifesting itself in a furiously beating heart, a very angry stiffness of the whole body that flung her head up, and a wild desire to laugh. Cotter made another move within, and she fled, without sound, as far as the foot of the staircase. Here she paused. Upstairs there would be Tarry, and she wanted to be alone. So for the second time that morning the Chinese parlor became a secret retreat.

She collapsed upon a little satin sofa and thumped one vigorous blow into its seat. "Well!" she said in one explosive breath. "I never!"

It was Diggory. No wonder she had thought his voice so like! But why? But what had happened?

She jumped to her feet and walked around the room as if whip-driven. Did she suppose he had perhaps telephoned Grandsir, and been utterly repudiated, and that he had then taken this means to get into the house? No, she didn't. Grandsir would have told her if he had bested her suitor by a mere phone message. Could he have guessed, Diggory, that she had laid instructions for his exclusion? No, he couldn't. Who, Diggory Chase? He'd never dream of being shut out. He might expect to find her aloof or petulant or even undesirable. But never in his life had any grandfather sat growling on the gravel to keep him out. Quite the contrary!

But—but then, since he had come after her—well, there he was!—why the disguise? Why was he pretending to be the butler?

Even in her bewilderment she fell into a chair, rocked with silent hurtful laughter. Grandsir had said he was a very good butler! Why not? He would be, Diggory, whose own place was run by three Chinese boys who were miracles of never-failing perfection. Diggory had trained them himself to an uncanny efficiency. They could fairly tell by the expression of his face whether there would be six or ten for dinner; they knew everything and forgot nothing; and no matter what wild monkey wrenches he chose to heave into the domestic machinery, it fairly dissolved them, and worked magically on with precision.

She got up again and wiped her eyes. Well, granted he was a good butler. What next? What was going to happen? What was she going to do? The impudence of him! He never did do anything one might expect, but this was certainly something else again! What was he up to? She knit her brows and paced the floor, her fingers interlaced behind her back.

An impish thought came finally into these half-angry, half-laughing, wholly mystified meditations. His intentions, his plans were utterly beyond her. But one thing she could do. She came up dancing on her toes as the blissful prospect unrolled before her. For the first time in her life she could keep him in his place!

The thought struck high glee into her face, bringing the dimple out very emphatically. She gave a wild pirouette and tossed up her arms. Did he expect her to recognize him? Not she! "You are the new butler? I am Miss Crewe"—followed, oh, but followed by domestic inquisition! She hugged herself for the brilliancy of this idea. Again she sank down on the little sofa and thumped its smooth plump face. But with a difference.

She took her lower lip between her thumb and finger, the better to concentrate. Should she meet him first alone; or with the family? Better to compromise him hopelessly as Cotter before the family. And the horrid thought came to her that she would invite some of her suitors to dinner and see how he liked it!

Up on her feet again, she danced out of the Chinese parlor. There was excitement in this, by gravy! The appropriate oath quirked her lips in another dimple-set smile. She danced straight out into the path of Cotter.

He had not heard her come in, and was expecting nothing more than an empty hall. He was not exactly off his guard, but man does not live who in the first shock of seeing Shirley, flushed and starry-eyed with mischief, would not look at her. It was another of those split seconds, for in the next moment he was looking at a spot indefinitely outside her. Still, it had been long enough, poor Cotter.

"Oh," said Shirley. She was annoyed to think her plans had gone awry. Who could tell what he would do now? She clutched at her preparations, possibly overdoing her pose of dignity in the panic of the moment. Mechanically her lips delivered themselves of her planned speech. "You are the new butler? I am Miss Crewe."

"Yes, madam," said Cotter. He hoped with all his soul his face did not show what had happened to him, and so he, too, perhaps a little overdid the stoniness.

"Everybody out?" she asked idiotically, to cover a ghastly pause.

"Mr. Crewe is in the garden, madam, and Mr. Ogden is riding."

"Oh," she said again.

A faint trill vibrated in the air.

"With your permission, madam," said Cotter, "I was on my way to the door."

"Oh. Certainly."

Miss Crewe managed a negligent assent, and remained waiting while Cotter received the post at the door. She was rather dumfounded. Diggory had certainly not given the slightest indication that he was going to admit he knew her. They had both had a little start, rushing into each other that way, but though for one moment he had looked her full in the face, he had only very oddly closed both eyes for an instant, and had looked again with no suggestion of recognition. Then he had—well, somehow jelled into form.

He came back with the mail, and she was aware that he was respectfully presenting to her half a dozen envelopes on a little silver tray. She took them, with a sense of relief in having something in her hands, something to look at.

"Your name is Cotter, I think?"

"Yes, madam."

So natural sounded the reply she almost looked again to see if indeed she did know this man. But she kept her eyes upon her letters. She hesitated, but curiosity was too strong for her.

"You seem to have hurt your eye," she said, and wondered if she ought not to speak of it. One can be a very well-bred person indeed and not have encountered just such an emergency.

"Yes, madam," said Cotter. And that was that.

Well, if he would have it, he would, she thought angrily. "That is all, Cotter," she said, and watched him, from a corner of her eye, turn with his impeccable inclination and walk away. Also she saw him pause, halt and turn to face her again at that distance.

"At your convenience, madam, could you let me have a word with you?"

With a jerk her heart started beating furiously again. The moment might have arrived when he delivered himself into her ruthless hands. She would deny him utterly. Yet the tone of his voice puzzled her. She looked at him half incredulously, a quiescence he took for permission to continue.

"About my liveries, madam."

If he had dashed cold water on her he could not have more astonished her. She presented a perfectly vague face to him and he went on.

"Mr. Crewe had only this to fit me; my unfortunate height, madam. But since you are returned, I should have the more formal coat."

"I'll see about it," gasped Shirley.

"Thank you, madam." Another impeccable inclination and he was gone.

Mistress of High Crewe though she was, Shirley sank down on the lower stairs like a little girl. "Well, by gravy!" she said again, and passed into brooding.

Presently like a being only half conscious of her surroundings, she slowly rose and went up the wide curving stair. She would

(Continued on Page 66)

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Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 64)

pump Tarry, was her formless intention. And when she entered her own boudoir Tarry fell upon her with cries of welcome and a motherly hug that served to rouse her from abstraction.

"My lamb, I never did! Running off without your Tarry. I've been that put about!"

"Don't you suppose I can get along without you one night, you silly thing?"

"Suppose it? I know you can't. You've had no alcohol rub, that I will wager."

"I'll take it now, thanks, before I dress for luncheon," said Miss Crewe, using a very certain knowledge of Tarry to make her utterly happy.

She let herself be undressed with a pretense of helplessness that gratified her adoring attendant and, after a merciless shampoo with a stiff brush and creaming lather, stretched herself on the great bath sheet that Tarry spread over the marble slab, and gave herself up to a thorough mauling.

"Tarry," she said presently, "what do you think of the new butler?"

"A very superior man, my lamb." Tarry whacked her well. "But downright!"

"Yes?"

"Oh, very gentlemanly, you know, darling. But when he's displeased he might as well howl it at you as drop the words out so disdainful. The girls are stepping lively, I can tell you. Twice this morning has he had the drawing-room dusted before he was half satisfied, and he told Kate to change her apron." She gave a little reminiscent laugh. "Kate spoke back, as usual. Said she was not accustomed to being taught what was what by the butler. Mr. Cotter gave her apron one look, and said 'Evidently'"

"And did Kate put on a clean apron?"

"My land, darling, her apron wasn't dirty. It had a bit of a bib between the straps, which wasn't correct enough for a parlor maid to suit Mr. Cotter. Oh, yes, she changed it."

Miss Crewe subdued a boyish grin while the woman put on her gossamer stockings. Cotter had gone from Tarry's mind, but Shirley had questions still to ask. With every appearance of idle interest, she elicited the story of the man's arrival. Of the sheriff's visit they were both ignorant. She could not understand her grandfather's having taken in the passer-by, except of course, as she had predicted, that Diggory would get around him.

Primed with all Tarry's knowledge, which failed completely to clear up the mystery of Diggory's masquerade, Shirley went down to luncheon. Grandsir and Ogden welcomed her heartily, and watched her for signs of approval as Cotter served them in his faultless fashion, quite as proud of having annexed such a butler in her absence as if he were a successful Robot of their own manufacture. Little could they know, as Shirley with an almost nervous sense of phantasmagoria watched Cotter circulating about with a silver dish of potatoes Anna, that his superlative technic was the one thing that caused her no amazement, nor even awoke her interest. Beyond their obvious and simple pride was any suspicion that she repressed with ever-growing difficulty a desire to snatch his serving tray from his hands and hurl indignant questions at their paragon.

At the end of this trying refection, she drifted back into the dining room alone, before he had finished adjusting the lace and flowers that adorned the table between meals. She noticed with an angry satisfaction that he was conscious of her entrance, that the bowl of pansies was none too steadily set down in its island of needlework. But he stepped back from the table, and stood as if waiting for anything she might have come to say to him.

Miss Crewe wandered rather aimlessly toward one of the Sheraton sideboards and glanced at the silver. Then she turned and looked him fairly in the face.

"I have an idea I have seen you somewhere before," she said ironically.

To her surprise an odd look illumined his face. It wasn't suppressed amusement, nor guilt, nor apprehension. It was quite distinctly a vivid flash of eager hope. For the space of one deep breath he looked hungrily into her eyes, with a sincerity she found unquestionable. When he mastered himself and withdrew the look she was at sea on a flood of wild conjectures.

"Madam does not remember where, naturally?" said Cotter in a low voice.

Shirley Crewe, her heart pounding with some irregularity, took a step nearer to him. "Cotter," she said, her voice fluttering, "have you ever seen me before?"

Poor Cotter. What of the protests that rose in his unbutlered mind? That he, having fallen fathoms deep into adoration at first sight of her, could by no conceivable chance have ever laid eyes upon her even in a previous existence and have forgotten it! It was not a permissible reply for Cotter. But in suppressing it he went white.

"No, madam." Just that. Two faltered miserable words, but uttered in a tone that carried profound conviction to his hearer.

She caught her breath, and her erstwhile wrath melted into nothingness. With an inarticulate sound she turned and went out, leaving Cotter motionless and staring. The murmur of Grandsir's voice, talking over a cigarette in the study with Ogden, was all the indication of occupancy that the house afforded.

Undeterred by any inquisition, she fled across the hall and out of the door. In two gasps she was at the wheel of her car and speeding away again toward Newport.

Cotter, standing where she had left him, pressed both his hands to his aching head. It ached continuously, but this extraordinary interview had set it to throbbing with unbearable intensity. He moved slowly into his pantry and sat down to think, a process in which he found himself astonishingly inexpert.

He was roused from this profitless reverie by the purring of a muffled alarm above his head. With mechanical promptness he rose, glanced at the indicator, and pulled his waistcoat smooth. Noiselessly, obediently he crossed the hall and went his way to open the front door, again the perfect butler.

Considerable relief and satisfaction showed on one visitor's face when he stood revealed to the callers. Mr. Gray, quite overshadowed by the greater authority accompanying him, was devoutly glad to see him, having undergone some torments of apprehension under the outspoken skepticism of his superiors. The man had not run away, was his triumphant vindication.

"This is Cotter," he said, a little too obviously jubilant.

The two men with him merely nodded and entered the house with the brusqueness of official approach. Mr. Gray came in more modestly in their wake. Cotter closed the door.

"Shall I inform Mr. Crewe that you are here, or do you wish to see me?" said he, not at all in the butler manner.

"Is—is the young gentleman about?" put in the sheriff, in a tone of apprehension.

"Both gentlemen are available," said Cotter; "but beyond getting Mr. Crewe's permission to conduct these services in some room of his house, I dare say there is no need to disturb them."

"Right," said the elder of the two strangers. He was a flat-footed, flat-faced man with a mouth that closed like an irritated clam. The other and younger member of the party was a cheerful glancing chap with a quick roving eye. He had a pleasant voice too, quite genially remarking that the presence of both or either gentleman would not be considered necessary nor, on the other hand, intrusive.

Cotter nodded and left them standing there as he went to obtain Mr. Crewe's sanction to his entertaining his self-invited guests.

"Come back, have they?" said Mr. Crewe inaccurately. "Well, Cotter, you know all about it and I don't. I should advise your making a clean breast of it, whatever it is. Take 'em into the drawing-room or wherever you please."

Ogden Crewe stood leaning against the study table, eyes fixed on his cigarette. "You—you don't want to witness this second act?" he asked with an oblique cast of his voice at his seated guardian.

"I feel very strongly," said Mr. Crewe, as much to one listener as to another, "that I should prefer to know no more than Cotter sees fit to tell me."

Ogden, on that, glanced at Cotter, and saw the flush that stained his face.

"I have been at fault, Mr. Crewe," said Cotter slowly and with evident effort, "in concealing from you only one thing. I think I may honestly say that not one word I have spoken could be construed as a lie. With your permission, when these gentlemen have gone, I should like to—to fill in the blank."

"I shall be very glad," said Mr. Crewe courteously. "I merely wished to make it quite clear, Cotter, that I trust you. I have no desire to force your confidence, you know. And I very much object to getting it via the third degree of the police."

"You are overwhelmingly kind, sir," said Cotter, and withdrew.

"What a grand old man it is," sighed Ogden moodily. "I'd give a good deal to be in on that session. I reckon I'm no gentleman, Grandsir."

"Avaunt," said Mr. Crewe, and picked up his afternoon paper.

Cotter went back to his examiners and marshaled them into the dining room.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, seating himself before they were fairly established, "if you will allow me, I have a question or so that I would like to put to you. In the first place, has no further news of The Slinker come to you?"

"I see no reason for my answering that," said the clamshell mouth of the elder man.

"Well, then, tell me this," snapped Cotter quickly before the other could proceed to protest against his usurpation of the rôle of questioner. "Have you a description of the clothing he wore?"

"Yep," said Mr. Gray incautiously, and was rewarded by a glare from the eyes of his superior. He moved uncomfortably on his chair, and mumbled an "Excuse me, Mr. Partridge. No harm done, I think."

"Was he dressed in a suit of brown clothes with fancy buttons and queerly cut pockets?"

Mr. Partridge bent steely eyes upon his victim. "Yes, he was. How do you come to know that?"

"One moment," said Cotter. He rose with no appearance of haste and left the room.

"Trail?" suggested the youngest of the trio.

"No," said Partridge.

"If he was running away," said the feed-store proprietor, "he'd of gone long ago."

They sat in silence awaiting his return, wondering perhaps what errand took him forth. But no conjecture prepared them for his return with an armful of clothing.

"I rather think that is the suit he wore," said Cotter quite calmly. "Look it over." He tossed it down on a chair beside Mr. Partridge, and stood quietly by, the envelope of a letter in his hands.

Partridge turned the clothes hither and round, under the gathered gaze of his associates. "That's what it is, I guess," he said harshly.

"There was this empty envelope in the pocket," went on the most self-possessed man in the room. "Addressed to J. B. Cotter, Esquire. The clothes were in the Mill Woods. He evidently changed there."

"Who found them?"

"I did."

"You know more about this than that," said Partridge, rounding on him. "Go ahead. Spill it."

"I know nothing more," said Cotter politely but firmly.

"How comes your name to be J. B. Cotter?"

"It isn't."

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

"You said it was!" barked Mr. Gray angrily, as Partridge's eyes swung back on him.

"Yes, I did. I was by way of needing a name," said this quite amazing witness, "and I took the first one that came into my head. I had been looking at this envelope, and the name came out, of itself. At the time I had no suspicion of its being a name of interest to the police."

"What's your real name?" demanded Partridge. "What do you mean by wanting a name?"

"I'm not at all sure that I will tell you my real name," said Cotter gently. "I do not see what it has to do with your pursuit of quite another person. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll come to your offices tomorrow after luncheon. Mr. Crewe will permit me to do so, I am sure. I have already told Mr. Gray that I do not know how far I am within my rights in withholding personal affairs from you. But I will consult a lawyer and bring him with me. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Partridge. "I've seen some suspicious characters in my day, but darn me if you don't wear a blue ribbon." He tossed the clothes down on the chair with a muttered "Bundle 'em up, Simpson," and walked over to the window. There he turned and glowered at Cotter. "But I don't see what you propose is any way phony. This is a funny piece of business. Your having the same name was a queer start, but now that you have explained it, it's nothing. As actual evidence there is nothing to connect you with The Slinker but your being in possession of his clothes; that you found them we have only your word for. Still, you fork 'em out. Now you may be straight, and you may be so crooked you couldn't fall down a well. But Mr. Crewe has given his word that you'll appear, and there's no law against your having a lawyer. You'll find he'll tell you to answer our questions." The reluctant beginnings of a grin widened his slit of a mouth. "I don't mind saying you're a new bird in my tree, all right. But don't get to spreading any wings. The flitting isn't healthy hereabouts."

"Quite so," said Cotter pleasantly. "Don't worry, Mr. Partridge."

"You're an observant cuss," said the other, noticing the use of his name.

"It is a butler's first virtue," murmured Cotter.

"Humph," said Partridge again. "You always been a butler?"

"No," said Cotter. "In my cradle I was a mere infant."

"Yeh? You surprise me. Well, Mister Mystery, you show up at headquarters tomorrow, county courthouse. About three-thirty? You'll be through butlering by then"

"Three-thirty," agreed Cotter as a promise.

"Our excuses to Mr. Crewe," volunteered Mr. Gray, as they marched outward.

"Thank you, sir," said Cotter, and closed the interview on a correct note. He saw them to the door and then made for the study.

Mr. Crewe, with the newspaper spread before him on the table, was intently gazing at some particular item when Cotter entered. He glanced up apparently too preoccupied to remember that this visit had been arranged.

"What is it?" he said inattentively.

"You are busy," said Cotter, taking a backward step. "I'll come in some other time."

"No," said Mr. Crewe. "Wait. Something in the paper disturbed me. One moment." He tore out part of the page and made a swinging blue circle around a short paragraph with a pencil before he laid it down. "Now, then. What is it, Cotter? Oh—I remember. Yes, you had something to tell me."

"It is just this," said his butler. "I have had the pleasure and advantage of your acquaintance, Mr. Crewe, for a little more than a day. What I wanted to tell you was that I have no more knowledge of myself than I have of you."

"Eh?" said Grandsir. "What's this? I don't understand you."

"I mean, sir, that of anything that took place before—or a few solitary hours before—our meeting in the Mill Woods, I have no faintest recollection. My name is not Cotter. I haven't any idea what it is."

VI

MR. CREWE sat fixedly staring in utter astonishment at the speaker. After a moment or two he relaxed somewhat, exhaling his forgotten breath.

"Well!" said he, stupent. He sat back in his chair, his eyes scarcely winking. "Suppose you—suppose you sit down and tell me about it."

Cotter advanced to obey him. "I've been hoping that at any minute it might all come back to me," he said. "It's curious, but there's a kind of shame goes with it. I felt reluctant to confess it. Even now it's very hard to bring myself to talk about it. That's what I meant, Mr. Crewe, when I said I hoped soon to be in a position to explain my presence here. I've been struggling to bring back my memory. But it doesn't come, and I have kept you waiting long enough. You have been so good as to trust me, and I want to make—as you called it—a clean breast for myself."

"Of all the extraordinary things that ever happened!" said Grandsir.

"You see, Mr. Crewe, I can tell you very little that you do not know yourself. When you came upon me in the Mill Woods I was trying to wake my brain. There I was, in clothes that I felt somehow could not be mine, not only because they didn't fit me but because I knew they were of an abominable cut and cloth. How I do know certain things, and not others, I can't tell you. I was sure I would never have bought those clothes."

"Never mind the clothes," said Grandsir. "Go on about yourself."

"But there is something interesting about the clothes," insisted Cotter, with his so-seldom-seen smile. "However, I'll come back to that."

"You were in an odd state," mused Mr. Crewe. "I remember you talked in a dazed sort of way, very politely, but —— You asked me if I thought you were dreaming, do you remember? And certainly you had no idea where you were. By the way," he broke off, "have another cigarette?"

Cotter glanced humorously from the proffered case to his butler's garb. "Suppose someone should come in," he demurred.

"They won't," said Grandsir "And no matter if they do. Have one."

"Thank you," said Cotter.

"Now," said Mr. Crewe, settling himself to greater comfort, "how far back can you go?"

"To my waking up about dawn," said the other promptly. "I had ten thousand headaches in my skull. The first things I heard were the birds and the sound of falling water. I went down to the brook and soused my head. I couldn't imagine what had happened to me."

"Somebody must have beaten you up," said Grandsir.

Cotter nodded, his narrowed eyes gleaming at his host through the smoke of his cigarette. "That somebody, you know, was The Slinker."

"Good Lord, do you know The Slinker?"

"Not at all," said The Slinker's namesake, laughing. "I doped it out bit by bit since, you see. And considering the gentleman's well-advertised physique, I am quite sure he did not do it with his fists. How I came to be near or in the Mill Woods I don't know. But since he left his car there, and his clothes, I infer that he took mine."

"Well!"

"He certainly wouldn't walk away. I hear there was nothing the matter with his motor. He ran it into the scrub to hide it. All that seems quite sure to me. I haven't been so frank with our official friends, partly because I didn't want to get mixed up in the thing. I merely said I had found the clothes in the woods. You see, I can't help hoping at any minute to remember the whole thing."

"But how on earth did you come to say ——"

"That my name was Cotter?"

"Esquire!"

Cotter laughed. "You see! Well, in those clothes I had on, which I naturally searched, there was nothing but an old crumpled envelope, addressed to him. I kept saying the name over and over, trying to make it rouse some memory. It came out automatically, esquire and all, when I tried to think of some name to give you. For all I knew at the time, it might conceivably have been my own."

"Yes," said Mr. Crewe. "I see that. Go on."

"Well, but," said Cotter slowly, "isn't that about all there is? I had the good luck to be taken in by you. And I felt that I must not impose on your—charity. I went for a long walk and thought it all out. There was no telling how many hours, even days, it might take to set my wits working again. Apparently it couldn't be forced. I decided to keep my failure to myself. And when I began to wonder what I could do to earn my daily bread, I gradually came to the conclusion that I was perfectly certain of being a first-class house servant. It was suggested to me at first by my knowing that Mrs. Bill did not know a lot about setting a table that I did."

"Extraordinary!"

"Maybe not," said Cotter mildly, and finished his cigarette.

"What do you mean?" demanded Grandsir.

"I mean, of course, that it is quite possible I am a first-class servant."

"First-class!" cried Grandsir. "You are a marvel!"

"Thank you," said Cotter. "But what I mean is, somebody may at this moment be minus a butler, name unknown."

"Oh!" said Mr. Crewe. He pondered this. "But what about the car?"

"That proves nothing," said Cotter. "Cars are not always rich men's cars." To the eyes of Grandsir Crewe the other's face settled slowly into an immeasurable dejection.

"What now?" said he.

Cotter looked up and smiled faintly. How was he to tell this autocratic and generous gentleman that the probable first-class servant before him could not but cherish wild dreams of waking to find himself a possible suitor for the lady of the house? He merely looked away, with an eloquent spreading of his lean fine hands.

"Why, now, Mr. Crewe," said he, deliberately misinterpreting the question, and rising from his chair, "I have made a clean breast of it, and I will get back to my pantry."

"No, dash it," said Grandsir. "What's the hurry? About the matter of your memory—how do you account for it?"

"I'm afraid it's one of the many things I cannot account for," said Cotter. "Certainly a black eye wouldn't wipe out a man's life like that."

"You may have fallen and struck your head," said Mr. Crewe. "Or The Slinker may have caught you unawares, and whanged you with a wrench or something." He suddenly sat up erect. "By the great horn spoon, Cotter, we'll get Daker over to look at you."

"Daker? I take it he is a medico?"

"He is the dean of medicos, my lad Spends his summers in Newport. He's a friend of mine. Why, he'll come on the run to see a case like you."

Cotter flushed a little, uncomfortably. "I suppose it is only sensible," said he reluctantly. "But—but will you make it clear to him that I am only the butler, even if a good one?"

"He'll make it clear to you, I'll bet a tin whistle," said Grandsir. "I'll call him up. We'll get him here tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 71)

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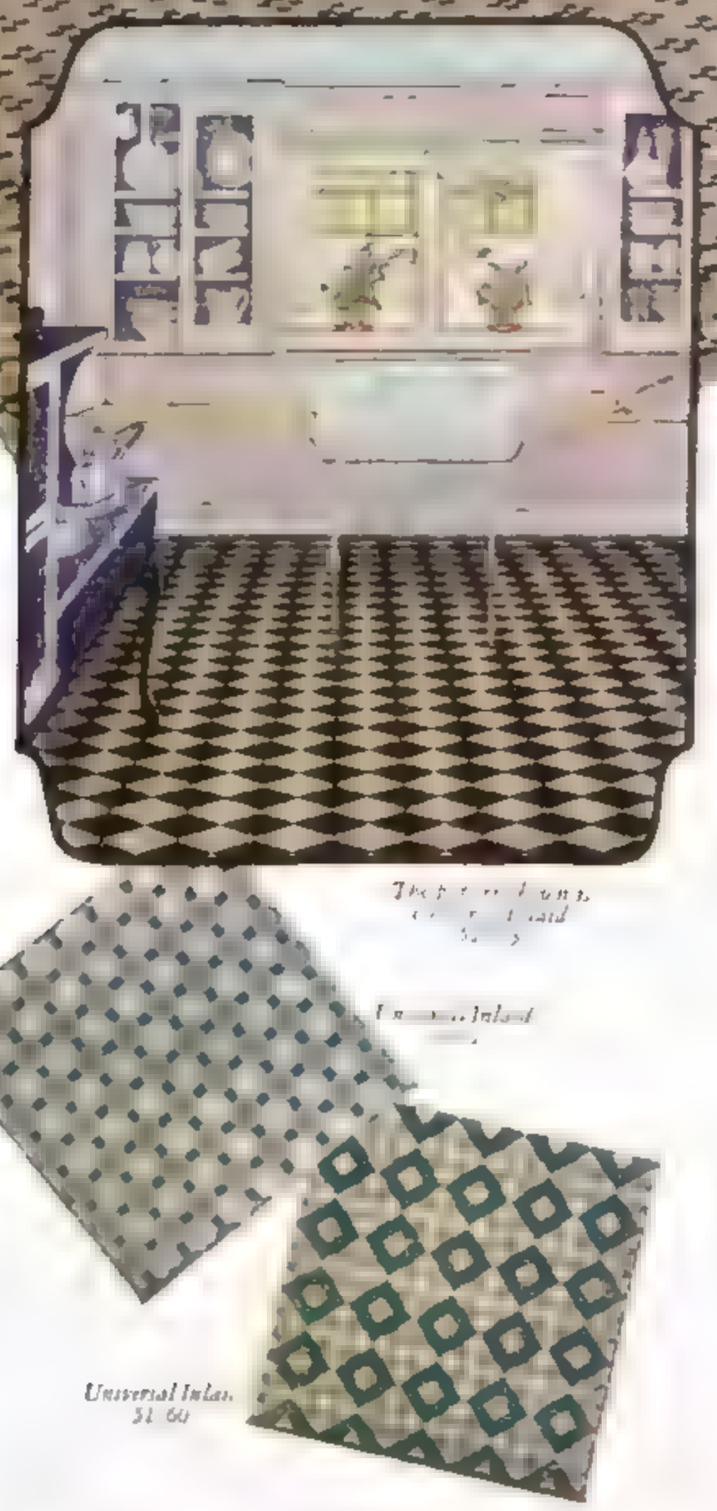

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NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

(Continued from Page 69)

Cotter drew a long and difficult breath. How was he to tell Mr. Crewe that one does not always wake willingly from happy dreams?

"It is very kind of you, sir," said he. "You remind me that tomorrow I have an appointment with the powers that be, at the county courthouse."

"Well, we will go see Daker on the way then," decided his employer promptly.

"We?" smiled Cotter.

"Now, Cotter, my lad," said Mr. Crewe persuasively, "I don't want to seem intrusive, but I put it to you shamelessly on the ground of gratitude. I have tried to be as friendly to you as your extreme dignity as a butler will allow me to be, and I beg for some return." His eyes twinkled. "You wouldn't be so thankless as to deprive an old man of a share in the only excitement, apart from slugs, that he has known for months? You have brought considerable incident into my rather featureless career, and I want more, like young Oliver."

"I am certainly not ungrateful," said Cotter. "It would have been far more in the usual course if you had put me and my evasive circumstances out the door. You cannot imagine that I have any desire to prevent your enjoying my mysterious destiny to any extent you wish."

"Spoken like a man and a book!" crowed Anthony Carstarphen Crewe. "The only fly in the ointment is my sincere dread that you are not a butler, and what is worse, not my butler."

Cotter flushed. "It is, however, more than likely that I am. I don't feel like a butler inside, but perhaps none of us do."

"You'll have to wear some of my clothes," said Grandsir. "Tell the garage to have my car around tomorrow after luncheon. I'll make an appointment with Daker. And we will pick up Judge Drexel. He'll have to give up his afternoon golf for once."

Cotter, leaving the study, was just in time to open the house door to Miss Crewe, of whose swooping car he had a glimpse as it swung to a halt in the driveway.

She came in, stripping white chamois gloves from her hands; her face and hair sun-kissed and wind-tossed, a figure of radiant loveliness that was observed in every detail by the eyes that seemed to look beyond her.

"Where is Mr. Crewe?" was her first question.

"In the study, madam."

Her next question was more in the nature of a shock. "Does your head ache?"

Cotter involuntarily looked her square in the eyes. "Thank you, madam. It does."

She considered him musingly. "How much have you told my grandfather about yourself, Cotter?"

"I have, in his own phrase, made a clean breast of it, madam. There wasn't much to tell."

She gave him a thoughtful nod. "I—I suppose you were overseas, Cotter?"

"Madam?"

"In the war, you know?"

Cotter's brow knitted and his face became pale. But nothing came of this effort at memory. Miss Crewe, after one short anxious glance, sauntered past him, with an effect of not expecting an answer. "You might bring me a stone ginger," she said, merely to change the subject. "Or no: send it up to my room."

She went on to the study, and found her devoted Grandsir pacing the floor, not at all wildly, but rather with the air of a man who has a great deal on his mind. He halted, facing her as she came, and noted the gravity of her look. She came toward him and sat herself on the corner of his library table.

"Seems to me," she remarked severely, "you have been mighty secretive about your butler. Why leave me out?"

"Not guilty, my lord, said the prisoner in a firm voice," replied Mr. Crewe. "I've just heard the story. And you appeared at luncheon, and disappeared immediately after. Where did you go?"

"I went to see Doctor Daker," said Shirley serenely.

"Well, by the great horn spoon!"

"Quite so. Cotter has lost his past, hasn't he?"

"Yes, completely." Grandsir Crewe forgot to wonder at her knowing this. "I was going to take him to Daker tomorrow."

"There's a strong family resemblance in our reactions," said Miss Crewe. "Now tell me all you know about it, revered forbear."

Grandsir complied, as he was accustomed to do in obedience to her lightest suggestion. She remained perched on the table, swinging her slippered feet. The story of The Slinker came forth dramatically and seemed to amuse her. Fancy Diggory's being suspected of complicity in a bank robbery! Her not unnatural sense of triumph in the correctness of her apprehension of Diggory's pursuit of her she suppressed, for reasons of her own. She was not going to have her handling of the case interfered with by even a natural guardian. Picture to yourself Grandsir's announcing to Cotter: "My granddaughter knows who you are. You are in love with her and ran after her. And got most deservedly come up with in the Mill Woods."

She remained silent during the recital of Mr. Gray's two visits, though she made a mental note of his identity with the feed-store merchant. Mr. Gray was an old acquaintance. The plans for the morrow brought a slight frown to her face. However, she would have to trust Doctor Daker. He knew all about it and would handle Diggory with all tact and gentleness.

When Mr. Crewe's story came to an end she slipped down from her unconventional seat and sighed.

"I am still thirsty," she said. "Probably because I told Cotter, on second thoughts, to take me some stone ginger to my room. Well, of course, I am going with you tomorrow."

"You, my dear?"

"Why not?" She added haplessly, "Long hair does not a prison make, nor petticoats a cage. What I mean is, why not?"

"Well ——"

Mr. Crewe very evidently found it difficult to produce a reason for his feeling that

Lake McDonald

the expedition determined upon was not one in which he felt that she was concerned. He knew she would go if she wished to. At the moment his eye, wandering from the firm line of her jaw, fell upon the bit of newspaper brilliantly emphasized with blue penciling that lay upon his table.

"Bless me," said Grandsir. "I'd forgotten all about it. My dear, this was in the afternoon news. The name caught my eye."

He gave her a gentle glance as he picked up the item and held it out to her. The memory of her voice as she had spoken this man's name had not been lost. This short newspaper account might be the forerunner of bad news.

He watched her anxiously as she read it, and seemed surprised that she gave no sign of agitation.

"New London. The large Rodier racer found wrecked and abandoned near the freight yards last night has been identified as the property of Mr. Diggory Chase, of Stockbridge, Vermont. Telegraphic inquiry elicited the information that Mr. Chase has not been seen by any of his household or friends since Tuesday last, and no word has been received of his whereabouts. Grave concern is felt, and some apprehension of foul play. The police have assigned extra detectives to the case."

Miss Crewe read the report swiftly, and sat for a moment staring into space. "I shall have to telephone," she said suddenly.

"My dear," said Grandsir with troubled tenderness, "you are anxious."

To his surprise she beamed at him. "Not a bit of it," she said cheerfully.

"But, Shirley!" He seemed appalled at her callousness.

"As I have often told you," remarked Miss Crewe, "I have plenty of suitors. They appear and disappear, some owing to the lapse of time, and some ——"

"I don't understand you," said he, as her voice died inattentively.

"You are a mere man," said Shirley, and kissed him on the nose.

A moment later she was at the telephone in the closet, cutting off the extensions and carefully closing the door. Mr. Gray was available at the feed store.

"This is Miss Crewe, Mr. Gray," she said sweetly, when his slow heavy voice reached her. "I feel that you have suffered some annoyance from the delay caused by our having a suspicious character in the house. And I have a bit of information for you which may make it up to you. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Gray.

"I believe your Slinker abandoned another automobile in New London last night. Possibly he took a train to New York. But there is another possibility. You would best waste no time on me, but get busy. You'll see about the automobile in the papers. In case the machine was very badly wrecked, the man was probably hurt. If so, more people would remember him. And it may be that he is still in New London. Try the doctors and hospitals."

"But why do you ——"

"It is only a tip, Mr. Gray. You needn't act on it if you don't think it worth while. But I should, in your place. You'll get ahead of all the other officers. That's worth something! Good-by."

She hung up, and Mr. Gray, impatiently attempting to get her back, was greeted with the monotonous unfeeling reply of Central, "Line's busy." It continued busy so long that he abandoned the effort and turned his slow attention toward New London's chief of police.

In the meantime Miss Crewe was, with varying degrees of patience, getting a call put through to Stockbridge, whence she was finally answered by the singsong of an eager Chinese voice, rapidly ejaculating in relief as she explained that Mr. Chase was quite safe with friends, and ending in a positive howl of gratitude.

Stone ginger luckily does not lose its chill rapidly. She sat alone in her room, refreshing herself from a long glass of the

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golden dancing liquid, while she went over the details of her talk with Doctor Daker.

He had been rather reassuring, taking it all in all.

"You see, Shirley," he had said, "there are no indications of pressure—let me put it very simply. If the skull at any point were sufficiently depressed to affect the brain, your friend would not be walking around with no greater physical disability than a headache and a black eye. He has undoubtedly had a good whack on the head, sufficient to put him out, for a time. But the loss of memory is probably a psychological relapse into the condition you tell me of; I mean his condition during his lay-off in the base hospital in France. We have many curious cases resulting from shock, mental and physical, among our soldiers, you know. I'd say that this failure of memory will pass off without treatment, certainly without surgical interference. Probably some very slight thing will set him going again."

"Like shaking a clock," said Shirley Crewe.

"Quite so, like shaking a clock. It may be, however, only a mental shake in this case. The sound of his own name, the sight of his home, something to make the connection between his suspended faculties and those he still makes use of. Mind you, I haven't seen him, and I make this statement with full privilege of retracting it when I have examined him. But since, as you say, he is coördinating perfectly in every other way, I fancy you'll find I'm right. You haven't tried him with his name?"

"No. I asked him if he had ever seen me before. He said no."

Doctor Daker was not too old a man to ignore the abyss into which a man's wits had fallen who could forget the face of Shirley Crewe. He had smiled at her shrewdly.

"A case for great gentleness and tact," had been his final pronouncement. "Don't rush him. He is trying to remember; you have seen that. Nature is a driveling fool often enough, but we are not much better in matters so delicate. Leave it for the present with Nature, Shirley. We'll bolster her up with gentle stimulants."

Miss Crewe sat now in her room, wondering what might be considered a mild stimulant in recalling to her butler's mind that he was her fire-eating suitor. She was a deceitful jade, going to the length of hoodwinking herself.

Of course she was anxious for Diggory's restoration for his own sake, not because she wanted his courtship resumed. So soon as he was able to identify himself she would send him off about his business, if any, and take up her own intermitted job of securing a butler.

Poor Grandsir, he would be harder to please than ever now!

There was nothing in any event to be done until the morrow. Let Doctor Daker see him, and shake him if he would. Barring a natural desire to witness the operation, she admitted no personal interest. She had abandoned her horrid plan of inviting guests, male guests, for Diggory to wait upon. That had been an idea born of a desire to chastise him when she had mistakenly supposed him to be up to something.

She and Ogden were going to a dance after dinner at the Meadowlea Country Club, and one thing and another would doubtless serve to pass the time till she could see remembrance light up Diggory's gray eyes. Oh, it wasn't that she wanted to see his eyes on hers again with their old daring blaze, but one must admit that it was unpleasantly uncanny to see their familiar fire quenched in a respectful and impersonal avoidance.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

FIDDLEFOOT

Continued from Page 5

A lady, small but with large brown sympathetic eyes, put the question. She was a passenger aboard the S. S. Minnesota, bound for Brest. Tippy was retelling his vicissitudes in midsea to a new audience which listened with pleasing attention.

"You ain't heard the half of it," Tippy replied. "After that the flu kept me from taking a furlough. And then Château-Thierry kept me. The Marines," Tippy remarked with large scorn, "didn't do all the fighting there, no matter what Pershing let the reporters say. And then St.-Mihiel kept me. And then the Argonne kept me. And then the Armistice kept me."

There was such indignation in Tippy's voice as he sent the word "Armistice" curling around his cigar that the sympathetic lady interjected:

"You don't mean that you didn't get to Paris during the Armistice!"

"That's just what I do mean!" Tippy replied. "Do you know what I was doing, right up to the minute, almost, when we started home on the Leviathan, packed tighter'n sardines?" He gazed around in challenge. No one, of course, guessed. "I was stable sergeant," he told them. "Honest! Our outfit had been filled up with replacements from New York City. And I was the only guy who knew the difference between horses and horse-radish."

Tippy's audience sighed in sympathy.

"I'll tell you what," Tippy said, sighing himself, "I was just about primed to bust some general on the nose and get sent back home under guard. I was so! Leavenworth would have been fine after Biencourt. I'd have done it, too, except for Fiddlefoot."

"Fiddlefoot?" murmured the sympathetic lady.

"Fiddlefoot! That was my horse. Well! He was the captain's horse. But the captain, he'd been a tire salesman, so he didn't want much riding. And Fiddlefoot was mine any time I wanted him." He chuckled.

"I certainly got a kick out of Fiddlefoot the first time I saw him. There I was, stuck with that stable job in dinky, muddy Biencourt, and Paris a million miles away. I was the homesickest buckaroo you ever saw. Homesick! Say! I'd have given all the chocolate in France for one sniff of a Minnesota pig. And then I went into the stable and saw that horse, with his hoof marked with the mark of the Minneapolis company my pa'd done business with a half a hundred times.

"A big, raw-boned, white-chested bay with a white spot on his forehead and white hind feet. He stood there, nosing around as though he knew I was from home, and fiddling on all four feet. The blamed crow bait! He fiddled all the time. A son-of-a-gun he was to keep clean, on account of that pair of white hind feet; they soaked up French mud in a minute. But worth the trouble. I never had a horse before or since as good. When we left home he was the best-looking horse in the outfit too." Tippy's bony face became gloomy.

"What happened to him?" the lady asked.

"I'm darned if I know," Tippy said slowly. His face grew more gloomy. "I'm double-darned if I know. We had to leave all our stock behind when we sailed. And I got into business with my buddy, Rick Lord—the Lord-Carney stock farm; so I didn't have much chance to inquire. I've heard everything was sold right in France." And as the Minnesota began to warp up to the dock, Tippy went down to pack.

Waiting to disembark, he was surprised to feel a touch of depression. He wondered at this. What he had anticipated feeling at this moment was a transcending elation. It wasn't, of course, anything to worry about. Still, he tried to stimulate his spirits by a preview of the pleasures ahead.

"I ain't going to Paris first off," he said to the sympathetic lady. "Not me. I'd be spoiling a good thing. I'm going to follow the route I took during the war. Making every last stop. And at every one I'm going to twiddle my fingers and say, 'So you thought when I was here that I'd never see Paris, hey? Well, watch my dust!'"

But good intentions, although they may help largely in easing the road to points downward and warmer, are less effective in helping one toward gayety. Tippy discovered the regrettable truth that dreams are often more pleasurable than realities. The elation did not come at Pontanezen. He twiddled his fingers, but he did it dolefully. Nor did Dijon, one-time home of the machine-gun school, awake an inspiriting mood. Nor did the Front before Mulhausen, notwithstanding its memories of the peg-legged Germans. Nor did St.-Mihiel even though the famous dugout, accepted in the old days as the quarters of the Crown Prince, was there. Nor did the Argonne. All was disappointment. There was, simply, no fun in anything.

Tippy wondered if he had made a mistake in coming alone. Would the trip have been keyed more fittingly if he had brought Rick or some other buddy? He pondered this, rambling gloomily through the remnants of entanglements. Doggedly, then, he shook off the weight upon his spirits. Paris was still ahead. That could be enjoyed under any circumstances. Oh, sure!

He resolved, in that moment, to hasten his arrival there. All his preliminary stops had been made, save the one at Biencourt, and he decided to cut that to a one-day visit.

Biencourt is a difficult town to reach. One arrives at Joire on the Nancy-Paris line—Tippy was coming from Nancy. Then one hires a decrepit wagon to haul one's suitcase, and one hikes long miles over long hills through which the shale, inevitable in the terrain of that locality, crops out to play havoc with one's shoes.

Arriving at Biencourt, one becomes doubtful that the village is worth the trouble of the walk. This doubt filled Tippy as he started down the last long hill which leads deviously to the main street.

Biencourt is such a small village. A clutter of red-tile-roofed houses of graystone and cement circling around a graystone church with the tall spire which always marks the presence of a French village.

"How in Sam Hill," murmured Tippy, "did the battalion ever find room in this place?"

But recalling how his platoon had been hived up in the barn adjoining old Raoul Roulin's house, he understood.

He looked for some familiar face. But seven years is a long time. He was not sure he saw one. A faint trace of familiarity in the gait of this saboted old man and that aproned old woman. But nothing to act upon.

"I'll go up to Roulin's farm," he decided.

Roulin's farm was on the other side of the village; an enormous, for France, holding of eighteen acres.

"That old coot ought to be around still," thought Tippy as he climbed the hill. "And I'll bet if I asked him the price of eggs he'd still say three francs apiece. He certainly was a highbinder."

At the top of the hill the green vista of rural France stretched away to the communal woods. And quite close at hand was Roulin's squat house. But Tippy did not advance toward that as he had intended. He stood, instead, staring at a horse, hitched to a harrow, plodding dismally along the near field, ahead of no less a driver than old Three-Francs Roulin.

He paid no attention to Roulin, however, although that bent, walnut-faced old peasant looked toward him with a sour recognition. It was the horse which filled his eye.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Why Call It a Coach?"

Asked the dealers when they saw this remarkable car

THEY couldn't understand! "Why call it a coach—why confuse it with lower priced closed cars?" asked the dealers at a recent Studebaker meeting. "Surely it would be better to name it the Special Six Coupe."

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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

July 18th

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

(Continued from Page 72)

He took an incredulous step, and a second, and a third, halting after each to scowl. He checked up on the white spot in the horse's forehead, and upon the white hind feet, dirty now from dragging through plowed ground.

He was still checking over the manifest evidences of identity, refusing to believe the witness of his own eyes, when the horse spun around and came trotting toward the road, awkwardly, because of the weight of the harrow, but resolutely.

Then the horse neighed, a shrill long fluttering cry of joy.

"Fiddlefoot!" Tippy yelled, and his hat went onto the ground. "Fiddlefoot! You darned old crow bait!"

There, where the road and the field met, he flung his arms around Fiddlefoot's neck, and Fiddlefoot lived up to his name, teetering on one leg after another, snorting, thrusting a warm tremulous muzzle into Tippy's face.

"Why, Fiddlefoot!" Tippy drew back. "You old 'leven-year-old clodhopper! You're a horse yet!"

Hairless, where an unscientific harness had rubbed along rump and shoulder, ragged for lack of the currying which Three-Francs Roulin believed horses were better without, scrawny from lack of food which Three-Francs Roulin doled out in minimum quantities, Fiddlefoot was, indeed, still a horse. His bay length was strong, his back was flat and straight, his broad chest was full, his four legs reached down all square to the ground.

Tippy felt him over. There was a spavin on the nigh hind leg that hadn't been there before. And the off hind foot showed signs of a severe stone cut. But apart from that, Fiddlefoot was still a horse.

Only after he had finished his inspection of love did he become aware of Roulin at the roadside, his mouth puckering suspiciously.

Tippy's greeting to the farmer was brief and not overly warm. He still harbored memories of the three-franc eggs and the wee bundles of faggots bought at a franc and a half each.

"Say!" he demanded then. "How come you own this horse?"

"Bought him," said Roulin briefly.

The farmer had a smattering of doughboy American and his weeks in France had served to recall to Tippy a considerable store of his doughboy French, so the two had little difficulty in making themselves understood.

"By golly," said Tippy thoughtfully. "You always did fancy Fiddlefoot, didn't you?"

Roulin said nothing. Tippy looked at Fiddlefoot.

"And you always did say we were wasting time, cleaning our horses so much," he said critically.

Roulin's silent desire was, plainly, to get back to his harrowing.

"How come you bought Fiddlefoot?" Tippy demanded, disregardful.

"Sale," Roulin answered shortly. "Gondrecourt." He had, he went on, gone there meaning to buy no other horse than Fiddlefoot. And buy Fiddlefoot he had.

"You poor old crow bait!" Tippy murmured to Fiddlefoot in American. "I'll bet you've had a helluva time with this guy these last seven years."

Fiddlefoot, his vocal joy abated, began to nuzzle Tippy again.

"By golly," Tippy exclaimed. "I ain't going today after all. Paris can wait. Here!" he said to Roulin. "Me and you can do some business. How about renting me Fiddlefoot for a day? Say this afternoon and all of tomorrow?"

Roulin shrugged. The implication was that he would agree to the proposal if the price was right. But that, to Tippy, was of small consequence, and the bargain was struck at once.

"Now," Tippy addressed Fiddlefoot, "for the first time in seven years you're going to know what it is to be clean and, I guess, have a bellyful."

Tippy was recognized in the course of the afternoon. Word got about at once that the American had paid Roulin an unbelievable price for the rent of a horse for a day and a half. And the laughter was general when it developed that he was spending his first half day in cleaning the animal.

The laughter changed to something like admiration when Tippy led Fiddlefoot forth from the stable next morning. Satin coat of brown, snow-white feet, blackened hoofs, combed mane, untangled hair, and fresh clean pink nostrils. That was the new Fiddlefoot, as hard to recognize in the horse of yesterday as a tramp thoroughbred dog is to be recognized in the immaculate creature on the prize-winner's bench.

"You look a little bony, old boy," Tippy regretted, "and I couldn't get you rid of that spavin in a million years. But you certainly are all horse. I got a lady horse back home that'd be a twin for you. And I'll bet if I had you there, the two of you'd make a team hard to beat."

That day Tippy enjoyed himself for the first time since coming to France. Astride Fiddlefoot, he jogged to all his old haunts. With Fiddlefoot these gained the expected charm. They were exactly as memory had pictured them. There was the crossroad where he and the lieutenant had sat for a whole day in the rain, pretending to be a machine-gun company in one of the skeleton maneuvers which no member of the Post-Armistice A. E. F. will ever forget. There they had sat, drenched, waiting for the brigade commander to advance in attack. But the brigade commander was in an estaminet comfortably damning higher commanders who ordered such maneuvers.

"Remember that, Fiddlefoot?" Tippy asked. "Remember how I gave you half my bread?"

Fiddlefoot swung his head around and lipped in pretended temper at Tippy's foot.

"Be a son-of-a-gun if I leave tonight," Tippy said when he returned to gray-walled, red-roofed, dusty Biencourt. "Roulin," he said, "I'm going to hire this horse another day."

Roulin shrugged and held out his hand.

That evening, wiping Fiddlefoot down with the main section of a shirt torn apart for that purpose, Tippy suddenly drew up short.

He slapped his leg with a slow thoughtful action and frowned into his favorite's long face. He saw then—at least he assured himself that he saw—the explanation of Fiddlefoot's incessant nuzzling, his eager fluttering greetings, his anxious watchfulness. Fiddlefoot, too, was out of place and uneasy this far from home. Fiddlefoot was homesick too.

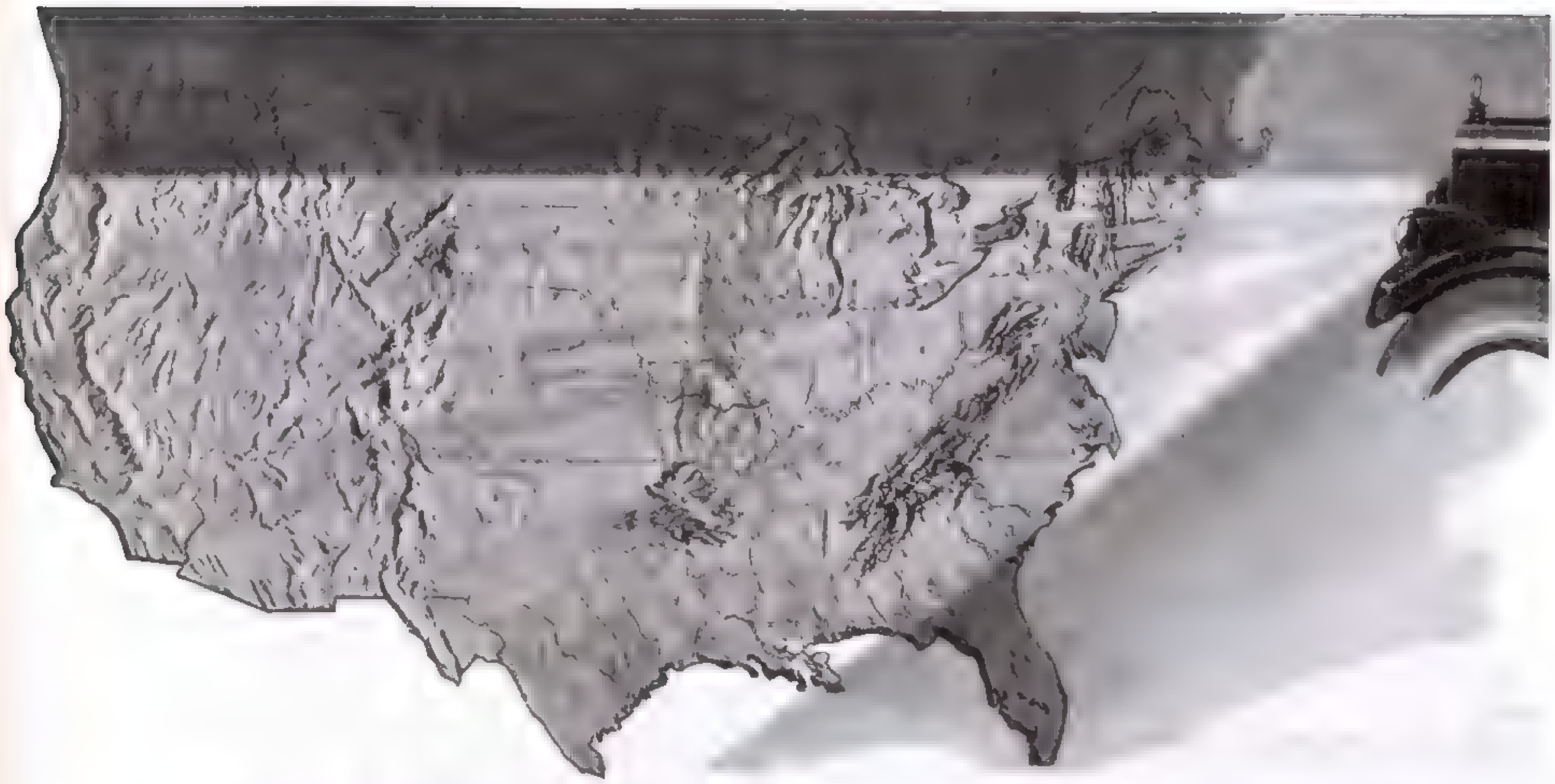
And why shouldn't he be homesick? How, indeed, could he help being homesick? How could any sensible horse be satisfied with this miniature, precisely patterned country, with its impossibly bright green fields, its amazingly white roads, its unlivable stone barns, after once knowing the joy of a Minnesota farm?

Tippy slapped his knee again, this time with a quick decisive gesture.

"Fiddlefoot!" he cried, watching the horse's big bluish-brown eyes. "Fiddlefoot! You old son-of-a-gun, you! I'm going to do more than stay another day. I'm going to buy you. That's what. I'll team you up with Honoria, and if I don't get a lot of work out of the two of you I'll eat my shirt."

The plan, once conceived, became rapidly attractive. Such a horse as Fiddlefoot oughtn't to call for a very heavy price. And he was sound, so there couldn't be any difficulty in getting him out of the country. True, the expense of shipment across the Atlantic would be an item of consequence. But that, Tippy decided quickly, could be arranged. He would cancel his first-class passage and go as Fiddlefoot's groom. Thus he would need take comparatively little out of his Paris fund. Of course, the Paris fund would be considerably cut down. But instead of two weeks in the city of his dreams he would spend one.

(Continued on Page 76)



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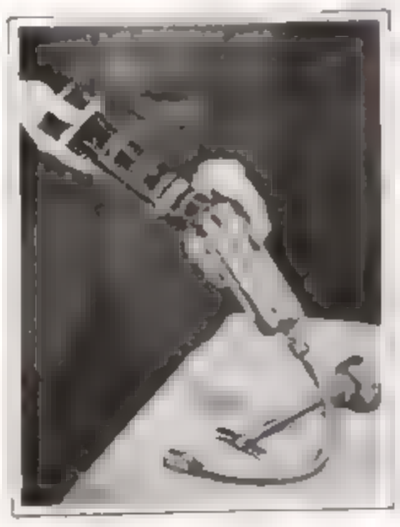

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(Continued from Page 74)

He gave Fiddlefoot a last rub with the shirt end and hurried up the hill, through the bright evening, to Roulin's.

The master of the Ferme Roulin was at his evening meal. He sat before a plain wooden table with a great bowl of rice and meat and a pot of black coffee in front of him. Opposite sat his small, bent, walnut-faced, meek wife.

"I want to buy Fiddlefoot," Tippy announced from the doorway, without ceremony.

Roulin pushed his eyebrows up into his gray hair and his mouth up against his long bleak nose. He was registering indifference but his eyes sharpened.

"How much?" Tippy demanded, knowing the signs of old. "How much, cash on the nail?"

That being made clear, Roulin began to wave his long arms. He loved Fiddlefoot, it developed. And he didn't know where he could get another horse as good. Furthermore, Mère Roulin loved Fiddlefoot. Furthermore, there were nephews and nieces and relations untold, and they all loved Fiddlefoot. Furthermore, Roulin took pride in giving a good home to an animal which had come from overseas to do its bit in the war.

"Oh, cut it out!" Tippy insisted impatiently.

Well, if it had to be, it had to be. The price was—so much.

"What?" shouted Tippy. "Why, say! You're full of prunes! You're crazy with the heat! Three horses in this country ain't worth that much. Talk sense!"

He shouted the more loudly because, deep inside him, a small hard something like a ball of ice was forming. The Paris trip would be impossible if he had to pay such a price.

"You're full of prunes!" he shouted again. "Talk sense, will you?"

The price, Roulin insisted, was just that. Not a franc less. No, not a centime. Was a man to have no recompense for parting with a loved animal?

"I won't pay it," Tippy said flatly, and walked out of the house. He walked angrily, sullenly, back to the little Hôtel du Commerce.

"My bill," he barked at the landlord. "Bill. Understand, you old frog? *L'addition.* Maybe that'll get you. Have it ready in the morning. And get me a rig. I'm leaving."

He slept badly, but his determination held.

Pay that Roulin the price of three horses for one? Give up his Paris trip? Nach Paris. That was what his suitcase read. That was the slogan he would follow.

But when he got outside, in the sunlit morning, he saw Roulin on the top of the hill, just turning Fiddlefoot into the field, and his resolution weakened.

"I'll ride with the old boy another day," he said.

"No wagon. No want," he snapped to the gaping driver. "Je nuh desire pah voiture. Compree?"

That day he rode with Fiddlefoot slowly, in farewell. That night he decided on one more try.

"Be decent," he begged to Roulin. "Make a price I can pay."

The price was still—so much. Not a centime less.

"You go to hell," said Tippy.

"Have that rig ready in the morning," he barked at the landlord. "And my bill."

He slept less well, but in the morning he settled his account and climbed stubbornly into the wagon. He rode to the foot of the long hill leading out of the village. There, abruptly, he leaped out and took up his bag with the Nach Paris inscription.

"I'm waiting over a day," he said to the driver. "Have the rig ready tomorrow." The driver gaped. "Voiture," Tippy said. "Demain matin. Compree?"

That day he took Fiddlefoot out into the country and sat down and talked to him. He didn't ride except on the short trip out and the equal trip back.

"You'll have one day of rest to remember," he said as he left him. Then, pausing at the stable door, he turned doggedly into Roulin's house. "One more try won't hurt."

The price was still—so much. Not a centime less.

"You dirty robber!" Tippy said. "Try and get it." And next morning the force of his indignation and the lure of Paris stayed with him and gave him strength all the way up the long hill. At the crest he looked back.

"This certainly is a helluva place to leave a good horse," he said to himself.

The driver checked his own animal.

"Go on," snapped Tippy. "What you stopping for? Go on."

The driver chirruped to his nag.

"Stop!"

"Demain?" inquired the driver with a grin.

"No," yelled Tippy. "Not demain! Now! Maintenant! Get that? Turn that old crowbait of yours around. Back to the village. Retournez-vous. Compree?

"I'll just say good-by," he explained to himself apologetically as he rode down the hill. He blew his nose fiercely. "Darned dust!" he said, and rubbed his handkerchief over his eyes. The dust continued irritating. He rubbed his eyes several times before the wagon drew up at Roulin's door.

To his surprise Roulin hadn't taken Fiddlefoot out to work. The horse was in front of the house with the heavy harness upon him, but Roulin was, amazingly, loitering inside.

"Just come to say good-by, Fiddlefoot," Tippy said haltingly as he stumbled out of the wagon.

Roulin came out.

"For the last time," Tippy burst forth, turning upon the old peasant. "For the last time, make me a price." His words came out pop-pop-pop, like shots from the machine gun he had fired during the war. His bony face was white and wretched. This was, he thought again, a helluva place to leave a good horse.

The price was still—so much.

Tippy glared, flung out his hands in a gesture of finality and turned back to the wagon.

Then Fiddlefoot whinnied.

Tippy turned. He glared again at Roulin. With a different but no less final air, he reached slowly into his pocket and brought out the book of traveler's checks he had saved for Paris.

Carefully, with his fountain pen, he countersigned one, two, three and on until there remained only the thin sufficiency for the passage back home.

"All I hope," he said in a solemn portentous voice when he had given these to Roulin in return for a bill of sale, "is that you buy eau de vie and die in forty fits."

He climbed back into the wagon and drew Fiddlefoot's halter after him. Then, as an afterthought, he got out and straddled the glistening back.

"You've got to begin earning your way from now on," he growled. "I certainly paid too much to let you loaf."

He reached into the wagon, pulled up his suitcase, threw the driver one of France's tissue-paper bank notes and so, ambling, started down Roulin's hill. He went through the village and began the long climb up the hill which led to the distant station at Joire.

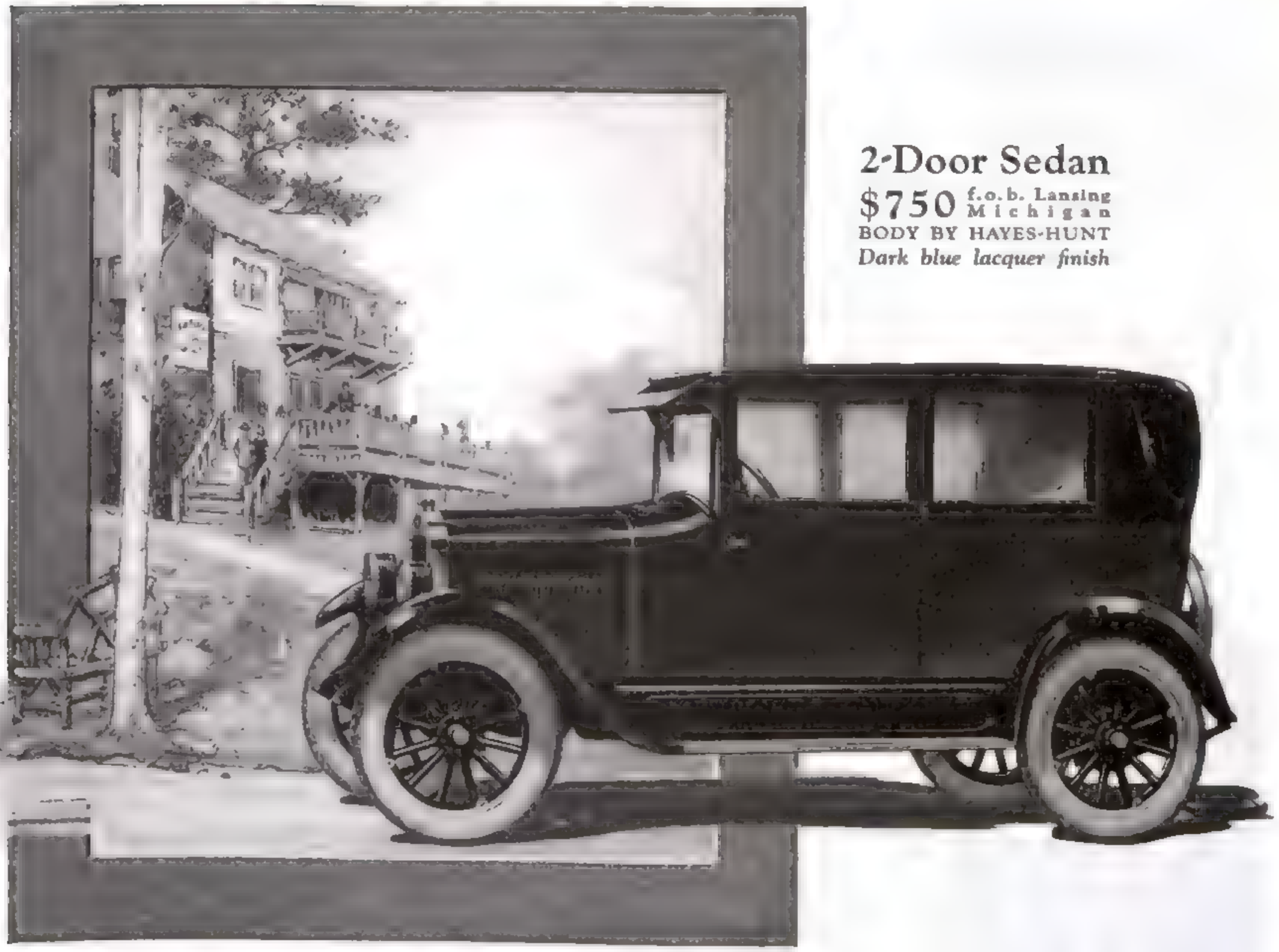
Staring bitterly here and there and yet all the time patting Fiddlefoot's neck in a pleasure more deeply rooted than regret, he caught sight of a painter dressing up the sign of the little Hôtel du Commerce.

"Whoa!" he yelled, and leaped down.

He caught a brush from the paint pot of the painter, drew two bright yellow lines through the first word of his suitcase slogan, and wrote a new word beneath. Then, with the suitcase, he climbed back aboard Fiddlefoot. He chuckled, thinking of the story he would have to tell on the way back home.

Riding along, he held the suitcase carefully away so that he would not smear by contact the sign which now read:

Nix Paris.



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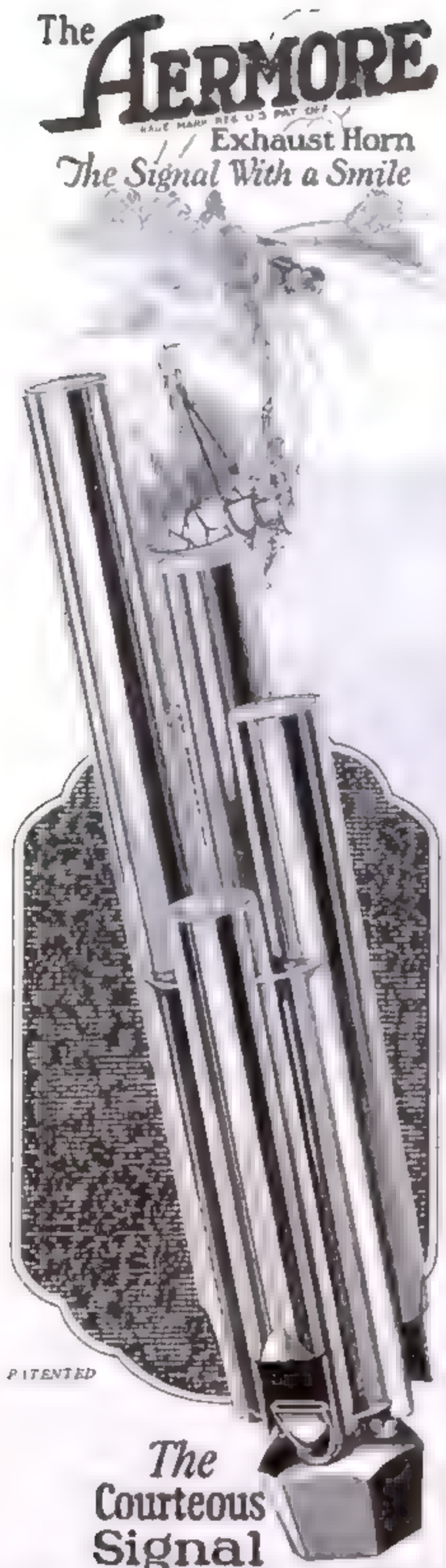

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ARE WOMEN COUNTING IN POLITICS?

The reason she was of no use in the meeting was because it was a conference of factions, and no leader with the whole control of the party in question would be willing to trust his case in her hands. He would figure that no woman could possibly hold her own against the other men, and possibly he would be right. It is for such reasons that women are not found in the inner councils. For instance, a committee is formed. In the interest of harmony every faction must be represented. Each faction names a man. If women are added to this committee it must be doubled so that the voting power of factions is equalized or one faction or another is the gainer and equilibrium destroyed. In the meantime women wonder why there are no women on the committee and feel aggrieved.

This was the reason there was not an equal number of men and women in 1924 on the arrangements committees for the national conventions of either of the large political parties. Those committees were made up of representatives of the various groups in the party; in the Democratic Party the factions being divided over candidates, in the Republican Party over the platform.

Another point always kept in mind when forming committees is to distribute the memberships so that all parts of the country are represented. Of course the men are chosen first, because men do the choosing. It is not considered advisable that there should be both a woman and a man from one state, while other states have no representative, so the choice of women is limited to those from states from which no man has already been chosen. This handicaps the efficiency of the women, for perhaps the very ablest women live in the very states already represented by men.

I can hear some feminist exclaim, "But why do men do the choosing?" And the answer is because in politics, as in property, possession is nine-tenths of the law. The men occupy the offices, they know the ropes, they know what they want. Usually men in politics always want something.

If pinned down to give the chief reason why men do the choosing, I should answer offhand, "Because the men know what they want and the women do not." The men have a definite objective; in other words, something to put over; and the women just a hazy vague idea of counting or of improving politics. When a person wants something definite—a nomination, an appointment, a contract—he tries to get it; and in that attempt he develops a machine, he tries tactics, strives for control, and then he is in politics, whether he started out to be or not.

Brains Camouflaged With Charm

To women complaining that they are not consulted I've often said:

"But men do not go about consulting other men. They know what they want and go after it. If they come into conflict with other men wanting the same thing, they consult those men; or if they need the help of other men to get this something, they consult them. When the men find you in their way or that they need you, they will consult."

There is really no reason why some woman should not make up her mind to want something and go after it, for she has as much right to take the initiative as any man. And the right sort of women could get away with it, just as Nancy Astor has.

I say this, well knowing that taking the initiative would be far harder for any woman than for any man: harder because, as I've said, the mechanism is built according to the habits of men and she would have to be an inventor and devise her own. And harder because the machine is now manned by the men who resent woman leadership and are at the same time a little afraid of it, so that she would have either to capture

Counted Out

(Continued from Page 7)

the machine or build a new one. And even though her opportunity to appeal for followers, to obtain publicity, to deposit votes at every place inside and outside the party organization is now equal to a man's, it will always be harder for a woman than for a man to start something so long as the world and his wife expects nothing of a woman except following her leader and awaits expectantly new man leadership.

There is another difficulty before any woman who goes after something in politics. It lies in her own temperament. Unless she is determined, aggressive, feeling herself the equal of all comers and called to leadership, she has little chance for success in a political contest; and yet so fixed is the ideal of the clinging-vine type that that sort of woman antagonizes half her prospective following at the outset. That is where Nancy Astor has the drop on most women. For she is able to cloak these qualities of leadership beneath such charm as to disarm all opposition.

The Professional Route

Here is a very rare combination, and the women with it are not often attracted to politics, for there are easier ways for them to attain what they want. Such women have governed countries in the past without casting a vote or going into politics, and doubtless will again.

But there is developing another type of woman leader. Judge Florence Allen is one of the best, as she is one of the most outstanding examples of it. And another as distinguished and brilliant is the Assistant Attorney-General, Mabel Willebrandt. These women found their way into politics through their professional work. Taking up the study and practice of law, they made a mark for themselves, not as women but as individuals. When therefore Florence Allen, the lawyer who had won the respect and admiration of the bar of her city, appeared before the electorate of her state as a candidate for judge of the supreme court, her candidacy was accorded the same consideration as that of any man on the ticket; and she was elected not as a woman but as a lawyer.

When the Third Assistant Attorney-General was named it was desired that a woman should fill this place. But it was also desired that that woman should be a good lawyer. Though Mabel Willebrandt does therefore to some extent owe her appointment to the fact that she is a woman, she owes it more to her professional excellence.

Though these women are not lacking in tact or delicacy, their professional excellence was to them what Lady Astor's charm was to her; such an antidote—shall we say?—for their qualities of leadership that even United States senators could suffer them with equanimity. I have noticed other cases in which men's natural resentment against women holding political positions or engaged in political activity gave way before their recognition of intellectual or professional excellence.

One night a politician of the old school was forced, much against his will, to listen to a former president of the National League of Women Voters give her annual report. He had never heard and doubtless never seen a woman of Maud Wood Park's type on the public platform. Even after he was free to go he lingered; and when the meeting adjourned he said to me, with something between awe and amazement in his voice: "Why, that's a smart woman! Why, that was a wonderful speech! Why, she knows what she is talking about!" I venture the hazard that, hard-boiled as he is, Mrs. Park will always win from him respectful attention. He might even vote for her.

Such cases as these indicate to me the route by which women will finally arrive in politics—namely, through professional excellence or a success in the business world, which, after all, is the way most men come into politics.

These professional and business women will want something that politics can give them and they will go after it. Does this mean the obliteration of all our hopes that woman's entrance into politics would improve conditions? Does it mean that women will respond only to selfish appeals? My short experience with political work has cured me forever of theoretic conclusions, so that I shall not attempt to prophesy. What I deal in now is facts, and the data before us is encouraging rather than otherwise.

Take the case of Judge Florence Allen. I happened to be in her state during the campaign and was told this story. At a meeting of the Democratic workers in some small town a woman asked the county chairman, "How about Florence Allen? She is a Democrat. Can't we work for her?"

The county chairman thought a moment and then he said, "I admire Miss Allen very much, just as you do; but she had a chance in the primaries to get the Democratic nomination and she refused to take it, preferring to run as an independent. If you vote for her you will probably divide the Democratic vote and a Republican will win. As a good Democrat you should vote for Blank, who is backed by the organization. Miss Allen can't win as an independent and your vote will just lose us a Democrat on the bench. Next time Miss Allen can go into the primary and be the only Democrat running."

The woman made no answer.

Credits to the Women's Account

After the meeting the chairman asked my friend, "Did I make the right answer about Miss Allen?"

My friend said to him:

"I am a stranger to your state laws; but I am willing to hazard a guess that while they attempt to make your judiciary nonpartisan, the parties have got around it some way so that in reality you run a Democrat and a Republican against each other, and that the reason Miss Allen is running as an independent is not because she was afraid of a primary but because she believes in a nonpartisan judiciary. Am I right?" He shamefacedly acknowledged that she probably was. She continued: "Well, I am not more intelligent than these women. They know the law and I don't. What I could guess, I imagine they know. I'll wager that they will vote for Florence Allen."

They did, together with many men who also believed in the nonpartisan judiciary. So that Florence Allen, while going after a judgeship for herself, also went after something for the state that the men candidates had not. I put the candidacy and election of Florence Allen therefore on the credit side of what women have done with the vote.

Take the case of Mabel Willebrandt. As Assistant Attorney-General, she has been fearless in her prosecution of the cases against the violators of the Eighteenth Amendment. She has not hesitated to speak to the American Bar Association as to its attitude toward the enforcement of this law. She has pushed investigations against great opposition. She has kept on when others have given up. It is probably not too much to say that she has done more toward law enforcement than any other six or seven persons charged with it. While getting something for herself, she has also got something for the state. I put her work also on the credit side of this account.

Whether this disinclination on the part of men to accept women unless they are very

(Continued on Page 81)

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(Continued from Page 78)

superior, and on the part of the people to accept them unless they favor some special policy, eliminates all other women, or whether only women of that type aspire, I cannot say. I merely point out the facts. It does not take a Solomon to see that if only a few such women are elected to office, some of that improvement that the chivalrous males desired women's suffrage to bring about will be forthcoming. Incidentally, what would happen if the women's vote should fix the same standards for men officials?

It is also in the range of possibilities that some of these women who want things for the common good—and there are such women, as well as such men—will some of these days want them bad enough to wage a campaign for the power that can get these things for the people. The time may come—who knows?—when some woman may feel that she will have a better chance for getting through some measure by making a campaign for election to a governorship, discussing her measure on the campaign platform or stump, and if successful working for it as an official, than by advocating it before the Federation of Clubs or the League of Women Voters, receiving an indorsement of it and then soliciting the legislature as a legislative chairman of that organization. In such a case one woman would have found her way into politics.

Real and Nominal Leaders

In this connection one may surely note the fact that all the women who have been appointed to public positions—such as Mrs. Gardener to the Civil Service Commission, Miss Abbott to the Children's Bureau, Miss Anderson to the Woman's Bureau, Miss Stanley to the Home Economics Bureau, Mrs. Brueggeman to the Workman's Compensation Commission, Mrs. Taylor to the Rent Commission—have raised rather than lowered the average rate of public ability. It is surely something that, so far at least, the women receiving political recognition are on the whole of a higher type than men achieving corresponding position. It is from women such as these that we shall get our real woman leadership. A leader must lead some place, and these women have an objective.

In the meantime nominal political leadership of women is vested in women like myself who hold chairmanships in the political parties, and we are stopped by our very political positions from being leaders. For we are not women who have won followers because we stand for their ideas and they believe we can realize their ideal for them. We are agents for our party, to do its bidding and to elect its nominees. Since all power is in the hands of the men in the party, we are agents of these men and can hold our positions only if we give satisfaction to them. Those of us who went into these parties with an idea that we should be enabled thereby to make women's contribution to politics are in the untenable position of trying to serve the men at the same time we attempt to thwart them. If we stay we must win the women to the men's viewpoint; if we justify ourselves to ourselves we must win the men to the women's.

There are women inside the party who understand our position and will support us. But there are many more who do not. Most of them feel that a party is something like a fighting machine in which each one takes her station and does what she is told. Such an attitude, you may be sure, has not been discouraged by the men in command. Naturally, the men prefer those women who strive to please them and see that positions of authority are held by that type whenever possible.

Sometimes they choose the dovelike wives of politicians, thinking they will be amenable to suggestion. Not so often as one might hope for. I say "hope for," because a slight experience with the political manners of men often transforms one of these sweet little doves into a veritable feminist. If we could get more of the wives into that frame of mind, startling changes in the masculine attitude might ensue.

There is, for instance, the case of the antisuffragist whose father had been an old-line politician. The members of the committee thought that she would be just the woman to lead the women for them. She had their viewpoint and none of these crazy notions about women in politics; she knew the game and was as clever as could be. They chose her as the woman leader. Their choice was excellent from the standpoint of efficiency. She did know the game. She led the women. She even picked a husband from the men leaders. But alas and alack for the men! When they forgot to consult her, to ask her opinion, and began to do things over her head; when they named to another high position without even consulting her her own worst enemy—this girl discovered a resentment at the way she was treated that was far keener than that of the feared militant suffragist. She started out to organize a club of women to fight the machine, for "it's the only way we can make the men pay attention to us," she said.

Sometimes the men choose women who are ambitious for a political job.

"If only," one politician said to me, "we can make the women want a job or an office, or run for a nomination, they will do what we say."

In some of the old suffrage states—that is, where they have had suffrage a long time—that is the way the machines have worked it. They have given the women who hold the political committeeships positions in some of the state offices. Therefore their interests are tied to those of the men's machines, and those women who want to do something in the way of making women's contribution to politics cry in vain for leadership.

There is the other type of ambitious women, those who want their husbands named to diplomatic positions, those who want to see their names on the front pages of the newspapers, those who think it may open some social doors to them. The politicians have not been slow to make the most of these ambitions and tie such women to their apron strings. Along with this list goes that of the women who are mere figureheads—that is, who are wives of some men of prominence.

Women With Brains Not Wanted

Often when a man is asked to name a committee of men and women you will find that the women appearing thereon are the wives of well-known men, and possibly unknown to women as leaders. These men ofttimes do not even know the names of other women or they do not stop to think. I recall one instance when a man undertook to frame a financial committee without consulting a woman. He had some men bankers and the wives of other bankers. He said that he thought this would please their husbands and so they would contribute. When it was pointed out to him that the bonds that had been sold during the war by women had not been sold by the wives of bankers but by women who canvassed women and knew the women to canvass, he was interested, but not converted.

There is even the unique instance of the woman who sought a committeeship because she wanted to punish a woman with whom she was having a feud by aligning herself with her friend's political enemies.

It is impossible to blink the crude fact that the men do not want women of brains about, if possible to avoid it. From the man who, clapping his hands to his head as he listened to a woman who was speaking at a state convention, declared in shocked tones to his next-door neighbor "She's got brains in there!" to the United States senator who when taxed with his unfriendliness to a woman employe in the party's office said "She's a smart woman; keep out of her way"—they don't like to have them around. And so even when they occasionally get a woman into the organization who has ability and could be a leader, they leave her alone.

I have yet to learn a single thing about politics or about organization from any man I've met in politics or worked with or under in my political organization. When I began my apprenticeship I thought that they would treat me as an apt pupil and suggest what I should do and how I might do it, correct me in my mistakes and advise me as to improvement. For a long time I awaited instructions. They never came. Then I made plans and submitted them. There was no reply. Finally I began to urge my plans. Occasionally I got permission to put them into operation, but so seldom that after a while I made my plans and carried them out by indirect means, just as the wife whose husband is not fair about money matters finds ways to get what she needs.

All this, of course, reduces the position of the partisan woman leader to that of vassalage. It is no wonder therefore that it has not attracted more of these women who might have developed into real political powers. Why should these women subject themselves to slights, insults? Why push themselves where they are not wanted? Why gratuitously solicit the contempt and animosity of the men? The diary of any woman in such a position would make interesting reading if she recorded frankly her own reaction to the treatment which she received. That the men who give it are not aware that it is given does not soften its effect.

Keeping in Step With the Machine

It cannot be offered in rebuttal that men in the same positions serving a like apprenticeship receive the same treatment, because they do not. But if they did, they have an incentive to serve in the fact that they may aspire to the leadership itself; that in time they may exchange the position of slave for that of master; and in the meantime there are emoluments and perquisites not now available to the women, such as patronage, approval, gratitude, nominations.

Of course, there are exceptions to this state of things. And queerly enough, these exceptions are to be found in those political organizations that are regarded as the most autocratic. More than one hard-boiled political boss has had the wit to choose a woman who could lead women, give her a position of some authority, consult her and train her. And verily great is his reward.

Of course, the nonpartisan, independent women scorn these machine women who take orders. But they are made to feel at home; they are given the same rewards as are given to the men; they have secured what the others never get—opportunity. Some of these days some of these women will be giving orders as well as taking them. I venture that women will be getting into politics by that thoroughfare long before their sisters who condemn them. And I'm not hopeless that some of these women may develop real leadership. You want to keep your eye on that new woman congressman from New Jersey, for instance. True, she was nominated and elected by one of the New Jersey bosses. True, she is a machine woman who has come up step by step by obeying orders. But bosses need popular candidates. And the time comes when the candidate, if big enough and strong enough, can make some terms for himself. He may even come to lead the boss. The boss opened the door, but he may not be able to shut it. The same boss gave New Jersey a good governor. Perhaps he has given this woman an opportunity to be a credit to all women. This we do know: Any man who could be elected to this place would have had to come the same way. And it is worth noting that in making his selection the boss chose a woman with a background of welfare work well done, of keen sympathy with the unhappy and unfortunate, with a record for efficient administration, a reputation for strict honesty. Would he or his electorate have required as much from a man candidate? If not, isn't she bringing something to the office?

-LESS

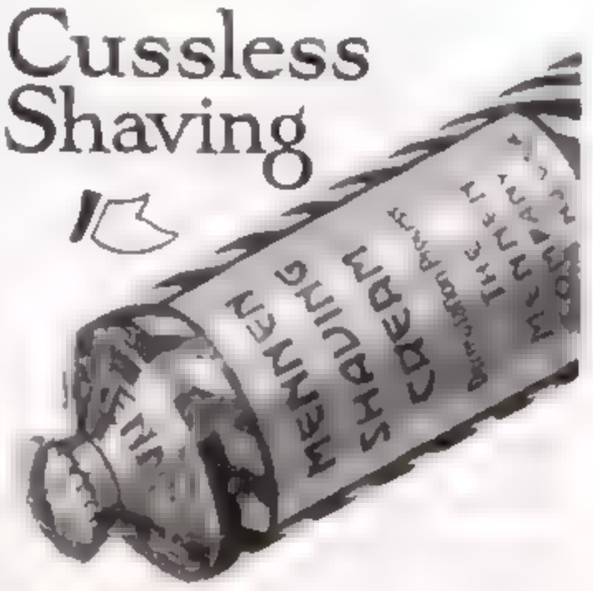
Noiseless Typewriter

Tasteless Castor Oil

Seedless Orange

Wireless Talking

Cussless Shaving



EVEN with heatless water Mennen Shaving Cream creates limitless lather with effortless ease.

Dermutation makes each tough whisker spineless—defenseless before the razor.

The result: painless shaving and priceless comfort. A peerless buy at 50c.

Jim Henry

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

The Hero of the War

EVER since the War was over Nations have been arguing over "Who won it." And if the discussion is not stopped we may have to have another War just to decide who won the last one. If we ever do go into another War, have it understood there is to be a Referee, and at the finish he is to announce "Who Won and how much." In the last War we paid Transportation both ways, and rental on the grounds, and now all England and France say is, "We didn't get there soon enough." Germany dont seem to ever have uttered any complaint on the lateness of our arrival, so that just shows you, you cant please everybody, even for Humanitys sake. I must bring the word "Bull" Durham in this even if I have to drag it in by the horns. It just struck me, and after careful examination of complaints and statistics, I find that "Bull" Durham was the only thing connected with America during the War that France and England havent been able to criticise. It must be good.

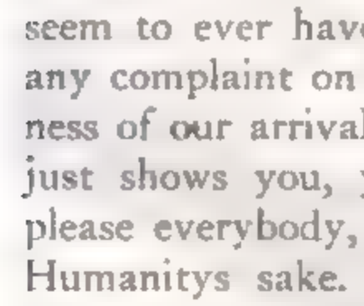
Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobaccowas born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents



"BULL" DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

The whole blame, if blame there be, for keeping women out of politics must not be laid upon the men. Women also are responsible. If men have urged women not to go near the water, too many of the women have been afraid of getting wet. Aye, the very women who want to do something with their vote! While men have kept women from places of power, these women have thought they could be most effective standing on the water's edge pleading with the men therein to give them what they want.

I refer to the national organizations of women. These women are still employing the tactics which women used before they had the vote. They are as earnest as the most hard-boiled politician to keep the things they want out of politics, and for the same reason—because it will hurt their organization, bring discord into it.

I am not criticizing these organizations. They perform many useful functions; among them that of sponsoring welfare legislation. But I cannot fail to note that their utter divorcement of what they want from their political activity has reassured the men in politics and weakened the position of women.

Four years ago politicians and legislators felt that these organizations represented a potential voting strength. So fearful were they of this strength that a presidential candidate undertook to remedy his party's negligence by promising his personal support to a measure promoted by the women's organizations.

Nothing like that happened during the last campaign. Indeed, women proponents of women's measures received scant attention by the platform committees of the 1924 national conventions and even less attention from presidential nominees. For practical politicians have come to realize that these measures advocated by women have no pulling power, that they do not draw any women's votes.

These organizations say they want a World Court, for instance. But it is doubtful if the votes of fifty of their numbers are influenced by that desire. These organizations want a child-labor amendment. It will be interesting to see how many state legislators who opposed ratification are defeated by women's votes. Certainly none of the organizations favoring ratification are urging the defeat of its enemies.

Ignoring Party Labels

I would not go so far as to suggest that these organizations should do on a national scale what was done in a small county in Iowa; but a very few such historic instances would have a most salutary effect on the men in politics. In the county referred to, the League of Women Voters has nine thousand members. This county is normally Republican, but last fall it elected Democratic commissioners. These Democratic commissioners had been approved by the league because the Republican machine put up candidates the women did not feel they could support. Indicating how nonpartisan were their sympathies, the same league the next spring approved certain Republican councilmen because the Democratic ones were "unsuitable." The county league issues a bulletin to all its members and goes actively into campaigns. The interesting thing to a politician is the fact that the county chairman of the league is also the woman vice chairman of the Republican County Committee.

"But didn't they defeat you? Didn't they discard you when you worked against Republican nominees?" I asked.

"They couldn't. I'm stronger than they are. I defeated their men by the very votes that would stand by me. No, they can't defeat me."

Doubtless there are more cases like this than we know scattered up and down the land.

As a woman who works inside a party because I believe that I can work more effectively for good government there, I could wish for more such cases, for they constitute my best talking point when arguing with party men for good candidates and good measures. The best ally a woman who wants to make her party better can ask is a group of women like this outside her party.

Whenever I think of what women can do in politics, I think of a little group of women in a Mid-Western city known as the Three Musketeers. Opposed to and by the city machine which named its own women to the official committees and voted them, these three women have made themselves a political power. They have done it almost altogether by the clever use of publicity. With their ears so close to the ground that not even a grass whisper gets by them, they have more than once got a first-page story that shattered the fair dream of some politician. At last it has dawned on these politicians that their only safety lies in consulting and sewing up these women, and it is the women who have made the terms.

It is something that a few women here, there, are showing themselves worthy of political confidence, a few gaining it, a few winning it from the men.

Two Ways of Getting In

Do I despair of women ever getting into politics? Not at all. In spite of all I've said of discouragement, in spite of the hostility of the men in politics, in spite of the aversion of many women to politics, slowly we are on our way.

There are but two ways to get into politics, men or women. One is to serve an apprenticeship inside the organization, and many women are doing that. I think of a secretary of a state committee who is recognized by the chairman and every man on it as an expert in organization. Though policy is still dictated by the inside clique, it could not be put into operation without this woman. Its success depends on her. A good woman secretary or publicity expert is nothing new. There have always been in political organizations, as in business offices, women who did the work. What is new is that these women may some of these days discover ambitions for a reward or even leadership. And from this method, as I've shown, women may come into politics.

The other way is to build up a personal following outside the machine, to take the initiative, to father or mother a movement and either to buck the machine or force it to accept you. Though this may mean intraparty conflict, it is often done.

I think of many women who may some day qualify for such an entry. There is the wife of a leader who has recently died. I asked a man high in her party councils if the party was going to recognize her as a leader.

"We've got to," he said, "whether we want to or not. She can take what she wants."

I think of another woman whose husband is a leader. By her fearless spokesmanship of the women in state conventions, in the press she is acquiring a following with which her leaders are bound in time to deal.

There is a Judge Allen and a Mabel Willebrandt. There is a Congressman Norton. There is a governor of Wyoming. In many places today there are women who have learned some of the things I have here set down. And many more have learned the technic of politics, if I may call it that. They are gaining confidence. Slights are rousing them to more assertiveness. Perhaps these seem feeble steps compared with the reforms expected by some ardent souls, but it is by such steps that progress is measured.

In spite of themselves, the men are getting used to us. Some of those who "just couldn't" have retired. Some of the older ones have passed on. And those who take their places do so by suffrage of women as well as of men.

If I should break my rule and prophesy, I should say that every year we shall hear less and less about women in politics and more and more women will be in it.

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A Look and a Ride Tell Most of the Story

Look at the lines, finish and trim of the Oldsmobile Six. Then compare Oldsmobile on these points with any car in its field—

That one test will win your enthusiastic favor for Oldsmobile beauty.

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OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Beauty
Performance
Price

Not one - - **But All Three**

SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 34)

Sam looked at him dizzily.

"You aren't –you can't by any chance be referring to Miss Derrick?"

"Of course I am referring to Miss Derrick."

So stupendous was Sam's amazement that anybody could describe what was probably the world's greatest and most beautiful romance as "becoming entangled with a girl" that he could only gape.

"I cabled to Mr. Pynsent, informing him of the circumstances and asking for instructions."

"You did what?" Sam's stupor of astonishment had passed away, whirled to the four winds on a tempestuous rush of homicidal fury. "You mean to tell me that you had the—the nerve—the insolence ——" He gulped. Being a young man usually quick to express his rare bursts of anger in terms of action, he looked longingly at Lord Tilbury, regretting that the latter's age and physique disqualified him as a candidate for assault and battery. "Do you mean to tell me ——" He swallowed rapidly. The thought of this awful little man spying upon Kay and smirching her with his loathly innuendoes made mere words inadequate.

"I informed Mr. Pynsent that you were conducting a clandestine love affair and asked him what I was to do."

To Sam, like some blessed inspiration, there came a memory of a scene that had occurred in his presence abaft the fiddley of the tramp steamer Araminta when that vessel was two days out of New York. A dreamy able-bodied seaman, thoughts of home or beer having temporarily taken his mind off his job, had chanced to wander backward onto the foot of the bos'n while the latter was crossing the deck with a full pot of paint in his hands. And the bos'n, recovering his breath, had condensed his feelings into two epithets so elastic and comprehensive that, while they were an exact description of the able-bodied seaman, they applied equally well to Lord Tilbury. Indeed, it seemed to Sam that they might have been invented expressly for Lord Tilbury's benefit.

A moment before, he had been deploring the inadequacy of mere words. But these were not mere words. They were verbal dynamite.

"You so-and-so!" said Sam. "You such-and-such!"

Sailors are toughened by early training and long usage to bear themselves phlegmatically beneath abuse. Lord Tilbury had had no such advantages. He sprang backward as if he had been smitten with an ax.

"You pernicious little bounder!" said Sam. He strode to the door and flung it open. "Get out!"

If ever there was an occasion on which a man might excusably have said "Sir!" this was it; and no doubt, had he been able to speak, this was the word which Lord Tilbury would have used. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since he had been addressed in this fashion to his face, and the thing staggered him.

"Get out!" repeated Sam. "What the devil," he inquired peevishly, "are you doing here, poisoning the air?"

Lord Tilbury felt no inclination to embark upon a battle of words in which he appeared to be in opposition to an expert. Dazedly he flapped out into the hall, the gray flannel trousers swirling about his feet. At the front door, however, it suddenly occurred to him that he had not yet fired the most important shell in his ammunition wagon. He turned at bay

"Wait!" he cried. "I may add ——"

"No, you mayn't," said Sam.

"I wish to add ——"

"Keep moving!"

"I insist on informing you," shouted Lord Tilbury plucking at the trousers with a nautical twitch, "of this one thing: Your uncle said in his cable that you were to take the next boat back to America."

It had not been Sam's intention to permit anything to shake the stern steeliness of his attitude, but this information did it. He stopped midway in an offensive sniff designed to afford a picturesque illustration of his view on the other's air-poisoning qualities and gazed at him blankly.

"Did he say that?"

"Yes, he did." Sam scratched his chin thoughtfully. Lord Tilbury began to feel a little better. "And," he continued, "as I should imagine that a young man of your intellectual attainments has little scope for making a living except by sponging on his rich relatives, I presume that you will accede to his wishes. In case you may still suppose that you are a member of the staff of Tilbury House, I will disabuse you of that view. You are not."

Sam remained silent; and Lord Tilbury, expanding and beginning to realize that there is nothing unpleasant about a battle of words provided that the battling is done in the right quarter, proceeded.

"I only engaged you as a favor to your uncle. On your merits you could not have entered Tilbury House as an office boy. I say," he repeated in a louder voice, "that, had there been no question of obliging Mr. Pynsent, I would not have engaged you as an office boy."

Sam came out of his trance.

"Are you still here?" he said, annoyed.

"Yes, I am still here. And let me tell you "

"Listen!" said Sam. "If you aren't out of this house in two seconds, I'll take those trousers back."

Every Achilles has his heel. Of all the possible threats that Sam could have used, this was probably the only one to which Lord Tilbury, in his dangerously elevated and hostile frame of mind, would have paid heed. For one moment he stood swelling like a toy balloon, then he slid out and the door banged behind him.

A dark shape loomed up before Lord Tilbury as he stood upon the gravel outside the portal of Mon Repos. Beside this shape there frolicked another and a darker one.

"'Evening, sir."

Lord Tilbury perceived through the gloom that he was being addressed by a member of the force. He made no reply. He was not in the mood for conversation with policemen.

"Bringing your dog back," said the officer genially. "Found 'er roaming about at the top of the street."

"It is not my dog," said Lord Tilbury between set teeth, repelling Amy as she endeavored in her affable way to climb onto his neck.

"Not a member of the 'ousehold, sir? Just a neighbor making a friendly call? I see. Now I wonder," said the policeman, "if any of my mates 'ave approached you on the matter of this concert in aid of a charitubulorganization which is not only most deserving in itself but is connected with a body of men to 'oom you as a house-'older will ——"

"G-r-r-h!" said Lord Tilbury.

He bounded out of the gate. Dimly, as he waddled down Burberry Road, the gray flannel trousers brushing the pavement with a musical swishing sound, there came to him, faint but pursuing, the voice of the indefatigable policeman:

"This charitubulorganizationtowhichI allude ——"

Out of the night, sent from heaven, there came a crawling taxicab. Lord Tilbury poured himself in and sank back on the seat, a spent force.

XXXIX

KAY came out into the garden of San Rafael. Darkness had fallen now, and the world was full of the sweet, wet scents of an autumn night. She stood still for a moment, sniffing, and a little pang of homesickness shot through her The garden smelled just like Midways. This was how she always remembered Midways most vividly, with the shadows cloaking the flower beds, the trees dripping and the good earth sending up its incense to a star-lit sky.

When she shut her eyes she could almost imagine that she was back there. Then somebody began to whistle in the road and a train clanked into the station and the vision faded.

A faint odor of burning tobacco came to her, and on the lawn next door she saw the glow of a pipe.

"Sam!" she called.

His footsteps crunched on the gravel and he joined her at the fence.

"You're a nice sort of person, aren't you?" said Kay. "Why didn't you come back?"

"I had one or two things to think about."

"Willoughby dashed in for a minute and told me an incoherent story. So the man got away?"

"Yes."

"Poor Lord Tilbury!" said Kay, with a sudden silvery little bubble of laughter.

Sam said nothing.

"What did he want, by the way?"

"He came to tell me that he had had a cable from my uncle saying that I was to go back at once."

"Oh!" said Kay with a little gasp, and there was silence. "Go back—to America?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"Wednesday's boat, I suppose."

"Not this very next Wednesday?"

"Yes."

There was another silence. The night was as still as if the clock had slipped back and Valley Fields had become the remote country spot of two hundred years ago.

"Are you going?"

"I suppose so."

From far away, out in the darkness, came the faint grunting of a train as it climbed the steep gradient of Sydenham Hill. An odd forlorn feeling swept over Kay.

"Yes, I suppose you must," she said. "You can't afford to offend your uncle, can you?"

Sam moved restlessly, and there was a tiny rasping sound as his hand scraped along the fence.

"It isn't that," he said.

"But your uncle's very rich, isn't he?"

"What does that matter?" Sam's voice shook. "Lord Tilbury was good enough to inform me that my only way of making a living was to sponge on my uncle, but I'm not going to have you thinking it."

"But—well, why are you going then?"

Sam choked.

"I'll tell you why I'm going. Simply because I might as well be in New York as anywhere. If there was the slightest hope that by staying on here I could get you to –to marry me ——" His hand rasped on the fence again. "Of course, I know there isn't. I know you don't take me seriously. I haven't any illusions about myself. I know just what I amount to in your eyes. I'm a farce! I'm the fellow who blunders about and trips over himself and is rather amusing when you're in the mood. But I don't count. I don't amount to anything." Kay stirred in the darkness, but she did not speak. "You think I'm kidding all the time. Well, I just want you to know this—that I'm not kidding about the way I feel about you. I used to dream over that photograph before I'd ever met you. And when I met you I knew one thing for certain, and that was there wasn't going to be anyone except you ever. I know you don't care about me and never will. Why should you? What on earth is there about me that could make you? I'm just a ——"

A little ripple of laughter came from the shadows.

"Poor old Sam!" said Kay.

"Yes! There you are in a nutshell! Poor old Sam!"

"I'm sorry I laughed. But it was so funny to hear you denouncing yourself in that grand way."

"Exactly! Funny!"

"Well, what's wrong with being funny? I like funny people. I'd no notion you had such hidden depths, Sam. Though, of course, the palmist said you had, didn't she?"

The train had climbed the hill and was now rumbling off into the distance. A smell of burning leaves came floating over the gardens.

"I don't blame you for laughing," said Sam. "Pray laugh if you wish to."

Kay availed herself of the permission.

"Oh, Sam, you are a pompous old ass, aren't you? 'Pray laugh if you wish to'! . . . Sam!"

"Well?"

"Do you really mean that you would stay on in England if I promised to marry you?"

"Yes."

"And offend your rich uncle for life and get cut off with a dollar or whatever they cut nephews off with in America?"

"Yes."

Kay reached up at Sam's head and gave his hair a little proprietorial tug.

"Well, why don't you, Sambo?" she said softly.

It seemed to Sam that in some strange way his powers of breathing had become temporarily suspended. A curious dry feeling had invaded his throat. He could hear his heart thumping.

"What?" he croaked huskily.

"I said why—do—you—not, Samivel?" whispered Kay, punctuating the words with little tugs.

Sam found himself on the other side of the fence. How he had got there he did not know. Presumably he had scrambled over. A much abraded shin bone was to show him later that this theory was the correct one, but at the moment bruised shins had no meaning for him. He stood churning the mold of the flower bed on which he had alighted, staring at the indistinct whiteness which was Kay.

"But look here," said Sam thickly. "But look here ——" A bird stirred sleepily in the tree.

"But look here ——"

And then somehow—things were happening mysteriously tonight, and apparently of their own volition—he found that Kay was in his arms. It seemed to him also, though his faculties were greatly clouded, that he was kissing Kay.

"But look here ——" he said thickly. They were now, in some peculiar manner, walking together up the gravel path, and he, unless his senses deceived him, was holding her hand tucked very tightly under his arm. At least, somebody, at whom he seemed to be looking from a long distance, was doing this. This individual, who appeared to be in a confused frame of mind, was holding that hand with a sort of frenzied determination, as if he were afraid she might get away from him. "But look here, this isn't possible!"

"What isn't possible?"

"All this. A girl like you—a wonderful, splendid, marvelous girl like you can't possibly love"—the word seemed to hold all the magic of all the magicians, and he repeated it dazedly—"love—love—can't possibly love a fellow like me." He paused, finding the wonder of the thing oppressive. "It—it doesn't make sense."

"Why not?"

"Well, a fellow—a man—a fellow—oh, I don't know."

Kay chuckled. It came upon Sam with an overwhelming sense of personal loss that she was smiling and that he could not see that smile. Other, future smiles he would see, but not that particular one, and it seemed to him that he would never be able to make up for having missed it.

Continued on Page 89

For other informal wear the well-dressed man, this summer, is favoring the double-breasted flannel coat of light, dark color and striped flannel trousers.

For dinner, nowadays, the well-dressed man chooses the dinner coat with the smart new peaked lapel.

The favorite business suit for summer is broad in shoulder, slender in hip, distinguished by broad lapels, and carrying something of the English accent.

"Nowadays, Successful Men Dress the Part!"

THE quotation is from the address of a well-known industrial leader to a recent convention of business men.

Exceptions come to mind. We all know the artist who never wears a collar, the banker who still clings to his congress gaiters, and the prominent politician distinguished by his vivid vests—respected men, talented, looked up to.

But, chiefly, successful men look the part, and are respected accordingly. The office boy carries in the card of the visitor whose appearance implies success. Women give preference to presentable men. All of us like to be seen with people of "our sort"—a bit of vanity, perhaps, but true. For all practical purposes, "as the world sees us, so are we!"

Good clothes, and the right clothes for the right occasion, are a good investment—and so, too, is good pressing. Good clothes can be kept looking good only by continued good pressing.

Knowing this, the discriminating person specifies Hoff-Man pressing—the kind given by the better tailors, merchants, cleaners and dyers, and by the most famous makers of men's and women's clothing everywhere.

Instead of merely being smoothed, as with the hand-iron, clothes pressed by the Hoff-Man method are also steamed and sterilized during the pressing operation—in fact, these advantages are exclusive with Hoff-Man pressing because the method is protected by numerous patents.

So, ask for Hoff-Man pressing when you send your suit to be pressed. Hot, dry, sterilizing steam is injected into the garment, raising the nap and freshening the fabric, and then is drawn off by the Hoff-Man vacuum process. Because only steam heat is used, the cloth cannot be shined or scorched—your suit, coat, or other garment comes back to you with the life and lustre of the fabric restored, pressed and presentable, ready again to do its part in helping you make that favorable impression so essential to success. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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There is a Hoff-Man Steam Garment Press for every pressing purpose. Write for information.

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The famous Hoff-Man Model 8A—an all-around press.

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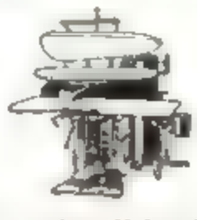

Presses for all kinds of busheling and valeting.

For Clothing Manufacturing

A complete line of presses for all under-pressing and off-pressing operations.

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A complete line of specialized presses for all finishing operations.

For Clubs, Hotels, Ships, etc.

Presses for the valet department.

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DRESS WELL...PRESS WELL...AND SUCCEED

The Simple Charm of Childhood

How that lovely complexion may be kept through later years, just as thousands are doing. Follow this simple rule in skin care

THE simple charm of childhood is a precious trust, placed by Nature, for safe-keeping, in the hands of mothers.

It can be kept in constant bloom, through girlhood, into glorious womanhood . . . or, be left to fade.

Gentle skin care is the all-important factor . . . future charm and beauty depend on it, social success and womanly allurement.

Thus Palmolive, *and no other soap*, is the rule in thousands of homes where there are growing children . . . its gentle oils of palm and olive are scientifically blended to protect the skin during the years when protection is most needed.

The safe rule to follow

See that the skin is kept clean, the pores open and free.

See that no harsh cleansing method is used. Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. Its ingredients are mild and gentle; lotion-like in their action. It protects from injurious irritation.

* * *

Wash gently in soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly with cool water.

In this simple manner are beauty and charm preserved and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind. Your child's skin will be of fine texture. Her color will be good.

As they grow older, let them use powder if they wish. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are th soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, th African palm and the coconut palm—ar no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natura color that it is—for palm and olive oil nothing else, give Palmolive its green colo

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The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile"

(Continued from Page 84)

"Would you like to know something, Sam?"

"What?"

"Well, if you'll listen, I'll explain exactly how I feel. Have you ever had a very exciting book taken away from you just when you were in the middle of it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, I have. It was at Midways, when I was nine. I had borrowed it from the page boy, who was a great friend of mine, and it was about a man called Cincinnati Kit, who went round most of the time in a mask, with lots of revolvers. I had just got halfway in it when my governess caught me and I was sent to bed and the book was burned. So I never found out what happened in the little room with the steel walls behind the bar at the Blue Gulch Saloon. I didn't get over the disappointment for years. Well, when you told me you were going away, I suddenly realized that this awful thing was on the point of happening to me again, and this time I knew I would never get over it. It suddenly flashed upon me that there was absolutely nothing worth while in life except to be with you and watch you and wonder what perfectly mad thing you would be up to next. Would Aunt Ysobel say that that was love?"

"She would," said Sam with conviction.

"Well, it's my form of it, anyhow. I just want to be with you for years and years and years, wondering what you're going to do next."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do at this moment," said Sam. "I'm going to kiss you."

Time passed.

"Kay," said Sam.

"Yes?"

"Do you know —— No, you'll laugh."

"I promise I won't. What were you going to say?"

"That photograph of you—the one I found in the fishing hut."

"What about it?"

"I kissed it once."

"Only once?"

"No," said Sam stoutly. "If you really want the truth, every day; every blessed single day, and several times a day. Now laugh!"

"No; I'm going to laugh at you all the rest of my life, but not tonight. You're a darling, and I suppose," said Kay thoughtfully, "I'd better go and tell uncle so, hadn't I, if he has got back?"

"Tell your uncle?"

"Well, he likes to know what's going on around him in the home."

"But that means that you'll have to go in."

"Only for a minute. I shall just pop my head in at the door and say 'Oh, uncle, talking of Sam, I love him,' and come away."

"Look here," said Sam earnestly, "if you will swear on your word of honor—your sacred word of honor—not to be gone more than thirty seconds ——"

"As if I could keep away from you longer than that!" said Kay.

Left alone in a bleak world, Sam found his thoughts taking for a while a somber turn. In the exhilaration of the recent miracle which had altered the whole face of the planet, he had tended somewhat to overlook the fact that for a man about to enter upon the sacred state of matrimony he was a little ill equipped with the means of supporting a home. His weekly salary was in his pocket and a small sum stood to his credit in a Lombard Street bank; but he could not, he realized, be considered an exceptionally good match for the least exacting of girls. Indeed, at the moment, like the gentleman in the song, all he was in a position to offer his bride was a happy disposition and a wild desire to succeed.

These are damping reflections for a young man to whom the keys of heaven have just been given, and they made Sam pensive. But his natural ebullience was not long in coming to the rescue. One turn up and down the garden and he was happy again in the possession of lavish rewards bestowed upon him by beaming bank managers, rejoicing in their hearty City fashion as they saw those missing bonds restored to them after many years. He refused absolutely to consider the possibility of failure to unearth the treasure. It must be somewhere in Mon Repos, and if it was in Mon Repos he would find it—even if, in direct contravention of the terms of Clause 8 in his lease, he had to tear the house to pieces.

He strode, full of a great purpose, to the window of the kitchen. A light shone there, and he could hear the rumbling voice of his faithful henchman. He tapped upon the window, and presently the blind shot up and Hash's face appeared. In the background Claire, a little flushed, was smoothing her hair. The window opened.

"Who's there?" said Hash gruffly.

"Only me, Hash. I want a word with you."

"Ur?"

"Listen, Hash. Tear yourself away shortly, and come back to Mon Repos. There is man's work to do there."

"Eh?"

"We've got to search that house from top to bottom. I've just found out that it's full of bonds."

"You don't say!"

"I do say."

"Nasty things," said Hash reflectively. "Go off in your 'ands as likely as not."

At this moment the quiet night was rent by a strident voice:

"Sam! Hi, Sam! Come quick!"

It was the voice of Willoughby Braddock, and it appeared to proceed from one of the upper rooms of Mon Repos.

XL

WHEN Willoughby Braddock, some ten minutes earlier, had parted from Kay and come out onto the gravel walk in front of San Rafael, he was in a condition of mind which it is seldom given to man to achieve until well through the second quart of champagne. So stirred was his soul, so churned up by a whirlwind of powerful emotions, that he could have stepped straight into any hospital as a fever patient and no questions asked. His ganglions were vibrating, his pulse beat dangerously high, and if he had been asked his name he would have had to think twice before giving the correct answer.

For the world had become of a sudden amazingly vivid to Willoughby. After a quarter of a century in which absolutely nothing had occurred to ruffle the placid surface of his somewhat stagnant existence, strange and exhilarating things had begun to happen to him with a startling abruptness.

When he reflected that he had actually stood chatting face to face with a member of the criminal classes, interrupting him in the very act of burgling a house, and on top of that had found Lord Tilbury, a man who was on the committee of his club, violently transformed into a sans-culotte, it seemed to him that life in the true meaning of the word had at last begun.

But it was something that Kay had said that had set the seal on the thrills of this great day. Quite casually she had mentioned that Mrs. Lippett proposed, as soon as her daughter Claire was married to Hash Todhunter, to go and live with the young couple. It was as if somebody, strolling with stout Balboa, had jerked his thumb at a sheet of water shining through the trees and observed nonchalantly, "By the way, there's the Pacific." It was this, even more than the other events of the afternoon, that had induced in Mr. Braddock the strange, yeasty feeling of unreality which was causing him now to stand gulping on the gravel. For years he had felt that only a miracle could rid him of Mrs. Lippett's limpet-like devotion, and now that miracle had happened.

He removed his hat and allowed the cool night air to soothe his flaming forehead. He regretted that he had pledged himself to dinner that night at the house of his Aunt Julia. Aunt Julia was no bad sort, as aunts go, but dinner at her house was scarcely likely to provide him with melodrama, and it was melodrama that Mr. Braddock's drugged soul now craved, and nothing but melodrama. It irked him to be compelled to leave this suburban maelstrom of swift events and return to a London which could not but seem mild and tame by comparison.

However, he had so pledged himself, and the word of a Braddock was his bond. Moreover, if he were late, Aunt Julia would be shirty to a degree. Reluctantly he started to move toward the two-seater, and had nearly reached it when he congealed again into a motionless statue. For, even as he prepared to open the gate of San Rafael, he beheld slinking in at the gate of Mon Repos a furtive figure.

In his present uplifted frame of mind a figure required to possess only the minimum of furtiveness to excite Willoughby Braddock's suspicions, and this one was well up in what might be called the Class A of furtiveness. It wavered and it crept. It hesitated and it slunk. And as the rays from the street lamp shone momentarily upon its face, Mr. Braddock perceived that it was a drawn and anxious face, the face of one who nerves himself to desperate deeds.

And, indeed, the other was feeling nervous. He walked warily, like some not too courageous explorer picking his way through a jungle in which he suspects the presence of unpleasant wild beasts. Drawn by the lure of gain to revisit Mon Repos, Chimp Twist was wondering pallidly if each moment might not bring Hash ravening out at him from the shadows.

He passed round the angle of the house, and Willoughby Braddock, reckless of whether or no this postponement of his return to London would make him late for dinner at Aunt Julia's and so cause him to be properly ticked off by that punctuality-loving lady, flitted silently after him and was in time to see him peer through the kitchen window. A moment later, his peering seeming to have had a reassuring effect, he had opened the back door and was inside the house.

Willoughby Braddock did not hesitate. The idea of being alone in a small semi-detached house with a desperate criminal who was probably armed to the gills meant nothing to him now. In fact, he rather preferred it. He slid silently through the back door in the fellow's wake; and having removed his shoes, climbed the kitchen stairs. A noise from above told him that he was on the right track. Whatever it was that the furtive bloke was doing, he was doing it upstairs.

As for Chimp Twist, he was now going nicely. The operations which he was conducting were swift and simple. Once he had ascertained by a survey through the kitchen window that his enemy, Hash, was not on the premises, all his nervousness had vanished. Possessing himself of the chisel which he had placed in the drawer of the kitchen table in readiness for just such an emergency, he went briskly upstairs. The light was burning in the hall and also in the drawing-room; but the absence of sounds encouraged him to believe that Sam, like Hash, was out. This proved to be the case, and he went on his way completely reassured. All he wanted was five minutes alone and undisturbed, for the directions contained in Mr. Finglass' letter had been specific; and once he had broken through the door of the top back bedroom, he anticipated no difficulty in unearthing the buried treasure. It was, Mr. Finglass had definitely stated, a mere matter of lifting a board. Chimp Twist did not sing as he climbed the stairs, for he was a prudent man, but he felt like singing.

A sharp cracking noise came to Willoughby Braddock's ears as he halted snakily on the first landing. It sounded like the breaking open of a door.

And so it was. Chimp, had the conditions been favorable, would have preferred to insinuate himself into Hash's boudoir in a manner involving less noise; but in this enterprise of his, time was of the essence and he had no leisure for niggling at locks with a chisel. Arriving on the threshold, he raised his boot and drove it like a battering-ram.

The doors of suburban villas are not constructed to stand rough treatment. If they fit within an inch or two and do not fall down when the cat rubs against them, the architect, builder and surveyor shake hands and congratulate themselves on a good bit of work. And Chimp, though a small man, had a large foot. The lock yielded before him and the door swung open. He went in and lit the gas. Then he took a rapid survey of his surroundings.

Halfway up the second flight of stairs, Willoughby Braddock stood listening. His face was pink and determined. As far as he was concerned, Aunt Julia might go and boil herself. Dinner or no dinner, he meant to see this thing through.

Chimp wasted no time.

"The stuff," his friend, the late Edward Finglass, had written, "is in the top back bedroom. You've only to lift the third board from the window and put your hand in, Chimpie, and there it is." And after this had come a lot of foolish stuff about sharing with Soapy Molloy. A trifle maudlin old Finky had become on his deathbed, it seemed to Chimp.

And, hurried though he was, Chimp Twist had time to indulge in a brief smile as he thought of Soapy Molloy. He also managed to fit in a brief moment of complacent meditation, the trend of which was that when it comes to a show-down brains will tell. He, Chimp Twist, was the guy with the brains, and the result was that in about another half minute he would be in possession of American-bearer securities to the value of two million dollars. Whereas poor old Soapy, who had just about enough intelligence to open his mouth when he wished to eat, would go through life eking out a precarious existence, selling fictitious oil stock to members of the public who were one degree more cloth-headed than himself. There was a moral to be drawn from this, felt Chimp, but his time was too valuable to permit him to stand there drawing it. He gripped his chisel and got to work.

Mr. Braddock, peering in at the door with the caution of a red Indian stalking a relative by marriage with a tomahawk, saw that the intruder had lifted a board and was groping in the cavity. His heart beat like a motor bicycle. It gave him some little surprise that the fellow did not hear it.

Presumably the fellow was too occupied. Certainly he seemed like a man whose mind was on his job. Having groped for some moments, he now uttered a sound that was half an oath and half a groan, and, as if seized with a frenzy, began tearing up other boards, first one, then another, after that a third. It was as though this business of digging up boards had begun to grip him like some drug. Starting in a modest way with a single board he had been unable to check the craving, and it now appeared to be his intention to excavate the entire floor.

But he was not allowed to proceed with this work uninterrupted. Possibly this wholesale demolition of bedrooms jarred upon Mr. Braddock's sensibilities as a householder. At any rate, he chose this moment to intervene.

"I say, look here!" he said.

It had been his intention, for he was an enthusiastic reader of sensational fiction and knew the formulas as well as anyone, to say "Hands up!" But the words had slipped from him without his volition. He hastily corrected himself.

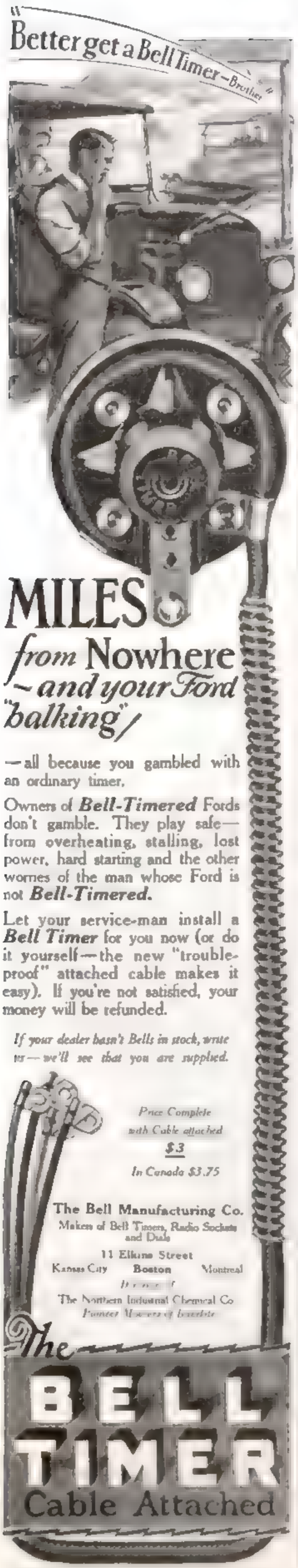
"I mean, Hands up!" he said.

Then backing to the window, he flung it open and shouted into the night:

"Sam! Hi, Sam! Come quick!"

XLI

THOSE captious critics who are always on the alert to catch the historian napping and expose in his relation of events some damaging flaw will no doubt have seized avidly on what appears to be a blunder in the incident just recorded. Where, they will ask, did Willoughby Braddock get the revolver, without which a man may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say "Hands up!" till he is hoarse and achieve no result? For of all the indispensable articles of costume which the well-dressed man must wear if he wishes to go about saying "Hands up!" to burglars, a revolver is the one which can least easily be omitted.

We have no secrets from posterity. Willoughby Braddock possessed no revolver. But he had four fingers on his right hand, and two of these he was now thrusting earnestly against the inside of his coat pocket. Wax to receive and marble to retain, Willoughby Braddock had not forgotten the ingenious subterfuge by means of which Soapy Molloy had been enabled to intimidate Lord Tilbury, and he employed it now upon Chimp Twist.

"You low blister!" said Mr. Braddock.

Whether this simple device would have been effective with a person of ferocious and hard-boiled temperament, one cannot say; but fortunately Chimp was not of this description. His strength was rather of the head than of the heart. He was a man who shrank timidly from even the appearance of violence; and though he may have had doubts as to the genuineness of Mr. Braddock's pistol, he had none concerning the latter's physique. Willoughby Braddock was no Hercules, but he was some four inches taller and some sixty pounds heavier than Chimp, and it was not in Mr. Twist's character to embark upon a rough-and-tumble with such odds against him.

Indeed, Chimp would not lightly have embarked on a rough-and-tumble with anyone who was not an infant in arms or a member of the personnel of Singer's Troupe of Midgets.

He tottered against the wall and stood there, blinking. The sudden materialization of Willoughby Braddock, apparently out of thin air, had given him a violent shock, from which he had not even begun to recover.

"You man of wrath!" said Mr. Braddock.

The footsteps of one leaping from stair to stair made themselves heard. Sam charged in.

"What's up?"

Mr. Braddock, with pardonable unction, directed his notice to the captive.

"Another of the gang," he said. "I caught him."

Sam gazed at Chimp and looked away, disappointed.

"You poor idiot," he said peevishly. "That's my odd-job man."

"What?"

"My odd-job man."

Willoughby Braddock felt for an instant damped. Then his spirits rose again. He knew little of the duties of odd-job men; but whatever they were, this one, he felt, had surely exceeded them.

"Well, why was he digging up the floor?"

And Sam, glancing down, saw that this was what his eccentric employe had, indeed, been doing; and suspicion blazed up within him.

"What's the game?" he demanded, eyeing Chimp.

"Exactly," said Mr. Braddock. "The game—what is it?"

Chimp's nerves had recovered a little of their tone. His agile brain was stirring once more.

"You can't do anything," he said. "It wasn't breaking and entering. I live here. I know the law."

"Never mind about that. What were you up to?"

"Looking for something," said Chimp sullenly. "And it wasn't there."

"Did you know Finglass?" asked Sam keenly.

Chimp gave a short laugh of intense bitterness.

"I thought I did. But I didn't know he was so fond of a joke."

"Bradder," said Sam urgently, "a crook named Finglass used to live in this house, and he buried a lot of his swag somewhere in it."

"Good gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Braddock. "You don't say so!"

"Did this fellow take anything from under the floor?"

"You bet your sweet life I didn't," said Chimp with feeling. "It wasn't there. You seem to know all about it, so I don't mind telling you that Finky wrote me that the stuff was under the third board from the window in this room. Whether he was off his head or was just stringing me, I don't know. But I do know it isn't there. And now I'm going."

"Oh, no, you aren't, by Jove!" said Mr. Braddock.

"Oh, let him go," said Sam wearily. "What's the use of keeping him hanging round?" He turned to Chimp. His own disappointment was so keen that he could almost sympathize with him. "So you think Finglass really got away with the stuff, after all?"

"Looks like it."

"Then why on earth did he write to you?"

Chimp shrugged his shoulders.

"Off his nut, I guess. He always was a loony sort of bird, outside of business."

"You don't think the other chap found the stuff, Sam?" suggested Mr. Braddock.

Sam shook his head.

"I doubt it. It's much more likely it was never here at all. We had a friend of yours here this evening," he said to Chimp. "At least, I suppose he was a friend of yours. Thomas G. Gunn he called himself."

"I know who you mean—that poor dumb brick, Soapy. He wouldn't have found anything. If it isn't here it isn't anywhere. And now I'm going."

Mr. Braddock eyed him a little wistfully as he slouched through the doorway. It was galling to see the only burglar he had ever caught walking out as if he had finished paying a friendly call. However, he supposed there was nothing to be done about it. Sam had gone to the window and was leaning out, looking into the night.

"I must go and see Kay," he said at length, turning.

"I must get up to town," said Mr. Braddock. "By Jove, I shall be most frightfully late if I don't rush. I'm dining with my Aunt Julia."

"This is going to be bad news for her."

"Oh, no, she'll be most awfully interested. She's a very sporting old party."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"My Aunt Julia."

"Oh? Well, good-by."

Sam left the room, and Willoughby Braddock, following him at some little distance, for his old friend seemed disinclined for company and conversation, heard the front door bang. He sat down on the stairs and began to put on his shoes, which he had cached on the first landing. While he was engaged in this task, the front door-bell rang. He went down to open it, one shoe off and one shoe on, and found on the steps an aged gentleman with a white beard.

"Is Mr. Shotter here?" asked the aged gentleman.

"Just gone round next door. Mr. Cornelius, isn't it? I expect you've forgotten me—Willoughby Braddock. I met you for a minute or two when I was staying with Mr. Wrenn."

"Ah, yes. And how is the world using you, Mr. Braddock?"

Willoughby was only too glad to tell him. A confidant was precisely what in his exalted frame of mind he most desired.

"Everything's absolutely topping, thanks. What with burglars floating in every two minutes and Lord Tilbury getting de-bagged and all that, life's just about right. And my housekeeper is leaving me."

"I am sorry to hear that"

"I wasn't. What it means is that now I shall at last be able to buzz off and see life. Have all sorts of adventures, you know. I'm frightfully keen on adventure."

"You should come and live in Valley Fields, Mr. Braddock. There is always some excitement going on here."

"Yes, you're not far wrong. Still, what I meant was more the biffing off on the out-trail stuff. I'm going to see the world. I'm going to be one of those fellows Kipling writes about. I was talking to a chap of that sort at the club the other day. He said he could remember Uganda when there wasn't a white man there."

"I can remember Valley Fields when it had not a single cinema house."

"This fellow was once treed by a rhinoceros for six hours."

"A similar thing happened to a Mr. Walkinshaw, who lived at Balmoral, in Acacia Road. He came back from London one Saturday afternoon in a new tweed suit, and his dog, failing to recognize him, chased him onto the roof of the summer house . . . Well, I must be getting along, Mr. Braddock. I promised to read extracts from my history of Valley Fields to Mr. Shotter. Perhaps you would care to hear them too."

"I should love it, but I've got to dash off and dine with my Aunt Julia."

"Some other time perhaps?"

"Absolutely. . . . By the way, that man I was telling you about. He was as near as a toucher bitten by a shark once."

"Nothing to what happens in Valley Fields," said Mr. Cornelius patriotically. "The occupant of the Firs at the corner of Buller Street and Myrtle Avenue—a Mr. Phillimore—perhaps you have heard of him?"

"No."

"Mr. Edwin Phillimore. Connected with the firm of Birkett, Birkett, Birkett, Son, Podmarsh, Podmarsh & Birkett,-the solicitors."

"What about him?"

"Last summer," said Mr. Cornelius, "he was bitten by a guinea pig."

XLII

IT IS a curious fact, and one frequently noted by philosophers, that every woman in this world cherishes within herself a deep-rooted belief, from which nothing can shake her, that the particular man to whom she has plighted her love is to be held personally blameworthy for practically all of the untoward happenings of life. The vapid and unreflective would call these things accidents, but she knows better. If she arrives at a station at five minutes past nine to catch a train which has already left at nine minutes past five, she knows that it is her Henry who is responsible, just as he was responsible the day before for a shower of rain coming on when she was wearing her new hat.

But there was sterling stuff in Kay Derrick. Although no doubt she felt in her secret heart that the omission of the late Mr. Edward Finglass to deposit his ill-gotten gains beneath the floor of the top back bedroom of Mon Repos could somehow have been avoided if Sam had shown a little enterprise and common sense, she uttered no word of reproach. Her reception of the bad news, indeed, when, coming out into the garden, he saw her waiting for him on the lawn of San Rafael and climbed the fence to deliver it, was such as to confirm once and for all his enthusiastic view of her splendid qualities. Where others would have blamed, she sympathized. And not content with mere sympathy, she went on to minimize the disaster with soothing argument.

"What does it matter?" she said. "We have each other."

The mind of man, no less than that of woman, works strangely. When, a few days before, Sam had read that identical sentiment, couched in almost exactly the same words, as part of the speech addressed by Leslie Mordyke to the girl of his choice in the third galley of Cordelia Blair's gripping serial, Hearts Aflame, he had actually gone so far as to write in the margin the words, "Silly fool!" Now he felt that he had never heard anything not merely so beautiful but so thoroughly sensible, practical and inspired.

"That's right!" he cried.

If he had been standing by a table he would have banged it with his fist. Situated as he was, in the middle of a garden, all he could do was to kiss Kay. This he did.

Continued on Page 92

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Of course," he said, when the first paroxysm of enthusiasm had passed, "there's just this one point to be taken into consideration. I've lost my job, and I don't know how I'm to get another."

"Of course you'll get another!"

"Why, so I will!" said Sam, astounded by the clearness of her reasoning. The idea that the female intelligence was inferior to the male seemed to him a gross fallacy. How few men cou l have thought a thing all out in a flash like that.

"It may not be a big job, but that will be all the more fun."

"So it will."

"I always think that people who marry on practically nothing have a wonderful time."

"Terrific!"

"So exciting."

"Yes."

"I can cook a bit."

"I can wash dishes."

"If you're poor, you enjoy occasional treats. If you're rich, you just get bored with pleasure"

"Bored stiff"

"And probably drift apart."

Sam could not follow her here. Loath as he was to disagree with her lightest word, this was going too far.

"No," he said firmly, "if I had a million I wouldn't drift apart from you."

"You might."

"No, I wouldn't"

"I'm only saying you might."

"But I shouldn't."

"Well, anyhow," said Kay, yielding the point, "all I'm saying is that it will be much more fun being awfully hard up and watching the pennies and going out to the Palais de Dance at Hammersmith on Saturday nights, or if it was my birthday or something, and cooking our own dinner and making my own clothes, than—than ——"

"—— living in a gilded cage, watching love stifle," said Sam, remembering Leslie Mordyke's remarks on the subject.

"Yes. So, honestly, I'm very glad it was all a fairy story about that money being in Mon Repos."

"So am I. Darned glad."

"I'd have hated to have it."

"So would I."

"And I think it's jolly, your uncle disinheriting you."

"Absolutely corking."

"It would have spoiled everything, having a big allowance from him."

"Everything."

"I mean, we should have missed all the fun we're going to have, and we shouldn't have felt so close together and ——"

"Exactly. Do you know, I knew a wretched devil in America who came into about twenty million dollars when his father died, and he went and married a girl with about double that in her own right."

"What became of him?" asked Kay, shocked.

"I don't know. We lost touch. But just imagine that marriage!"

"Awful!"

"What possible fun could they have had?"

"None. What was his name?"

"Blenkiron," said Sam in a hushed voice. "And hers was Poskitt."

For some moments, deeply affected by the tragedy of these two poor bits of human wreckage, they stood in silence. Sam felt near to tears, and he thought Kay was bearing up only with some difficulty.

The door leading into the garden opened. Light from the house flashed upon them.

"Somebody's coming out," said Kay, giving a little start as though she had been awakened from a dream.

"Curse them!" said Sam. "Or, rather, no," he corrected himself. "I think it's your uncle."

Even at such a moment as this, he could harbor no harsh thought toward any relative of hers.

It was Mr. Wrenn. He stood on the steps, peering out.

"Kay!" he called.

"Yes?"

"Oh, you're there. Is Shotter with you?"

"Yes."

"Could you both come in for a minute?" inquired Mr. Wrenn, his voice -for he was a man of feeling—conveying a touch of apology. "Cornelius is here. He wants to read you that chapter from his history of Valley Fields."

Sam groaned in spirit. On such a night as this young Troilus had climbed the walls of Troy and stood gazing at the Grecian tents where lay his Cressida, and he himself had got to go into a stuffy house and listen to a bore with a white beard drooling on about the moldy past of a London suburb.

"Well, yes, I know; but ——" he began doubtfully.

Kay laid a hand upon his arm.

"We can't disappoint the poor old man," she whispered. "He would take it to heart so."

"Yes, but I mean ——"

"No."

"Just as you say," said Sam.

He was going to make a good husband.

Mr. Cornelius was in the drawing-room. From under his thick white brows he peered at them, as they entered, with the welcoming eyes of a man who, loving the sound of his own voice, sees a docile audience assembling. He took from the floor a large brown paper parcel and, having carefully unfastened the string which tied it, revealed a second and lighter wrapping of brown paper. Removing this, he disclosed a layer of newspaper, then another, and finally a formidable typescript bound about with lilac ribbon.

"The matter having to do with the man Finglass occurs in Chapter Seven of my book," he said.

"Just one chapter?" said Sam, with a touch of hope.

"That chapter describes the man's first visit to my office, my early impressions of him, his words as nearly as I can remember them, and a few other preliminary details. In Chapter Nine ——"

"Chapter Nine!" echoed Sam, aghast. "You know, as a matter of fact, there really isn't any need to read all that, because it turns out that Finglass never ——"

"In Chapter Nine," proceeded Mr. Cornelius, adjusting a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, "I show him accepted perfectly unsuspiciously by the residents of the suburb, and I have described at some length, because it is important as indicating how completely his outward respectability deceived those with whom he came in contact, a garden party given by Mrs. Bellamy-North, of Beau Rivage, in Burberry Road, at which he appeared and spoke a few words on the subject of the forthcoming election for the district council."

"We shall love to hear that," said Kay brightly. Her eye, wandering aside, met Sam's. Sam, who had opened his mouth, closed it again.

"I remember that day very distinctly," said Mr. Cornelius. "It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the garden of Beau Rivage was looking extraordinarily attractive. It was larger, of course, in those days. The house which I call Beau Rivage in my history has since been converted into two semidetached houses, known as Beau Rivage and Sans Souci. That is a change which has taken place in a great number of cases in this neighborhood. Five years ago Burberry Road was a more fashionable quarter, and the majority of the houses were detached. This house where we are now sitting, for example, and its neighbor, Mon Repos, were a single residence when Edward Finglass came to Valley Fields. Its name was then Mon Repos, and it was only some eighteen months later that San Rafael came into existence as a separate ——"

He broke off; and breaking off, bit his tongue, for that had occurred which had startled him considerably. One unit in his audience, until that moment apparently as quiet and well behaved as the other units, had suddenly, to all appearances, gone off his head.

The young man Shotter, uttering a piercing cry, had leaped to his feet and was exhibiting strange emotion.

"What's that?" cried Sam. "What did you say?"

Mr. Cornelius regarded him through a mist of tears. His tongue was giving him considerable pain.

"Did you say," demanded Sam, "that in Finglass' time San Rafael was part of Mon Repos?"

"Yeh," said Mr. Cornelius, rubbing the wound tenderly against the roof of his mouth.

"Give me a chisel!" bellowed Sam. "Where's a chisel? I want a chisel!"

XLIII

"BLECK my soul!" said Mr. Cornelius. He spoke a little thickly, for his tongue was still painful. But its anguish was forgotten under the spell of a stronger emotion. Five minutes had passed since Sam's remarkable outburst in the drawing-room; and now, with Mr. Wrenn and Kay, he was standing in the top back bedroom of San Rafael, watching the young man as he drew up from the chasm in which he had been groping a very yellowed, very dusty package which crackled and crumbled in his fingers.

"Bleck my soul!" said Mr. Cornelius.

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Wrenn.

"Sam!" cried Kay.

Sam did not hear their voices. With the look of a mother bending over her sleeping babe, he was staring at the parcel.

"Two million!" said Sam, choking. "Two million—count 'em—two million!"

A light of pure avarice shone in his eyes. He looked like a man who had never heard of the unhappy fate of Dwight Blenkiron, of Chicago, Illinois, and Genevieve, his bride, *née* Poskitt; or who, having heard, did not give a whoop.

"What's ten per cent on two million?" asked Sam.

XLIV

VALLEY FIELDS lay asleep. Clocks had been wound, cats put out of back doors, front doors bolted and chained. In a thousand homes a thousand good householders were restoring their tissues against the labors of another day. The silver-voiced clock on the big tower over the college struck the hour of two.

But though most of its inhabitants were prudently getting their eight hours and insuring that schoolgirl complexion, footsteps still made themselves heard in the silence of Burberry Road. They were those of Sam Shotter of Mon Repos, pacing up and down outside the gate of San Rafael. Long since had Mr. Wrenn, who slept in the front of that house, begun to wish Sam Shotter in bed or dead; but he was a mild and kindly man, loath to shout winged words out of windows. So Sam paced, unrebuked, until presently other footsteps joined in chorus with his and he perceived that he was no longer alone.

A lantern shone upon him.

"Out late, sir," said the sleepless guardian of the peace behind it.

"Late?" said Sam. Trifles like time meant nothing to him. "Is it late?"

"Just gone two, sir."

"Oh? Then perhaps I had better be going to bed."

"Suit yourself, sir. Resident here, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then I wonder," said the constable, "if I can interest you in a concert which is shortly to take place in aid of a charitubul-organization connected with a body of men to 'oom you as a nouse'older will ——"

"Do you believe in palmists?"

"No, sir —— be the first to admit that you owe the safety of your person and the tranquillity of your 'ome—the police"

"Well, let me tell you this," said Sam warmly: "Some time ago a palmist told me that I was shortly about to be married, and I am shortly about to be married."

"Wish you luck, sir. Then perhaps I can 'ave the pleasure of selling you and your good lady to be a couple of tickets for this concert in aid of the Policemen's Orphanage. Tickets, which may be 'ad in any quantity, consist of the five-shilling ticket ——"

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sir ——the three-shilling ticket, the half-crown ticket, the shilling ticket, and the sixpenny ticket."

"It's the only life, isn't it?" said Sam.

"That of the policeman, sir, or the orphan?"

"Married life."

The constable ruminated.

"Well, sir," he replied judicially, "it's like most things—'as its advantages and its disadvantages."

"Of course," said Sam, "I can see that if two people married without having any money, it might lead to a lot of unhappiness. But if you've plenty of money, nothing can possibly go wrong."

"Have you plenty of money, sir?"

"Pots of it."

"In that case, sir, I recommend the five-shilling tickets. Say, one for yourself, one for your good lady to be and—to make up the round sovereign—a couple for any gentlemen friends you may meet at the club 'oo may desire to be present at what you can take it from me will be a slap-up entertainment, high class from start to finish. Constable Purvis will render Asleep on the Deep ——"

"Look here," said Sam, suddenly becoming aware that the man was babbling about something, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Tickets, sir."

"But you don't need tickets to get married."

"You need tickets to be present at the annual concert in aid of the Policemen's Orphanage, and I strongly advocate the purchase of 'alf a dozen of the five-shilling."

"How much are the five-shilling?"

"Five shillings, sir."

"But I've only got a ten-pound note on me."

"Bring you change to your 'ome tomorrow."

Sam became aware with a shudder of self-loathing that he was allowing this night of nights to be marred by sordid huckstering

"Never mind the change," he said.

"Sir?"

"Keep it all. I'm going to be married," he added in explanation.

"Keep the 'ole ten pounds, sir?" quavered the stupefied officer.

"Certainly. What's ten pounds?"

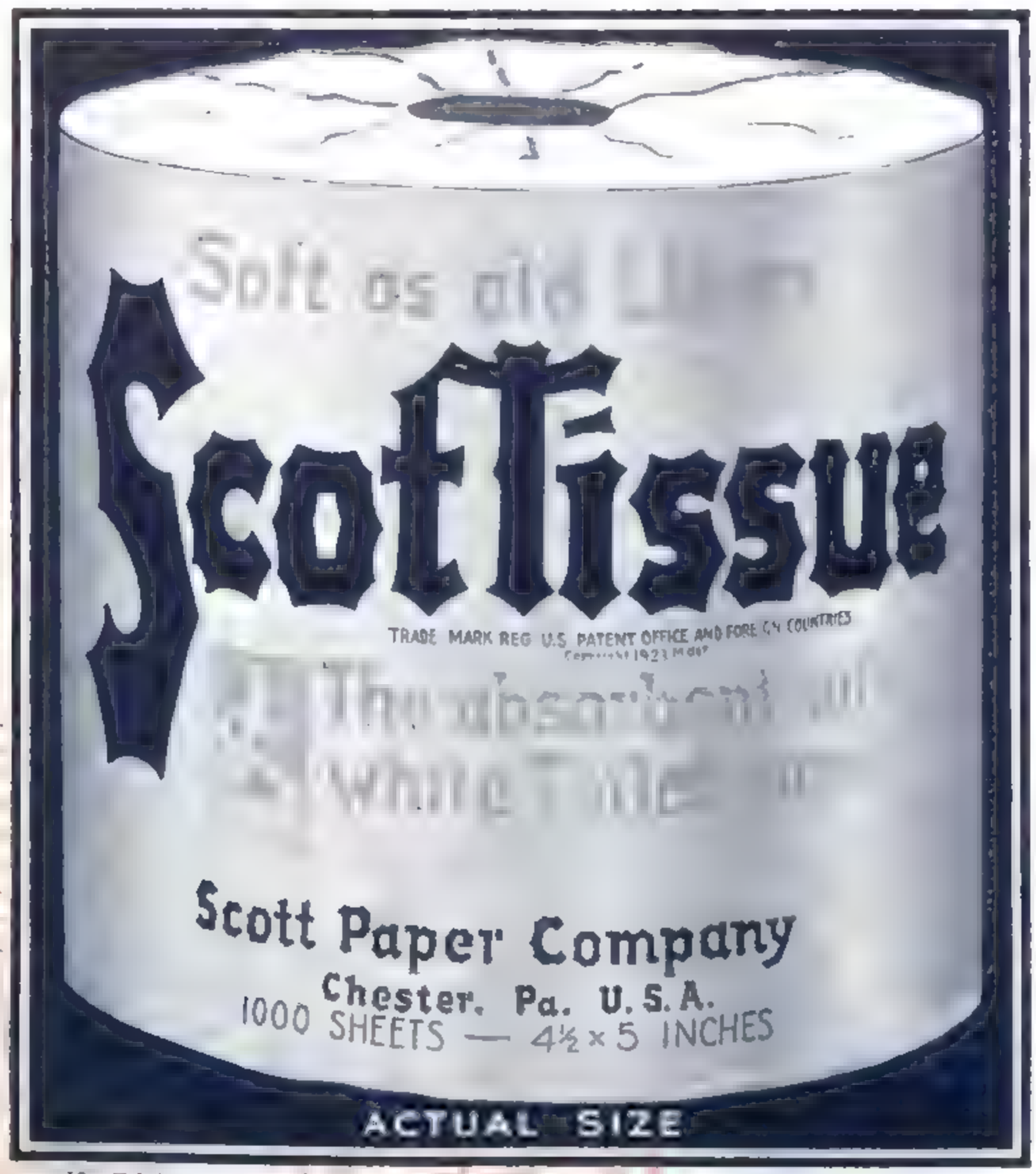
There was a silence.

"If everybody was like you, sir," said the constable at length, in a deep, throaty voice, "the world would be a better place."

"The world couldn't be a better place," said Sam. "Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the constable reverently.

(THE END)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We call attention to the eight-panel door at the right in this picture. Curtis makes a door like this.

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The Curtis Colonial China Closet below was photographed in a new home in Woodlawn, New York City. This closet built into the corner of the dining room provides a novel note of interest. The Curtis dealer will point out its exclusive construction features, C-700. Priced about $90.00

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NORMAL, healthy boys and the summer time! It's a combination that can't be beat for wearing out shoes.

But that is exactly the kind of wear that Keds are built to stand!

Thousands of parents with boys who just seem to "go through" everything have learned this fact—that Keds make a big difference in the shoe bill!

Keds are built strong all over. Their tough, springy soles are made of rubber direct from our own plantations in Sumatra; the uppers are of cool canvas, carefully selected for strength and durability. And then there's a special Feltex innersole to absorb perspiration and keep the feet cool.

That's why Keds have become the standard shoes for sports. That's why Keds are unequalled, not only for the everyday wear of boys and girls, but for outings, hikes, camping trips and all vacation uses—for old and young alike.

It Will Pay You to Keep This in Mind

Remember—you cannot be sure of getting Keds unless you look for the name. Every Keds shoe *always* has the name Keds on it.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

They come in all the popular styles, high and low, brown and white—and at prices from $1.25 to $4.50.

GROWING BOYS *put shoes to about the hardest possible test of wear. Under actual conditions of this kind, Keds have repeatedly demonstrated their longer wearing quality*

If you want the longest wear and maximum service your money can buy, if you want the very utmost in light, cool comfort, ask for Keds—and make sure the name Keds is on the shoe!

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A STURDY *athletic-trim Keds model—built for the hardest sports and vacation wear.*

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There's a Keds model for every vacation use—for young folks or grown-ups. There are models with crepe soles and others with corrugated and suction soles—models in brown and others in white canvas But, to be sure of getting the maximum of service and long wear, look for the name—and insist on Keds!

¶ They are NOT Keds UNLESS the NAME Keds is on the shoe

IN RE DOLLAR-A-STEP COMPANY

(Continued from Page 13)

newly stocked and about to open Dollar-a-Step Company; it would not become clamorous until he passed Seventh Avenue or until he turned south on Seventh Avenue and thus turned his back flatly on the Dollar-a-Step Company. But Hook and Ladder Company 14, true to its great traditions for charging fires frontally, turned north on Seventh Avenue; and Murray, following it like a hound, ran with undiminished vigor toward the Dollar-a-Step Company straightly. The Dollar-a-Step Company tenanted the entire second floor of a shaky two-story wooden taxpayer at One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Street and Seventh Avenue, and Murray saw that this old wooden building was afire and burning with ardor. Thus his duty to attend to business coincided with his inclination to run to a fire, and any idiotic psychoanalyst—to imagine such among psychoanalysts—could have said that Murray experienced a gush of pure happiness. But Murray did not feel happy; never less.

The street floor of the old wooden building had been occupied by a lunch room; the lunch room had failed and had closed its doors, and the sign in the bleared window, Country Sausage with Dish Gravy Today, was of historic interest only. A trunk-and-leather-goods store, alive and going, occupied the basement. A trespassing tramp lived in the room back of the defunct lunch room. He was such a fellow as any policeman would fan with a stick on sight, and he departed into the unknown the minute the fire started, and no subscription was taken up to put a bronze plaque on the building; but his sojourn in it and his way of life in it were the subjects of learned arguments and of whole volumes of briefs.

The august Court of Appeals, seven judges sitting in a row, had the last word to say about that tramp; and they didn't satisfy everybody. This is the angle from which they approached the study of the life and habits of the vanished Weary Willie: Did his sleeping in that back room make the building a dwelling house so as to bring it within the intendment of Sections 220 and 222 of the Penal Law, making the person who set it alight guilty of arson in the second degree and subjecting him to twenty-five years' imprisonment? An *obiter dictum* of the court reserved for the tramp's sole benefit, when they collared him, which they never did, the question of the degree of his own guilt, should it appear that he had himself set the building alight when in the act of trespassing and when broiling for himself with the landlord's gas a tasty bite of country sausage. An open can of country sausage was found by Fireman Cantlon in the kitchen shortly after he opened the front door of the lunch room with an ax. The sausage was preserved as evidence, and several judges had a look at it and brooded over it; but a lurking cat in a jury room bolted off with it eventually. [People versus Buddenseek. People versus John Doe.]

Murray got through the fire lines and was privileged to stand on the street and watch his establishment burn up. It did not burn down; the fire shook its red-and-yellow banners from the windows of the Dollar-a-Step Company, but the lower floor was dark and flameless and had taken no hurt except from axes. Engine Company 58, of Number 81 West One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, had got a line into the lunch room and was soaking it so that the fire had no chance to come down. They followed it up the stairs, which were not going to be marked in an ascending progression of dollars after all, and drove it through the premises of the Dollar-a-Step Company, but not until it had burned out a bearing wall and had brought the roof sagging down on the newly painted salesroom of the gent's clothing concern.

Mr. Siegfried Gold, the proprietor of the trunk-and-leather-goods store in the basement, was not trusting to the New York Fire Department, but was getting his stock out and away. A gang was hustling the trunks up from the store and was piling them on two trucks. Mr. Gold, with a dusty derby hat pulled down over his ears, was running up and down the sidewalk and was crying to the firemen, "Stop it! I'll get my lawyer!" The firemen shoved him aside and the police threatened to put him outside the fire lines. Shortly after the fire, he filed suit against the city for ten thousand dollars, alleging that amount of damage to his stock by dripping water. The suit never went to trial, and is cited here only as an example of exceptional gall. [Gold versus City of New York, County Clerk's No. 5441-1912.]

To Murray Buddenseek, standing there with his fists clenched and with desolation in his face, came Irving Weltfish.

"Where was you?" cried Mr. Weltfish.

"I was over at the station putting the wife on a train for Poughkeepsie."

"Why was you not here?" cried Mr. Weltfish. "Why was nobody here? How does it happen? Such a partner I got! Where was that loafer you hired for a clerk? Where was he?"

"I'm right here, Mr. Weltfish," said the young fellow whom Murray had taken on during the previous week. His name was Berger. He had a hard face, and his cringing manner—he carried himself crookedly, bent over, and with one shoulder raised defensively—had not appeased the shrewd Mr. Weltfish's instant dislike and distrust of him. "Do you want me, Mr. Weltfish?"

"In a hospital I want you, you loafer!" cried Mr. Weltfish, closing his fists and shaking them together under the clerk's daunted nose. "Where was you? Shut up! Where was you?"

"Well, it was this way, Mr. Weltfish," whined Berger: "I was up in the salesroom, when that fellow come to get the packing cases out of the stock room that Mr. Buddenseek here told him he could have for fifty cents each. He come with a truck. Well, he is in the stock room where there ain't nothing but them empty boxes, and I am in the salesroom, talking to a guy who comes in to see if the store is open yet. Well, this guy gives me an argument about the Giants and the Sox up at the Polo Grounds today, and one word brings another, and he hauls off and lays me ten bucks to five that the Giants will cop. Well, Mr. Weltfish, I go this guy and lock up the salesroom, and we go around for a peep at the score board. The Sox is from my home town, Mr. Weltfish, and I'm leaving it to you if they are the short end of two to one with the Giants—now, are they, yourself?"

"Go away, Nuttsy," said Murray. "Don't bother us now, will you?"

Berger shambled off, but kept looking back at the speechless Mr. Weltfish, and was obviously reluctant to go before he had Mr. Weltfish's opinion on the comparative merits of the Sox and the Giants.

"Even money—am I right, Mr. Weltfish?"

Siegfried Gold, who had seen the last of his small stock to safety, came now and spoke to Murray.

"Don't say nothing, Mr. Buddenseek, until we see a lawyer and ask it who is to pay us damages. Insurance you got? Ah, you lucky man! Listen, Mr. Buddenseek, if you couldn't claim 100 per cent, might you would send the adjuster to see me, hah?"

"Who is this?" demanded Mr. Weltfish harshly.

"This is our neighbor, Mr. Gold," said Murray. "He had the trunk store downstairs. You saved your entire stock, didn't you, Gold?"

"Who can say this?" said Gold, hunching up his shoulders. "The fire ain't out. Might it would burn up the whole building yet. I got very heavy losses, Mr. Buddenseek. If it is by fire, if it is by water, who can say this until we see a lawyer? Don't say nothing, Mr. Buddenseek."

But the fire was none the less out. Murray and Mr. Weltfish went cautiously up the charred stairs and looked into the blackened salesroom.

"Hello," said Mr. Weltfish. "Where is the stock yet?"

"It couldn't have burned up entirely," said Murray, puzzledly peering into the room. He saw neither garments nor remnants on the racks; the place had been swept of goods, but not by fire. "Could the firemen have removed it? But ——"

"Aha!" cried Mr. Weltfish. "Here is funny business. Where is that Berger?"

"You mean," said Murray, startled, "that he—that somebody—that the place was robbed before the fire? Why, then it's likely! See here, Weltfish, the building may have been fired on purpose. But not by Berger—oh, not by Berger. I know him."

"Where do you know him from?" demanded Weltfish sharply. "And who is this crook that takes away the packing cases for fifty cents? Aha-a!"

"I don't know him," said Murray, feeling that he was somehow on the defensive. "Why, Weltfish, you said only this morning that we ought to clear out that stock room. The man came to me and told me Berger had said to him that we had some packing cases to sell. I told him to come and get them."

"And then you go off for an hour, and your fine Berger goes to see the baseball game—aha! Now, my friend, to you I tell something. I was selling clothes before you was wearing them, understand? You know where the stock went. Me too!"

"Are you accusing me of robbing the store, Weltfish?" said Murray fiercely.

"Not so loud, Mr. Buddenseek," said Weltfish, changing his tone. "You should take shame for yourself to think I would accuse you. I'm your partner, ain't it? But we must know what to say to the insurance people. Questions they will ask you. Only last week you got a policy on the stock for thirty thousand dollars, ain't it? Bankruptcy we got now; jail somebody would get, too, if the insurance company would fight the loss. Wasn't you left in charge of the store? Well, where is it? Never mind, Mr. Buddenseek. Don't fight. Don't you know where the stock went? Don't I? Out the door it goes in the packing cases for fifty cents each. A fine bargain that crook makes!"

II

"ABE MEYER—Patrick Nolan—Murray Buddenseek!" called the clerk of the magistrate's court.

The detective sitting beside Murray in the body of the court room pulled Murray's sleeve, and they got up and went together to the bar.

"Buddenseek," said the detective.

"Where's your lawyer, Buddenseek?" asked the magistrate.

"He hasn't come yet, sir," said Murray.

"Have you sent for him?"

"Yes—that is, somebody"—he hated to name Elsie in this place—"is getting me one."

A greasy-looking counselor who had been sizing Murray up from the row of chairs reserved for lawyers darted and thrust himself before Murray.

"Here I am, judge," he said briskly. "I'll take care of him."

"Did anybody ask you to interfere?" inquired the magistrate. "Sit down. I'll hold the case another few minutes, Buddenseek. Sit down and wait."

"Harry Lavelle!"

Murray and his custodian resumed their seats, while a uniformed policeman and a prisoner stepped to the bar. The policeman took the witness chair.

"Officer," pattered the assistant district attorney, "are you regularly attached to the Fourteenth Precinct, including territory Seventh Avenue, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, and also on July thirty-first last, and did you see the prisoner offering tickets of admission for sale at the entrance of a theater?"

"I did, and he wouldn't cut it out."

"And I wouldn't slip him, neither," muttered the prisoner.

"What was that remark?" snapped the magistrate.

"Guilty, Your Honor."

"Ten dollars," said the magistrate.

"Philip MacTague!"

"That's the murder case, judge," said a lawyer, half rising. "Waives examination."

"Held," said the magistrate.

Murray watched the court-room door. He had heard much of the law's delays, but they were not in evidence this morning in this courtroom. Cases were disposed of here with a snap. Twenty defendants had been given a hearing within the last hour, and the magistrate was still breathing easily, like a man who was running well within his best speed. It seemed to Murray that the magistrate was not giving the cases adequate attention, was altogether too curt and knowing; he had seen a man sent to the Island for six months, and had noticed that the magistrate dipped his pen in the ink before the defendant opened his mouth.

It seemed to him that something was to be said for procrastination and shilly-shallying after all. Over the heads in the comfortably filled court room, he cast anxious glances at the door.

He was momentarily distracted by a colloquy between a couple who sat before him and who seemed to be officer and prisoner. The prisoner offered to bet the officer fifty dollars that he'd beat the case. The officer agreed to take this offer, whereupon the prisoner, evidently impressed by the officer's confidence, withdrew his offer and said that he would bet the officer fifty dollars that he would be convicted, and he drew out the money. At first blush, this seemed a sporting thing to do; but the officer was instantly angry and told his captive to put that money away or he would stuff it down his throat. The prisoner looked over his shoulder at Murray, and then his shifty eyes went on to the doorway, when they steadied and glowed; and Murray was conscious of a stir in the court room.

A small man, middle-aged, but still youthfully slender, had entered the court room and was walking down the aisle. There was nothing of doubt or trepidation in his bearing; he was evidently a familiar of this place. Murray was puzzled to assign him an office; he did not carry the brief case of a lawyer, nor had he the physique of a police officer, nor the meek air of a prisoner. He wore a light summer suit with braided edges, and a rosebud in his buttonhole; when he lifted his slender hand in patronizing recognition of a court attendant, three large diamonds sparkled from separate rings. The large black eyes in the little fop's narrow and pointed face were lifted to the bench; the magistrate paused in his stride and bowed; the little man nodded slightly.

"Little Amby!" muttered the prisoner sitting before Murray Buddenseek.

"Go away," said the officer. "You mean Counselor Hinkle himself?"

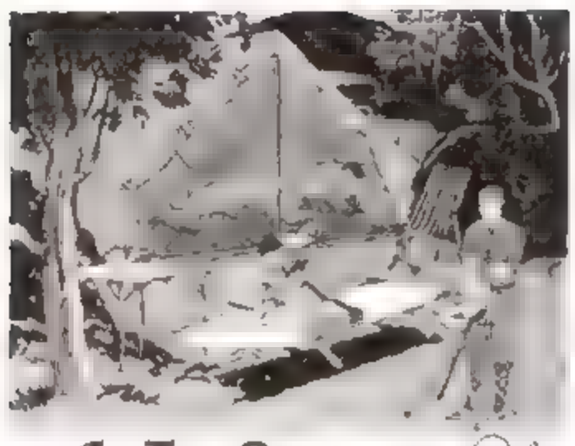
"Bring Buddenseek up here," said the magistrate, when Counselor Ambrose Hinkle had spoken briefly with him.

"We'll let it go downtown, judge," said Little Amby with a friendly nod at Murray.

"Held for the grand jury," said the magistrate.

"And you'll admit him to bail?" continued Little Amby. "A thousand dollars ought to be plenty, but whatever the district attorney says."

"Oh, no," said the magistrate. "The charge is a felony—Section 1201, destroying insured property. You know I can't



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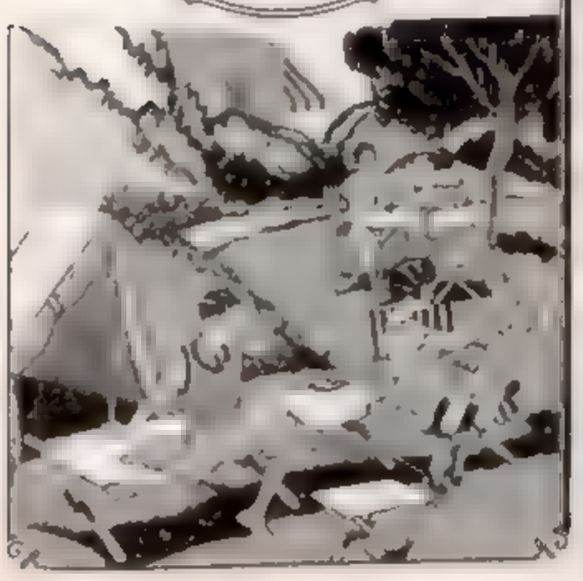

admit him to bail at once, even if I should think of taking a thousand dollars."

"You certainly can, if the district attorney is willing," said Little Amby. "And it's a perfect outrage to charge this poor boy with a felony just because he had a fire in his place. This is some snide work of the insurance company, but they'll pay for this boy's arrest before I'm done with them. They could have gone before the grand jury in an orderly way and asked for his indictment; but they didn't do it, because no grand jury would indict. So they have this respectable business man pulled in like a common thief. Was he running away, that he had to be grabbed? He was taking his wife over to Jersey for a day's outing, that's all. That loyal little girl came to my office this morning with tears in her eyes, and all trembling at the brutal and lawless ——"

"Shall we proceed with the examination?" interrupted the magistrate.

Little Amby drew the assistant district attorney aside and conferred with him in whispers, while the court room waited. He spoke to the magistrate:

"The district attorney waives notice of the application, judge, and consents to fifteen hundred dollars bail on my personal word that I'll produce this man on demand and at any time or place."

"I'll hold him in fifteen hundred," said the magistrate.

Little Amby turned and snapped his fingers and a professional bondsman hurried to him.

"Give this gentleman fifteen dollars and let's get out of here," said Little Amby to Murray.

Thus expeditiously was the hand of the law unloosed from Murray's collar. He and the little shyster who was then rising to leadership of New York's criminal bar walked down the aisle and out into the freedom of the city.

"Had your lunch?" asked Little Amby, consulting a diamond-studded watch. "Come with me; I want to talk to you. Don't mind about Mrs. Buddenseek; I told her not to worry, and that I'd send you home to her in half an hour."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Hinkle, I'd like to go straight home."

"I do mind," said Little Amby brusquely. "Come and get your lunch."

He brought Murray to a restaurant on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He pushed the dinner card toward Murray, ordering for himself a club sandwich and a split of champagne.

"Where did you plant that stock of clothing?" he asked blandly.

"Why, Mr. Hinkle, you surely don't think that I robbed my own store!"

"I certainly do, Buddenseek," said Little Amby with a wink. "Otherwise I wouldn't take the case. Who'd pay me? Not you, from what the little lady told me. She says you're on the nut. It's a plain case. You bought for a bust! You spent a few months in building up credit, and then you bought right and left, five times more than you could hope to sell. Plain as a pikestaff, Buddenseek; bought for a bust. Still, I'm surprised the insurance people took a chance and grabbed you instead of simply fighting the claim; they must have thought you were running away. How much of the stock will you give back for immunity from prosecution? Will you give a half?"

"I'll give nothing, Mr. Hinkle," said Murray stoutly, "for I know nothing about the robbery. I want you to believe that."

"Suit yourself," said Little Amby, after a penetrating look at the young man across the white cloth. "Your wife said that you were in partnership with a man named Weltfish. Did you have a partner? I saw an account of the failure, and there was no mention of a partner."

"He was a silent partner—supposed to be, though he had a lot to say."

"Yes? Tell me, Buddenseek, is this Weltfish an old man of about my size, but stouter, with one eye half closed—like this?"

"That must be the man. Why, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Try the roast duck," said Little Amby, turning to his lunch.

"Don't get the notion that poor old Weltfish knows anything about the robbery, Mr. Hinkle," said Murray earnestly. "As a matter of fact, he stands to lose much more by the robbery than I do."

"How's that?"

"The poor old fellow has a very valuable piece of real estate down on West Eighteenth Street. He showed me the deed and title policy—a policy for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There's a mortgage on the property for one hundred thousand dollars, and he's liable to lose his entire equity of fifty thousand dollars if he is held liable as a full partner. He's almost frantic over it. He used this property in making up a bank statement, so I know all about it. He would have to pay the entire debts of the Dollar-a-Step Company, as I can't contribute anything. A partner's individual property can be taken for partnership debts, can't it?"

"Certainly, under Section 5 of the Bankruptcy Law," said Little Amby thoughtfully. "This is very interesting."

He shook hands with Murray later, sent his regards to Mrs. Buddenseek, told Murray that he didn't doubt his innocence for a moment, and ran nimbly down into the Subway.

He went directly to a meeting of creditors of the Dollar-a-Step Company in the Flatiron Building. He introduced himself to the dozen men sitting at the table—credit men of the clothing manufacturers—and they received him as Murray Buddenseek's lawyer with hostility. But at least he brought some animation into their conference; they had been able to discover no partnership assets and had had nothing to wrangle over.

"Mr. Buddenseek was arrested this morning, gentlemen," he said, "on complaint of the Jupiter Insurance Company, and charged with burning up his own stock."

"Good!" they said, cheering up visibly.

"He has no funds to conduct a defense," said Little Amby, tapping a cigarette on a gold box.

"How are you going to be paid then?" said one of them.

"That is what I wished to talk to you about," he said amiably. "You surely wouldn't sit by and see an innocent man sent to prison, would you? I suggest to you that you raise a defense fund."

"Well, of all the nerve! He steals our goods and then he asks us to pay his lawyer—this is rich!"

"Come, gentlemen," said Little Amby confidently, "you are not going to let this soulless insurance company convict this man of burning his own store and so dodge its liability under its policy?"

"That's true, curse it. The insurance company is trying to avoid the policy—and then where will we be?"

"Exactly," said Little Amby, moving to go. "You have my card, gentlemen. I realize that this charge against Mr. Buddenseek is hideously unjust; but I have to live, and somebody will have to pay me if I am not to withdraw from the case. Good day, gentlemen."

He continued downtown and to the main office of the Jupiter Insurance Company on William Street. He explained his interest in the case to the manager of the claims department. "What are your terms, Mr. Frawley, to drop the prosecution and admit full liability under your policy?" he ended. "There's absolutely no question but what that stock was burned up in the fire, and that the fire was of innocent origin; but I'm willing to pay you to lay off. Will you take the value of half the stock?"

"We will make no terms, Mr. Hinkle," said the manager frostily. "If Buddenseek puts us in possession of information that frees us of liability under our policy, we'll drop the prosecution, and not otherwise."

"In the first place," said Little Amby, "Mr. Buddenseek has no such information. In the second place, why should he give it if there is to be nothing in it for him? And in the third place, I'm going to beat this case, and I won't ask anything more for my fee than an assignment of a nice fat action for false arrest against this company. Think it over, Mr. Frawley; and when you've seen the common sense of the matter, come up to Center Street and be prepared to talk turkey."

He returned to his office in Center Street and called up the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company and asked for an acquaintance in the business department.

"Hello, Robinson; this is Ambrose Hinkle. I want you to examine title to a property in West Eighteenth Street; I'm thinking of buying it; but the owner doesn't know it, so keep it quiet. A short-period search showing all interested parties in the last twenty years will do me. And, Robinson, get me an opinion on the quiet from your loan department as to whether they'll lend me a hundred thousand on the property; there's a mortgage for that amount on it now, but the owner is going bankrupt and that will make the mortgage due. The street number? Just a moment. Keep this dead quiet now or you'll ruin a deal—hear me?"

III

THE little house in Center Street from which Little Amby conducted his law business bulked large even at that time in the legal landscape of the metropolis. It was a decrepit three-story-and-basement brick structure opposite the Tombs. The nature of the business done there and its ramifications were indicated by the interest that was aroused last summer when announcement was made that the little house was to be torn down to make way for a loft building. A city official started at once on a tour to investigate methods in European cities, a traction magnate departed on his yacht for the bounding main, and several dozen lawyers began for assorted clients an intensive study of the Statute of Limitations. The little house was promptly bought, as you know, by the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company, through its subsidiary, The Land Investors Corporation; and it was whispered at the time that the company acted for Cato Pruitt, the much-married Hoboken millionaire and patron of the drama.

However, lawyers who knew Little Amby and his methods well say that no uneasiness need have been caused by the proposed destruction of the little house in Center Street, that its cupboards held no skeletons and that the secrets which it had heard were not recorded in its walls. The house is there yet. A Hungarian restaurant is doing business in it upstairs and a city marshal functions in its dark basement, but Little Amby has passed on.

Here came in the old days many controllers of the city's illicit industries, gang leaders, drug dealers, men of money who made their own, receivers, financiers who bought big blocks of gilt-edged securities at eighty cents on the dollar and no questions asked. Here, too, came pretty ladies of Broadway to institute strike suits and to collect blackmail by due process of law; they were followed by their respectable and wealthy victims, check books in hand and panic in heart. Murderers hurried here, driven by the beat of pursuing footsteps; bandits came here to be shrived of their banditry; bankrupts came to have the efficacy of their fraudulent schemes sounded. Murray Buddenseek came here of an afternoon in late August, 1912, and asked to see Little Amby.

"You want to be more prompt," mumbled Cohen, Little Amby's fat and yellow-faced managing clerk. Cohen gnawed a chunk from a plug of tobacco and reached for his burning cigar; he was one of the two well-known New Yorkers of the period who chewed tobacco and smoked cigars at the same time. "You're nearly ten minutes late. Go on in, but remember next time."

Murray went down the hall and entered Little Amby's private office overlooking the prison yard.

(Continued on Page 101)

ATWATER KENT RADIO

One person hears it in another person's home....

and that's the way Atwater Kent Sets are sold

For in the homes of Atwater Kent owners, their friends are finding out that long experience makes a great difference.

In making Atwater Kent ignition systems for fine automobiles, long ago we learned that the car buyer wants something that will run all the time, that won't break down or cause worry or expense.

So with radio. Of course, a set must have distance and selectivity, tone and volume. But these are common to all good radio sets, just as speed and ease in shifting gears are common to all good automobiles.

Our sets and Radio Speakers have something more—something that you can't see—a higher type of precision and ease, learned in twenty-four years of making electrical equipment. And this higher degree of workmanship saves trouble, service bills and repairs.

ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
PHILADELPHIA · PENNSYLVANIA

Hear the Atwater Kent Radio Artists every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock eastern daylight time through stations WEAF *New York* WJAR *Providence;* WEEI *Boston,* WFI *Philadelphia;* WCAE *Pittsburgh,* WGR *Buffalo;* WEAR *Cleveland;* WWJ *Detroit;* WCCO *Minneapolis-St. Paul;* WOC *Davenport;* WSAI *Cincinnati*

MODEL 10 $80

MODEL H Radio Speaker, $22

MODEL 24 ..... $100

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada

In the home of GRANTLAND RICE, *sports writer, is installed the Model 20 Compact. This set is priced at eighty dollars*

Last year you promised yourself General Cords

The desire to experience many of the good things you've heard about Generals from users probably has made you promise yourself a set for this year.

You'll find the experience of riding on Generals entirely different. We can promise that the big mileage will be a revelation. But that's not all. General's greater freedom from internal friction is a big item in power and gasoline savings. And this persuasive appeal to your thriftiness is in all Regular Sizes as well as in the 4-ply and 6-ply Balloons.

Let the General dealer look at your present tires. Even if you still have some wear in them, you will not lose it in equipping with Generals now.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

FULLEST ADVANTAGES OF LOW PRESSURE IN REGULAR SIZES AND IN 4-PLY AND 6-PLY BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 98)

"Well, they want me to turn you in," said Little Amby, who was behind the massive mahogany desk. He did not greet Murray. His manner with his clients was always brusque.

"Turn me in?" repeated Murray, pausing in the act of sitting down.

"Yes, turn you in," said Little Amby, moving a jeweled hand toward the somber gray building across the way. "They're readying up a cell for you there now. Can you find twenty-five thousand dollars, Buddenseek?"

"No."

"Then you're elected. The district attorney has moved to increase your bail to twenty-five thousand dollars."

"But how what—I thought ——"

"Now, Buddenseek, let's not beat around the bush. Certain new information has come to the district attorney; and as I have a wire into his office, it has come to me. In the first place, those packing cases have been found. Your wife's people live near Poughkeepsie, don't they? And you put her on the train for Poughkeepsie the day your store was fired. Well, do you know where the packing cases, all broken up, were found? Near a wood road not a quarter of a mile from the state highway between Wappingers Falls and Poughkeepsie."

"What does that prove?"

"Not a thing, not a blessed thing, Buddenseek. But the district attorney hasn't got to prove his case in order to have your bail increased or to secure indictments, you know. He has only to dig stuff up that needs explanation. Have you any explanation about this, Buddenseek?"

"I swear to you, Mr. Hinkle, that I don't know anything about that fire or about where the stock went."

"Very well, Buddenseek, you're the doctor. To proceed—that man Berger that you took on against your partner's wishes is a graduate of the class of 1910 of San Quentin in California. Now you're beginning to take notice! You knew that fellow had done his bit in San Quentin, eh?"

"But he was going straight, Mr. Hinkle. He was entitled to his chance. Berger is not a professional criminal; he's only foolish, and I—I gave him a chance. He had nothing to do with the robbery, Mr. Hinkle. I'm sure he didn't."

"Maybe there was another alumnus of San Quentin working for the Dollar-a-Step Company," suggested Little Amby softly. "The district attorney believes so, and he has some pretty good evidence. I wouldn't like to go to the mat with him on the question of identity; they say that fingerprints never change from the cradle to the grave."

"I won't deny it," said Murray, lifting his head with sudden fierceness. "I served a year in San Quentin. That's where I met Berger. But I tell you I know nothing about this job! Is a man to be damned for the rest of his life because he has made one mistake?"

"A commercial fraud, wasn't it?"

"It might be called so. But I never profited by it—not a red cent. I was in business then in San Francisco. A man came to me—never mind who he was, but he was my friend—and he said he had to have three thousand dollars for a month or he'd be ruined. Did I know he was playing the market? I got the money for him on a false bank statement, and he didn't make good. Yes, I was a fool, but I was only a kid. And I went to San Quentin."

"And then you came East."

"Came back East; I was born in Poughkeepsie. Went out West to seek my fortune—ha-ha, some fortune! And I met the girl again. And I started again in New York, and when things looked rosy I married her. And —— Oh, a man is a fool to try to be honest when everybody wants to make him out a crook. Mr. Hinkle, does she know about this? I never told her. I never told anybody. How could I? What chance would I have? She'll know now. I don't care. She can go back to her people and I'll go ——"

"—— to Sing Sing," said Little Amby practically. "Back in the tank. And you'll have some stretch to do too. You know, Buddenseek, more than half a defendant's case when indicted for commercial fraud is previous good character. A jury is slow to convict a business man for something they can see themselves doing under great temptation, but they have no fellow feeling for a jailbird. They'll believe anything about you, and what you will get will make that year in San Quentin look like a breather.

"If the district attorney can bulldoze Berger into saying that you told him to touch the place off, you'll be lucky to escape an indictment for arson; that'll be second degree, as it happened in the daytime, and you can get only twenty-five years. If the stock was on the premises, he'll get you under Section 1201; if it was removed, he'll go for you under 1171, and that carries another five years. And in that case you're liable under 1290 for grand larceny—and that's ten years. Now the Federal people down in the post office ——"

"That's enough. What am I to do?"

"Skip," said Little Amby.

"I won't do it. I'm not guilty of anything, and I won't run away."

"Fine!" said Little Amby gratulatingly. "It's what I thought you'd say, Buddenseek. And you're right not to be influenced by the fact that Mrs. Buddenseek is going to be drawn into this."

"How's that?"

"Weren't the boxes on the road to Poughkeepsie?" said Little Amby, striking a match to light a gold-tipped cigarette.

Murray stared at him, appalled, and then bent over and took his forehead in his hand.

"Buck up, son," said Little Amby, rising and clapping him on the shoulder. "I see a way out if you come clean with me, and I'm going to give you a chance. But I want you to put the Hudson between you and the district attorney until I can talk with him. You won't run away altogether. If I wanted to get you, I'd just put a pipe on that little girl, and I'd find you as sure as shooting. You do just what I say, and you'll shoot out of your troubles like a bat out of hell."

He brought Murray to his feet and stood close to him with a hand on his shoulder.

"They'd know you by that suit, wouldn't they?" he said, feeling the stuff of Murray's coat. "Comes out of the stock, doesn't it? Nice piece of goods. I read a circular describing the stock; the police were sending it to the towns up the river." He rolled back the lapel of the coat, and seemed actually to have forgotten the matter in hand in his inveterate and almost childish interest in clothes. "Yes, you'll have to shed that, and you can't go home. I'll get you a wardrobe all new. Now listen. You go across to Broadway, and you'll see a fire sale of bags and trunks near the corner of Worth Street. Buy yourself a small trunk. I'm sending you there because you'll get a bargain, the sale being on the level; it's the stock of your old friend Gold from uptown. Have the trunk sent around to the West Street House, and take a room and wait for me. Get it? Go on now, and I'll see you over there in an hour."

Little Amby pushed Murray from the office and turned his attention to the affairs of other clients. Later in the afternoon he left the little house in Center Street and went across town to the West Street House, a fourth-rate hotel for seafarers. He found Murray sitting in a shabby room.

"All set," he said. "The boy is bringing around some rags for you, and I'll provide you with a roll after we've looked over this time-table. I want you to go to Philly. A friend of mine runs an establishment there on Race Street; not neat and not gaudy, but safe. He's a Chinaman, and he can't speak a word of English when he doesn't want to. You'll be all right, Buddenseek, so long as you play straight with me. You got the trunk, did you? Six dollars? That's good value. It looks like a wardrobe trunk. Not bad."

He threw up the lid of the trunk that Murray had just bought on Broadway at the fire sale and showed detached interest in its arrangement of compartments.

"Excellent value," he muttered, and he threw a small object out onto the bed. "Now what do you know about that? You never can trust a fire sale; they rang in some secondhands. What would that button be doing in here? Aren't they the limit? Look, there's a button!"

Murray picked up the button idly, while Little Amby examined the lock of the trunk. He knew quite a little about locks, having had occasion to study them while defending thieves; but he was distracted from his study of this one.

"Look!" exclaimed Murray. "Look! Look at this!"

"What?" said Little Amby, turning to him.

"The button! Look at the initials on it—M. B. C. Look, right on the back!"

"What about it?"

"That means Mindanao Button Company. Those were the buttons were on the three hundred suits we bought from Ennis & Schwepperman's. Don't you see? Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. What are you raving about?"

"Why, one of Ennis & Schwepperman's suits must have been in that trunk, and since the trunk came from Gold—don't you see?"

"No, no. For heaven's sake, what are you jumping for?"

"Gosh, you're thick!" said Murray. "Our stock never went off in those packing cases! I tell you I saw Gold carrying out his trunks right under our nose. That's where our stock went."

"Where?" said Little Amby stupidly.

"Into the basement and out in Gold's trunks! That matter of the packing cases was only a stall, if it wasn't worse, if it wasn't to get me in trouble. Me, the jailbird! Don't you see? It's a hundred to one!"

"Let's take that bet," said Little Amby, smiling. "Buddenseek, I take it all back."

"What?"

"Never mind. We're going to get busy, and we're going to find that stock in half an hour, or we're going to know the reason why. And we won't have to put up with any reasons, because I know where it is right now!"

IV

MR. SIEGFRIED GOLD had taken by the week a vacant store near the corner of Worth Street and Broadway to dispose of the stock of leather goods that had gone through fire and water. Trade had been brisk, and Mr. Gold had got better than cost and overhead, but he was looking exceedingly glum. He didn't have a word to say. He sat in the little office in the back of the store and looked with the utmost interest at a large and knobby fist that was being shaken within an inch of his nose. The fist belonged to Sperry Lappin, a first-class detective, and Sperry was right there behind it, saying from a corner of his heavy mouth, "Are you going to open up?"

Sperry Lappin had a great reputation for detective ability in those days. He used to be a piano mover, and now he is again a piano mover; but he was a member of the municipal police force of the city and county of New York from 1906 to 1914, and the feats of deduction that he performed during the latter part of his service made Sherlock Holmes look like a bophead. He would still be going strong, in spite of being brought up on charges before the deputy every six months and asked to show cause why he shouldn't be sent back to piano moving, if he hadn't got drunk while off duty and driven his car through a store window and arrested the storekeeper for obstructing traffic. Sperry was a psychological detective. This was Rule One in his applied science of criminology, not cribbed from Lombroso, but got from Sperry's original study of the criminal mind: "What no crook likes is a good sock on the nose!"

The underworld went to cover when it learned that a mysterious crime had been

Concerning

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The unique position of esteem and confidence occupied by Burgess Radio Batteries is a natural development of the conservative policy which has characterized the manufacture, advertising and sale of Burgess products.

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It will be of interest to the thinking battery buyer to know that a Burgess product is neither advertised nor sold until its merit has been proven, not only by our own rigid tests, but also those of the foremost radio engineers, manufacturers and experimenters in the country.

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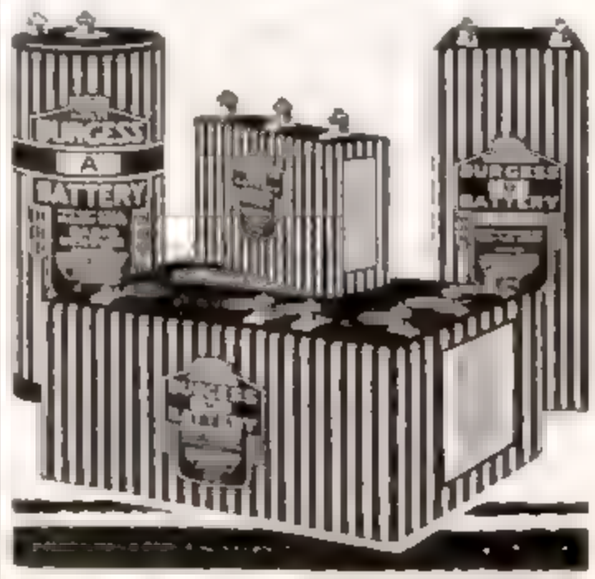


The Dexter
model for
home use

Between hair cuts
—use Brown & Sharpe
CLIPPERS

NOW that almost the whole family visits the barber regularly, the handiest addition that you can make to your bathroom equipment is a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers. Every one in the family will find constant use for them in keeping hair well trimmed and tidy between trips to the barber's or hairdresser's.

When you buy hair clippers you can be sure beforehand that Brown & Sharpe clippers will give you the greatest value and satisfaction for your money. Your barber uses Brown & Sharpe clippers because they are the simplest to operate, the smoothest running, keenest cutting and the most durable clippers made. He has been using them for years and has found that no other clipper surpasses the Brown & Sharpe for precision of operation and mechanical excellence. There are clippers that cost less—but none so well built, smooth working and durable as the Brown & Sharpe.

The latest addition to the Brown & Sharpe line is the new, easy-action Dexter model—specially designed for all-round home use. The balance of the clipper is perfect and its cutting action free and smooth. The blades operate as twenty tiny scissors and, being exceedingly sharp, they cut the fine hairs at the back of the neck without the slightest tendency to tug or pull. Like all Brown & Sharpe clippers, the Dexter does not coarsen the hair.

A pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers is a thrifty purchase. Make it today. They are as practical as your nail file and scissors—and just as necessary to maintain a neat appearance. Ask for the Dexter model—the best for home use.

Hardware, barber supply and cutlery stores now have the Dexter clipper on sale packed in a handsome, sturdy box, prominently marked for your identification. Price $4.50.

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.
Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

allotted to Sperry Lappin for elucidation. It knew that one of its inhabitants, and perhaps one after another, would soon be pinned against a house wall or billboard, and would be in process of interrogation: "Who done it, before I break your face?"

Two other city detectives were in Sperry's company on this occasion, and were watching him without approval. Little Amby and Murray Buddenseek were outside in the store.

Little Amby saw through the front window a wagon drawn by one horse and piled with trunks; the wagon stopped before the store and the driver got down.

"Hey, Sperry!" shouted Little Amby.

The three detectives issued forth and Sperry saw the wagon. The driver, a dark and low-set young fellow, entered the store, taking his cap from his head and extracting a yellow slip from it; he found himself in the presence of five silent and observant men, and he put on his cap quickly and turned to go. Sperry jumped at him, swinging his fist, and struck him a blow that landed high on his cheek and knocked him down.

"Resist arrest, will you?" said Sperry. "Police department!" And he opened his other hand and showed a shield.

The driver was resting comfortably on the floor, propped on one elbow.

"I'm asking you one question, young fellow," said Sperry, "and then I'm going to put the boots to you. Where did you drive them trunks from? Resist, and do me a favor!"

"Who's resisting?" pleaded the driver. "Give a guy a chance to talk before brutalizing him, will you? I'll tell you where I got them—honest, I will. Hey, don't let him hit me!"

"Get up," said Sperry, kicking him. "Drive us over there. See that? I wouldn't like nothing better than to plug you with that rod for resisting. Get up!"

He shoved the exhibited revolver back into his pocket. He and one of his fellow sleuths and Murray Buddenseek went with the driver and departed on the wagon. The third detective sat with Siegfried Gold; Little Amby lit a cigarette and sat down on a trunk.

The telephone in the office rang after twenty minutes had passed. While the detective was answering it, Little Amby was talking to Irving Weltfish. The silent partner in the Dollar-a-Step Company had entered the store in great haste, with a dew of perspiration on his forehead.

"Where's Gold?" panted Mr. Weltfish. "Where is he?"

"Grabbed," said Little Amby, not troubling to arise.

"Arrested? Already? No, not yet!"

"Must be seen to be appreciated," said Little Amby, gesturing like a showman; his hand went out toward the glass partition through which were visible the detective and Mr. Gold.

The detective came out, leading Gold.

"They found the goods," he said happily. And then he looked at Mr. Weltfish and asked, "Who's this?"

"One of the Dollar-a-Step Company people," said Little Amby.

"You're in luck, mister," said the officer to Mr. Weltfish. "That young fellow who was here went around with them to a warehouse on Eighteenth Street, and they found the entire stock. And that doesn't begin to tell what they found either. They found that silk was stolen from the Astor Place loft; and if that truckload of furs that Lappin was raving about aren't the goods that were snitched from the Furriers' Exchange, I'll kiss your foot in the front window of the Times Square Drug Store. Say, they must have a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth, and it all come about through this baby. Come along, professor."

"Him?" exclaimed Mr. Weltfish, looking at Gold with eyes that bulged with rage. "He stole our goods?"

He launched himself at Gold; the detective caught him.

"Easy, easy!"

"Let me at that crook!" frothed Weltfish, grappling with the detective. "Give me your gun, officer. I'll shoot him dead! I got a taxi waiting around the corner on Worth Street, and to the morgue I would take him, the crook. Give me your gun! Give me a blackjack yet, and I would give him he wouldn't know what hit him. Let me at him, officer!"

"Lay off me, will you?" cried the detective, trying to throw off the encircling arms. "Let go of my arm, you old fool, or he'll get clean away!"

Mr. Gold had become active. Freed of the detective's hand, he had bolted through the doorway and whisked around the corner of the store into Worth Street. Mr. Weltfish managed in spite of his years to get to the doorway before the detective, but there he had a sudden faintness, and he fell, and the detective fell over him. Little Amby, proceeding at leisure and with a grin on his narrow face, saw the two pursuers disentangle themselves and hurry into Worth Street. When he followed them around the corner he saw that the taxicab containing Mr. Gold was already half a block away and gathering speed with every turn of its wheels. After it ran the detective and the vindictive Mr. Weltfish.

"Not a bad dodge for an old fellow," murmured Little Amby appreciatively. "Gold isn't going to tell what he knows this time. I'll gamble, too, that he has a dummy tenant for the warehouse, so that there will be no tracing the business back to Mr. Irving Weltfish."

Little Amby entered Buddenseek's Bargain Basement on Fourteenth Street. To get to it, he had to walk down broad and inviting stairs. On the treads of these stairs, to be read by customers with joy that mounted as they descended, was a progression of dollar signs—$1, $2, $3, and so on until they stepped on Murray Buddenseek's welcoming mat with the blissful consciousness of having saved twelve dollars which nothing but base ingratitude could prevent their spending in Buddenseek's Bargain Basement.

For the moment trade was slack; customers refused to be seduced from doing business on the level. Murray was sitting at a piled table, agonizing over the composition of a motto.

"What do you think of that?" he said to Mrs. Buddenseek, exhibiting the hand-printed words "Buddies Seek Bargains in Buddenseek's Bargain Basement." "A bear, hey, Elsie?"

"Awful," said Mrs. Buddenseek, with an exaggerated shudder.

"You're always knocking," he said; but he crumpled up the paper and tossed it aside. Then they hurried forward to greet Little Amby.

"Quite a place," said the lawyer, looking around.

"We're doing very well," said Murray, rubbing his hands. "We're connected with the big department store overhead, you know. We handle the big store's left-overs and remnants. When I get a few more of my ideas to work, this place will blossom like a rose."

"And if it doesn't," said Little Amby, "you can turn out a few more lights and raise mushrooms."

"Turn on those lights back there, Elsie," said Murray. "No, we're not raising any mushrooms in this basement, Mr. Hinkle. Do you know that we cleaned up eleven hundred net last month? It just goes to show what a person can do when he has energy and ideas and a good opening."

"And credit," said Little Amby. He always expected a *quid pro quo*, and he never hesitated to remind anyone of an obligation.

"And credit, of course," said Murray. "I tell you what, Mr. Hinkle, the discovery of that thieves' warehouse certainly brought my stock back to par in New York. It was fine of you to let people think that I had brought it about."

"I took the cash and let the credit go," said Little Amby. "I couldn't use it in my business. But I got mine—never mind how or where."

"Wasn't that the luckiest thing to find—that button in that trunk?" said Murray.

"Wasn't it, though?"

"And do you know what I think, Mr. Hinkle? I think that Weltfish knew more than his prayers. I was never convinced by the howl he raised when he discovered that the tenant of his warehouse was doing a crooked business. It is true that the mortgage was foreclosed and Weltfish was wiped out; he must have lost a lot of money there."

"Think so? What would you say if I told you that the mortgagee who foreclosed was a cousin of Gold the trunk man? And supposing I told you that the property wasn't worth more than seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars at the most. And Weltfish had it mortgaged for a hundred thousand—with the bond and mortgage in his own safe, as likely as not."

"Is that possible? That would put a different face on the whole affair."

"And before you do any weeping for Weltfish, you'd better find out where the anonymous letters came from that tipped the police to the boxes being up near Poughkeepsie, and to the fact that you had done a bit ——"

"Elsie knows it," said Murray when Little Amby paused. "I told Weltfish about it before I took him in as partner; and I guess I can tell Elsie about it, seeing that she's my partner now."

"You know, Buddenseek," said Little Amby, taking his late client by the arm, "I had a little difficulty in believing that you weren't in on that deal—at first, I mean. It was apparent to me that you'd bought for a bust; and even when they found those packing cases up near Poughkeepsie, I was only convinced that the goods must have gone out the other way, through Gold, as you certainly weren't killing sheep so near home. And I'm frank to tell you that if I had been finally convinced that you knew where those goods went and weren't coming clean with me, I'd have surrendered you to the district attorney like a shot and saved that fifteen hundred dollars bail."

"And you would have been absolutely right, too, Mr. Hinkle," said Mrs. Buddenseek. "Everybody knows your wonderful reputation, and they couldn't expect you to defend a man who was really guilty."

"Exactly," said Little Amby, bowing his appreciation.

He glanced at the sleeve that he was still holding.

"Isn't that the suit that you had on that day, Buddenseek? Why, a prosperous merchant like you should be more dressy, keep up to the minute. Look at how wrinkled it is. And look here—there's a button gone under the collar. You want to get out the old needle and thread, mother. A stitch in time, you know. Hasn't he got a raincoat, or does he button the collar across like a tramp without a shirt? Well, he won't button this coat across again, because the button is gone."

"It's all right to wear about the store," said Murray. "Regular dust eater, and wears like a board. Say, there is a button off there, isn't there? Now how did I lose that? Don't bother, Elsie; it don't show there, and you can't match it. It's a special shell button manufactured by a firm in the Philippines—the Mindanao Button Company. . . . And now what can we do you for, Mr. Hinkle?"

ELGIN . . . . . TIME · KEEPER · TO · THE · SUCCESSFUL

ELBERT H. GARY

Painted from life by
WM. OBERHARDT

Soon I called it my *"old reliable"*—and in forty years it has never failed me

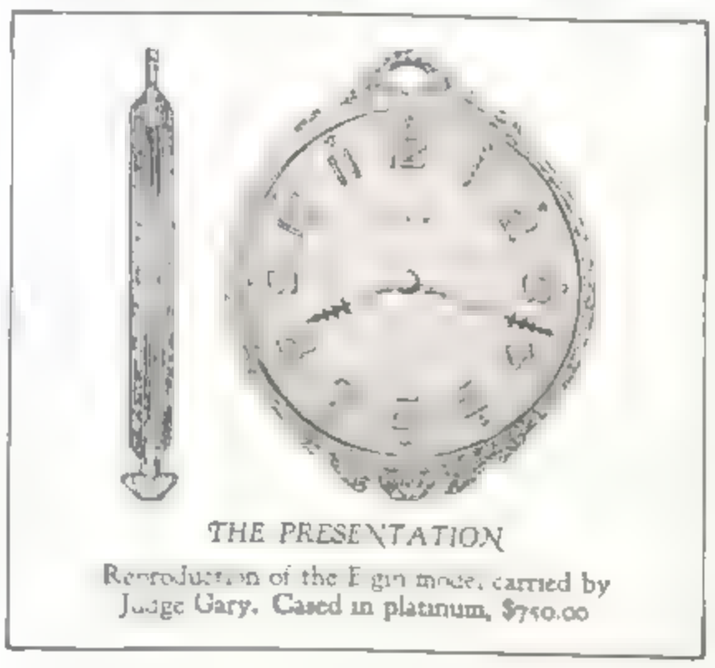
One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

. . . . WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

An experience as a commuter is very apt to give any man a high respect for an accurate watch. For a commuter soon learns that a fickle time-piece may lead to calamity; such as a lost business engagement in town or a cold dinner at home.

While practicing law in the city of Chicago, I was commuting each day from Wheaton, Illinois, and an erratic watch was a source of frequent apprehension to me.

One day—in 1885—I missed my train. And it was then that I decided to acquire an Elgin—purchasing it from Giles & Company, whose jewelry shop then occupied part of the site where the store of Marshall Field & Company now stands.



THE PRESENTATION

Reproduction of the Elgin model carried by Judge Gary. Cased in platinum, $750.00

It was a Number Fifty model in a heavy gold case, recommended to withstand even the rigors of commuting. . . . Soon I called it my "old reliable"—and in these forty years it has never failed me.

It still keeps correct time, and is always "on call" when my present-day watch—a much handsomer and thinner Elgin—is sent away for cleaning.

—*by* ELBERT H. GARY

ELGIN

THE·WATCH·WORD·FOR·ELEGANCE·&·EFFICIENCY

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

SPANISH ACRES

(Continued from Page 25)

A score of Tasaos gathered there. No fuel was available for a night fire.

Whetzel scooped a hollow in the hot sand for his hips and shoulders, rolled up in his single blanket and retired for the night. Every Tasao bedded in similar fashion. The heat-laden atmosphere of the day was soon dissipated by the chill tang of the desert night. The sands retained their heat for a longer time, but eventually the warmth departed and they chilled. Whetzel was wakened, shivering within the folds of his single blanket. He burrowed deeper into the sand and meditated upon the matter in hand.

The present expedition had penetrated Sand Crawl in search of the remains of John Gillfoyle, whose killing at the hands of Coulard and Slaven had been witnessed by three Tasaos some six months before. Sutanak had been absent from the reservation upon the return of the two, and a party of Tasaos had headed forthwith to the hills above Pueblo Tasao to sound their tomtoms. This, coupled with the fact that the witnessing three had appropriated unto themselves all of the slain man's personal effects that appealed to their cupidity, lent to the affair an aspect which had led Sutanak to make no mention of it whatsoever to any white man until he had confided the matter to Hollister some months after the occurrence.

The aged chief had decided that if the matter was broached to the authorities it would result inevitably in the conviction of the three Tasaos. This was the third general search of Sand Crawl by the Tasaos at Hollister's request, each one staged just after a big blow had drifted the shifting sands about.

"And just what good will come of finding his remainders anyway?" Whetzel pondered. "Coulard could kill a man on the streets of Rolavi, with every soul in town looking on, and still come off free; so it's a thousand to one this couldn't be cinched on him anyway. All we've got to go on is a pried-off boot-heel, a disrupted jackknife and the story of three Tasaos that rifled the dead man's effects. Not a chance."

This view of the matter he expressed to Hollister when the latter rode into the camp an hour before daylight.

"There's only one way to convict Coulard," Whetzel prophesied in conclusion. "That's to kill him first and convict him at some later date. Even if the Tasaos turn up this party's remainders, it won't help out any to speak of. And while I think of it, just what's the idea of you ranting down here in person and layin' yourself open to getting bushwhacked any minute?"

"I came down at night and will go back the same way," Hollister explained. "I wonder how Coulard would feel if he knew that it's fixed so he'll never get his claws on Spanish Acres even if something does happen to me. Matilda Owen, me being her nephew by marriage—her marriage, not mine—and her thinking right well of her nephew, turned Spanish Acres over to me at just what her brother, Cal Briggs, paid for it; no initial payment down and time aplenty to pay for it in. But she knows now that Coulard, not Langford, whom she'd suspected previous, was responsible for Briggs' death, and she'll see to it that Spanish Acres never gets into his hands. If anything did happen to me, Coulard would be in just exactly the same fix he's been facing for upwards of two years now."

"That would upset him, no doubt," said Whetzel. "But all the same, son, I wouldn't go and get myself killed just to play a good joke like that on Coulard. I'd map out some plan to play it low down on him and go right on living yourself."

"That," said Hollister, "is just what I am planning. Did you ever stop to think that if a man knows every detail of something up to a certain point and nothing beyond that point, his very knowledge is apt to handicap him serious?"

"Um," Whetzel remarked noncommittally. "As how in particular?"

"Coulard knows every detail of what happened in Sand Crawl up to the time that Tasao cayuse nickered and put him and Slaven out of here on the run."

"He'd ort to," said the old man, "provided his memory is anyways retentive. Well?"

"Well, he don't know a scratch of what happened subsequent to that," Hollister asserted. "He don't know for sure whether that nicker emanated from a stray mustang or from a rode horse, or if it was rode, how many others there might have been along, how much they saw or who all they were. I expect he's wondered a considerable on that score. It's our play to let him get news of what did happen."

"And a lot it would worry him to hear it," the old man scoffed; "that three Tasaos had seen it at long range and then purloined the victim's effects. He'd have a long hearty laugh over that, Coulard would."

"Only that ain't what he'll hear," Hollister explained. "Which brings us back to the point I was remarking on, that knowing part of a thing may handicap a man. If someone up and recites it to him in every detail, something that he knows for a fact, and everything all correct to a hair up as far as he knows it, and then relates the portion that he doesn't know about, he'll naturally assume that that part is similarly correct as to detail."

"Now, son," said Whetzel, "I'm beginning to get your drift. The old proverb, relating that it's only the truth what hurts, falls down flat in this instance. The truth wouldn't even puncture the skin, but a real clever untruth, manufactured for the purpose, might be downright ruinous. It's not what did happen in Sand Crawl subsequent to that nicker, but what didn't happen, that will set him to wringing his tail."

"Something like that," Hollister agreed. "Did you ever stop to think that any man, accused of something he knows they'll never cinch on him, will always submit to trial graceful? If he's dead certain in advance that the thing is all cut and dried—framed to have his neck stretched—he'll either run or put up a fight before he'll stand trial."

"And it would be a right futile proceeding to bring Coulard to trial. On the other hand, if he can be stampeded into putting up a fight, or to get in a hurry and maybe overplay his hand, then down goes his meat house," Whetzel amplified. "You're dead right, son. It wouldn't even ruffle him to hear what did happen here. But when he hears what didn't happen, in all its harassing details, it's apt to shrivel his complacency to a cinder."

"That," said Hollister, "is just what I've been thinking. It's our one best way out. If the Tasaos can locate Gillfoyle's resting place in this shifting sand, so much the better. If not, why we'll proceed without it. Coulard has been promoting talk that's calculated to rouse folks against me. I'm going to promote a little chat that will rouse Coulard to act against himself to the point where he displays his hand in the open."

XVII

A STRANGER, short and blocky, with hard shifty blue eyes and a stubble of red beard, sat in Coulard's and listened to the growing storm of hostility against Hollister. The allegiance of all these men was enlisted on the side of cows and cowmen, solidly against the man who was reported to have threatened to flood the Rolavi Sink with sheep, with Tasao herders and under government protection, to the point where cow outfits would be forced out of business.

This individual presently accosted Coulard as that gentleman moved behind the bar, gauging the force of the hostility, occasionally voicing a mild word counseling moderation; very mild, however; just sufficient to let it be known as a matter of record that he was opposed to violence.

"And what do you think of all this ruckus?" the stranger inquired.

Coulard regarded him before answering.

"It's bad for my business," he informed. "I'd like to see it ended, this turmoil, and an outfit with a pay roll operating Spanish Acres. Sheep or cows—it's all one with me."

"If you knowed what I know, you'd maybe like to see these terriers ride over and go through with their program," the man predicted.

"Just what do you know that would affect me thataway?" Coulard asked, scrutinizing the stranger.

"My name's Clawson—and I'm needing a grubstake," the man returned noncommittally.

He looked it, Coulard reflected. His chaps were patched, his shirt tattered. The upper of one boot was ripped loose from the sole.

"Well, Clawson, I never turn a man away broke. Drink as much as you please for tonight—and take this when you leave."

He slid a five-dollar gold piece onto the bar.

Clawson regarded the coin, grinned amiably and declined it.

"I'm needing a grubstake for the winter," he declared. "Five hundred would run me."

Coulard shrugged.

"Suppose now that the sheepman knew that you was behind all his grief—out to acquire this layout of his, and that he had you framed seven ways from the deuce," Clawson observed. "What would you say?"

"I'd say that he was mistaken about my having any ambitions thataway," said Coulard, "and that you was even worse mistaken about anything he can do."

Clawson leaned across the bar, lowering his voice.

"What if he knows just what happened in Sand Crawl a spell back?"

"Well," Coulard returned mildly, "just what did happen?"

"A horse nickered," said Clawson. "Does that recall anything to your mind?"

Coulard laughed and wagged a negative head.

"Why would a horse nickering in Sand Crawl recall anything to my mind?" he inquired curiously.

"Maybe," said Clawson—"maybe you kill folks so frequent that it takes considerable to refresh your memory about a killing if it's a few months in the past."

"No, I don't kill folk often," said Coulard. "But when I do, I recall the event without effort."

"Then it won't be difficult for you to recall that you and that big buck over there asleep in his chair killed a party named Gillfoyle in Sand Crawl," Clawson informed. "I happened to see you."

"That's very entertaining," said Coulard.

"Ain't it?" Clawson agreed. "That big stranger over yonder ain't so sleepy as he looks, is he? And quick and strong—say, I wouldn't want him to clamp down on me. After you'd caught Gillfoyle's gun, the big one tore him from the saddle and squeezed the very bones flat in him. That shriek he emitted—I can hear it yet. Then he broke his knife blade in pryin' off the heel of the dead party's boot and shoved his foot through the stirrup. Just then my pony nickered and the pair of you took out on the run."

"Neat little tale," Coulard commented. "Which, if it was true, would get you into trouble. Don't you figure that the easiest way to be shut of you wouldn't be to supply you with money so's you could go on living and wagging your jaw, but would be to have you killed inside the next few minutes? I could, easy, you know."

"Dead easy. That's just what I do know," Clawson conceded.

"And if there was any sense to what you're talking, if I had been mixed into that kind of a deal, that's just what I would do—have you killed."

Clawson grinned.

"Dead men tell no tales, so they say, and it would likely apply in my case," he said. "So you wouldn't get to listen to my tale if I was to die."

"You've told me what you know now," Coulard declared.

Clawson laughed scornfully.

"Why, I haven't told you a thing but what you already knew! That was no news to you. It's what I know that you don't, that I was going to trade on."

"By taking my price to refrain from selling this tale to Hollister," Coulard suggested.

"He don't need what I've got to tell," Clawson stated.

"Neither do I," Coulard returned.

"Oh, I know how you think you're sitting," Clawson grinned. "You could get away with cutting your grandmother's throat in this hole. Folks are against law and against having anyone tried. It's every man for himself hereabouts. Without asking you to admit what I told you I saw, if you was brought to trial for it, just what would it come to? Nothing! Don't you suppose I know that?"

"You seem," said Coulard, "to know a great deal. If it all amounts to nothing, why should I be concerned?"

"Now," said Clawson, "we're getting somewhere near together. That's just what I was aiming to tell you—in return for a grubstake. I can draw down that much for being a witness for Hollister, but there's reasons why I can't do that. I'm telling you flat, I ain't able to do it, and won't, whether you pay me or not, so you see I ain't trying to crowd you. I've got to head south and stay there."

"You can start at any time," Coulard pointed out.

"You're framed, solid, up to your ears," Clawson said. "I'll make you a proposition. I can't be any worse off than I am, even if you don't go through with it. I'll tell you what I know and you be the judge of whether it's worth five hundred."

"I can't lose at that game," Coulard said. "And you're a real interesting talker. Do go on. But I advise you, lying to me is apt to prove fatal."

"First off, let me tell you that Hollister knows, the way things are hereabouts, that he couldn't get you tried fair. There's hardly been one big cowman ever convicted in the territory for killing some party, or hiring someone to do his killing, or what not; and in this Rolavi country especial, folks still believe in playing the game of hands off and to hell with the law. But this play of his is different again. The Federal authorities are interested in seeing his arrangement with the Tasaos go through. It'll help clear the skirts of the Indian Bureau for the storm of adverse sentiment that flew round about the tribe's being crowded off by Porter. Hollister has deeded it back to the tribe. They'll advertise that fact aplenty throughout the nation, that the bureau has rectified a wrong. A Federal trial is some different from a local affair, or in the territorial courts. That's what Hollister is planning for you—a Federal trial at Fort Ciradua, with the authorities dead set against you already. He's had his own men and one or two deputy marshals on your trail since long before he come into the Sink himself.

"There was four of us come up across the Rio Tasao Cañon by way of the Mescalano Trail the day you and Slaven got Gillfoyle," Clawson said. "We was riding fast, because the Mescalano stage had been held up off south and the driver and shotgun guard killed. The description of the four men who done it tallied with our looks pretty close, so we was expecting that

(Continued on Page 109)

Do you know the secret of restful rooms?

By Helen Richmond

I found it in "Beautiful Windows" by Elsie Sloan Farley, as I read it again last evening—restful rooms can be obtained only by proper regulation of light—by day as well as by night.

On page 5 Mrs. Farley gives us the hint we all can use so effectively right in our own homes:—

"Many people feel that the interiors of their homes can only be seen at their best after nightfall. They feel this way because they know what beautiful effects can be produced by properly toning artificial light with lamp shades. Yet these women, who wouldn't have an unshaded electric light in their homes, are neglecting the opportunity to have everything in their rooms mellowed and in harmony when natural daylight is toned with window shades of the right color."

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And from these tone-color shades you secure not only restful comfort, but actual beauty. Even moderately priced rugs and hangings gain depth of color. Mahogany or walnut takes on new loveliness from the highlights and velvety shadows playing on the lustrous surface.

And all so reasonable in cost—for *Columbia* tone-color shades only *look* expensive; they aren't priced that way. Simply make up your mind what you can afford to spend for this added beauty and you'll find that *Columbia* has furnished your dealer with a grade to meet your budget.

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With an Oil-O-Matic, heat is put in the same class with light and water. Heat is always at hand, independent of any effort on your part.

This explains oil heating

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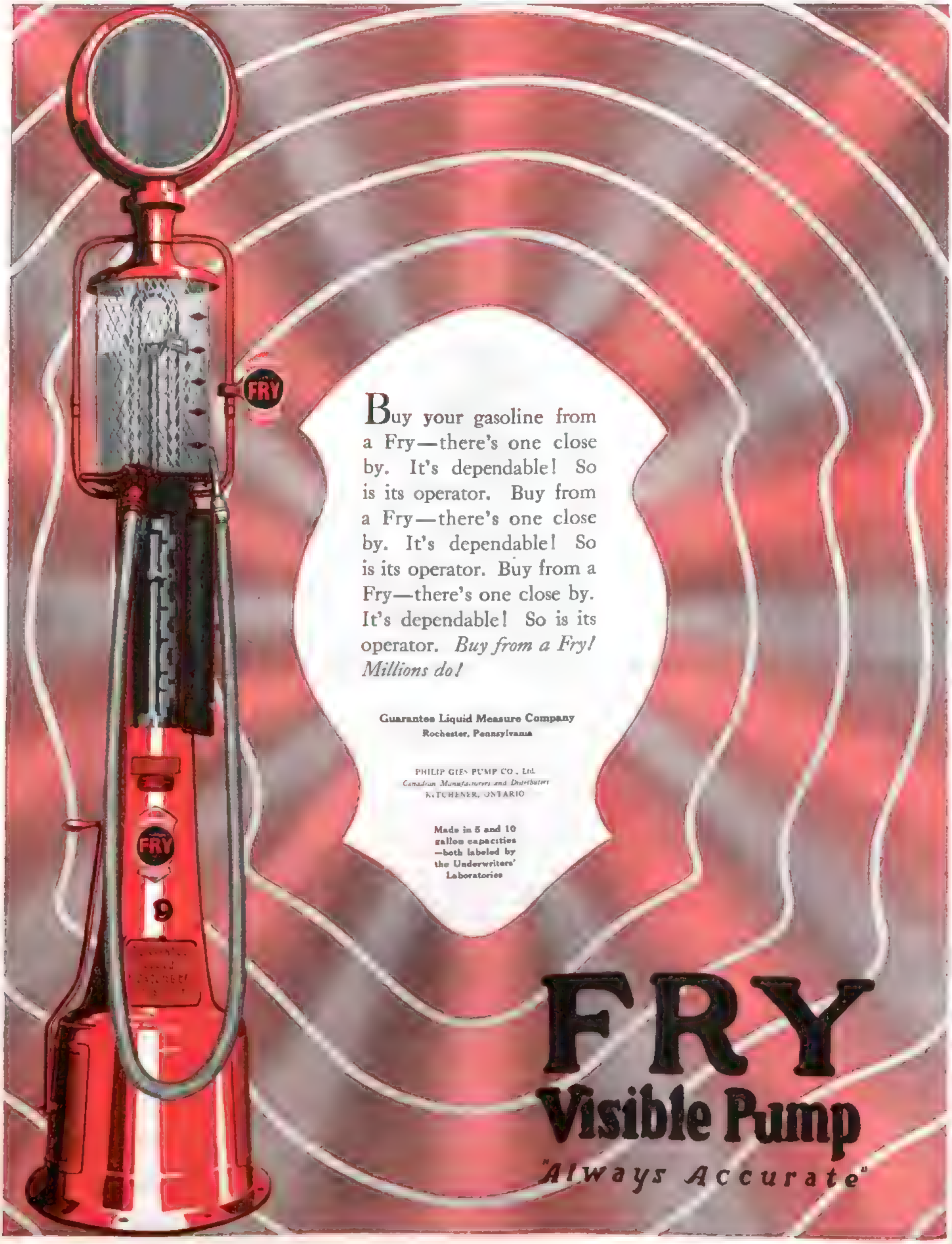

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(Continued from Page 104

maybe some hard-riding outfit would have crossed over and be waiting to look for us where the trail tops out this side. They wasn't, and we headed out across Sand Crawl. When we heard you three coming, and us not looking for company, we deployed ourselves flat behind a sand crest and saw what I told you. That night we headed west and crossed Solado Arroyo into the breaks. One of those three others that rode with me that day drifted north later and hired out as a gun hand to Hollister. He told him about it. He's collected the two others. They're in the clear on all past history. I ain't, though I thought I was until I met one of the boys out near Hollister's plant last night and he told me how bad I was wanted at Fort Ciradua myself. Naturally, I'm not going to turn up at the fort as no witness."

"No," said Coulard, "I wouldn't. Who are these three other men?"

"No names," said Clawson, grinning and shaking his head. "That wasn't in our contract. They used to string with me, and might some day again. Anyway, your killers couldn't get to 'em. Hollister's hangout could stand off an army. Hollister knows he couldn't have you arrested offhand. Folks are too much against such business and you have too many friends. He's planning to have you summoned before a military outfit that'll be in to his place soon, just as a witness about what all you've heard about that raid on his sheep and the killing of a deputy marshal. You'd go, quick enough, wouldn't you, just as a witness?"

"I might," Coulard confessed.

"And right then, instead of a witness, you'll become a defendant, accused of every crime in the calendar."

"What else would they try to hang onto me?" Coulard asked.

"Now listen, I wasn't to do any romancing, but to tell you just what I know," Clawson said. "About the rest of this here, I don't know for sure. It was told me by the party I met outside of Hollister's plant last night and who advised me about how not to go to Fort Ciradua. I can't vouch for it. But if you want to hear it, all right."

"I'll take a chance," Coulard returned. "Let's have it. What did he say?"

"The Briggs estate is back of this with big money, and hostile to you as the devil. There's two men primed to swear that you poisoned Briggs' stock, that they saw you plant salt and cyanide in little vats in the rock. They've got samples. Whether it was you or not, they'll swear that they saw you, and that you killed Briggs when he wouldn't get discouraged and sell Spanish Acres. The whole tribe of Tasaos will swear to a man that you sent word to them, through Garcon, when a party named Cates was snuffed out some years back, and told 'em to sound their drums to speed his departed soul."

Coulard was shaking his head in negation.

"I told you I didn't know!" Clawson asserted. "I'm just telling you what I heard—true or not. Garcon, as maybe you know, was escorted out of these parts by a marshal some time ago, and is at Fort Ciradua now; as a witness against you or to get hung himself, I don't know which. Anyway, there's a new agent en route."

Coulard did know that Garcon was gone. At least, messengers he had sent to bring the agent to him had reported that Garcon's quarters on the reservation were deserted.

"And just how does Hollister propose to go at this?" Coulard asked.

"I've told you aplenty for the price you've paid me so far," Clawson said. "And my throat is dry from conversing, my pockets still empty."

Coulard slid a bottle across the bar.

"You'll get your money," he said. "Even if there's no truth in all that stuff Hollister has packed his witnesses with, it's not a bad plan for me to be posted on matters ahead."

He retired to his office in the rear of the room, returned briefly and handed a packet to Clawson.

"There's your money," he said. "Now tell me."

"There ain't a whole lot more to tell," Clawson said. "Near as I got it, his plan is this: To take the county seat over to his place account of the fact it's more populous, with three hundred-odd folks in the village. They're building a trading post there."

"Indians can't vote," said Coulard.

"No; but soldiers can. In order to make it look like the sheepmen had a fair chance to vote, you-all, knowing they would be in the minority anyway, provides that any male white human inside the boundaries of Rolavi County can vote, even if he hasn't resided here but a day. He's sent to Fort Ciradua for two troops of cavalry. He'll vote them. The Government's back of it. The territorial governor has given Hollister deputy's papers to protect Tasao property. He can deputize all his hands, same as Slaven can deputize whoever he's inclined to. It's then he's planning to book you for trial and have you snatched over to Fort Ciradua."

"And just when will he get round to this?" Coulard asked.

"Any time now," Clawson prophesied. "Only this: He'll wait till the trail-herd crew comes back before he springs it. He's wanting to serve papers on Langford too."

"And what's Langford to be accused of?" Coulard inquired.

"Nothing," said Clawson. "He's wanting to get Langford on his side by pointing out to him that you're playing both ends against the middle, Langford against Hollister, aiming to acquire the Bar Z Bell too. There was a lot of such stuff. I don't recollect it all, word for word, but have told you near as I can remember. Now I'll bid you—I'm setting out to put distance between me and Fort Ciradua—adios."

"And what," said Coulard, "would you advise me to do?"

"Advise you!" Clawson exclaimed. "I ain't dispensing advice. My own case is all I can manage and each man knows his own business best. Now that you know what he's up to, you can use your own judgment. You have plenty of time. He won't spring it till Langford gets back with the trail crew, unless he changes his mind. Thanks for the grubstake. Good-by."

Clawson departed, and Coulard stroked his pointed beard and pondered. Thereafter, one or two turbulent spirits circulated through the crowd and openly suggested that they should assemble all good cow hands and ride over to sack Hollister's outfit.

"Not his sheep," they urged. "He can buy more sheep. It's him we want. He'd ought to be strung up a mile high."

Sentiment was being crystallized against the man himself, superseding the more impersonal hostility against sheep on general grounds which had obtained previously.

Dad Whetzel, nodding in his chair, caught the change in sentiment and chuckled contentedly.

"It's what didn't happen that bored into him," he reflected. "Since Hollister ain't planning to swoop until the trail crew gets back, Coulard is preparing to pounce prior to that, which is what Hollister was prayin' he would do. It's all working out real neat and according to schedule."

He rose from his chair, yawned and stretched, strolled out and headed for his camp a mile out of town, where he found Clawson waiting.

XVIII

THE trail-herd crew, returning as a unit, its progress no longer impeded by slow-moving charges, made good time. Langford was eager to reach Rolavi Wells and learn what had occurred there during his absence. The accompanying remuda was of sufficient size to permit changing horses on the chuck wagon thrice daily if necessary. In this manner they covered nearly forty miles a day, as against an average of less than ten when on the northward way with the herd.

Eventually even this seemed slow to Langford and he pressed on alone, trading horses with cow outfits where it was feasible, purchasing a fresh mount where it was not, and leaving behind him several horses that were to be thrown into the Rolavi remuda as it reached these various points. In this manner he covered each day at least twice the distance attained by the crew, whose pace was regulated by the chuck wagon.

During the long lonely day of hard riding his thoughts were speculating, concerned with matters that might have occurred in the Rolavi Sink during his absence; Hollister's ownership of Spanish Acres and the extent of his operations in stocking the grant; whether or not the sheep outfit that had invaded the Palo Verde Hills on the day of his departure had been driven forth by the Rolavi cowmen, or had been allowed to lamb its flocks there. It was not until he reached Quenemaro that he learned that the sheep, instead of being hurled back out of the Palo Verdes, had invaded the Sink itself and were firmly established in Spanish Acres, owned by Hollister. He learned, too, of the latter's arrangement with the Tasaos.

He set forth across the Rolavi Pass in no pleasant frame of mind, arriving in Rolavi at so late an hour that Coulard's place, for once in its history, was closed. He roused the proprietor and questioned him as to matters in the Sink. What he learned tended to augment rather than alleviate his black mood.

Thus it happened that a girl, following a trail that led across the Palo Verdes twenty miles from the stage road, arrived in Quenemaro two hours after nightfall, turned her mount and pack horse over to a Mexican stable hand and retired for the night in a little adobe hotel without conversing with anyone. It was not until she had breakfasted the next morning that she learned that the brother for whom she had intended to wait had passed through three days before her arrival and that the trail crew, electing to ride a double shift on this last lap of the journey, had poured through Quenemaro at dusk, bent upon making a night ride to Rolavi Wells.

Coulard, not anticipating the arrival of the trail crew for another week at the earliest, was somewhat taken aback when Langford entered. Then, learning that the crew was following some three or four days behind, he realized that this arrival fitted in most miraculously. Every cause needs a leader. The hostile sentiment against Hollister must be crystallized to the point where the men would pounce down upon him in a body, roused to a killing pitch. He had faced the necessity of appointing a leader himself. But now Langford would automatically assume that position, the rôle which Coulard had intended him to play from the start. His absence, at a time when it had become necessary for Coulard to strike suddenly, had made an awkward break in the plans—a break that was now rectified, since Hollister, too, would not be expecting the arrival of Langford and the crew for some time, and so would not be prepared to act at once.

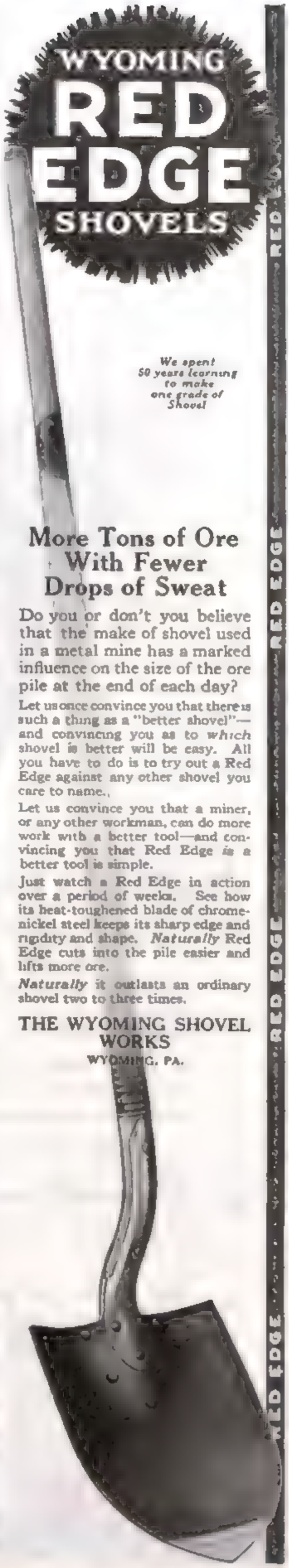
His surmise in this respect was correct. The following day Langford transacted his business with Slaven and Jessup, then repaired to the bar to receive the greetings of all who entered and to hear of the developments in the Sink during his absence.

Langford stormed when he heard that his cows were being killed to feed the Tasaos, stormed still more when he heard that Hollister intended to graze his sheep on the open range, now used by Langford's cows and Slaven's, reserving Spanish Acres for winter feed for his flocks, and force the cow outfits out of business.

Coulard voiced a pacific sentiment. If there was trouble, he said, it would be bad for his business.

"If this keeps up there won't be any business," Langford retorted. "What kind of spineless toads have we got round here anyway, to let a sheep outfit spraddle itself

(Continued on Page 111)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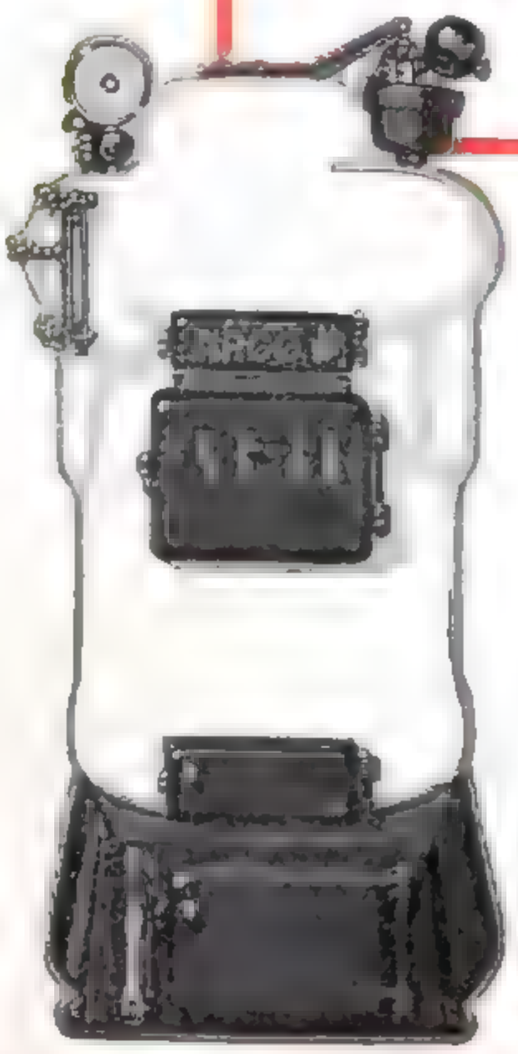

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(Continued from Page 109)

all over the Sink, and stealing our beef to ration a tribe of Indians with? I'll take every man that'll follow me and ransack Spanish Acres from one end to the other."

Langford, like many another turbulent spirit, was a popular figure, endowed with the faculty of making bitter enemies of the few who crossed his will, fast friends of the many who did not, and cementing their allegiance. His very turbulence, coupled with the unwavering courage and stubbornness to face out anything which he started, appealed to the turbulent inhabitants of the Sink. Almost to a man they would follow wherever he led.

Coulard knew this, had counted upon it from the start; but he knew, too, in view of governmental interest in Hollister's experiment, that any campaign which had as its object only the killing of sheep would serve to bring about intervention and probably establish Hollister's hold the more firmly. The force of this hostility must be directed against the man's person, not against his property, if it was to benefit Coulard. He waited, moving behind the bar, hearing all that was said, gauging it, saying little himself save to insert an occasional mild bit of counsel urging moderation—waited for a certain angle of the situation to reach Langford's ears.

Presently it did, when someone remarked to the effect that Hollister had threatened to shoot Langford on sight if he should set foot inside Spanish Acres.

"I hadn't heard that he'd singled me out personal," said Langford. "That puts a different face on this thing. I'll ride out in a day or two and take a *pasear* through his bailiwick. If he don't look me up, I'll look for him."

Cole Webber put in a mild word of remonstrance.

"He'll shoot you down, Art. He's gave his word to that effect. I'd walk easy," Webber counseled.

Langford, however, insisted that no man could make a public utterance such as was attributed to Hollister and the challenge remain unheeded. He would ride out and accost Hollister and make him swallow his statement or act upon it.

"But, you see," Webber remonstrated, "you won't have a chance to accost him. He'll just shoot you on sight, like he's threatened. That sheep outfit has killed three men already, and shot up several more. They start shooting, not talking. You'd just get plain murdered without even a dog's chance for a parley."

"Then I'll do some shooting myself," Langford retorted. "Do you think I'll let a sheepman make talk like this and not take up his challenge?"

"But it ain't what you'd rightly call a man-to-man challenge," Moss interposed. "It's more of an invite to come out and get yourself shot in the back. No, Art, I wouldn't."

"He wouldn't do that," Langford predicted. "He knows that would stir up folks to a point where they'd lynch him."

"Yes, I reckon the boys would swarm out and sack his hangout and string him up a mile high if he did do it," Webber said. "But you wouldn't get any whole lot of satisfaction out of it after you was a long time dead."

So it went on. Coulard, behind the bar, listened and estimated the force of the hostile sentiment that was being generated in the hearts of those whose allegiance lay on the side of cows and cowmen.

Slaven blinked sleepily in his chair against the wall. Any symptom of mental activity was successfully shrouded behind those half-closed lids. One would have pronounced him as torpid mentally as he seemed physically. In common with the other newly made county officials, Slaven uttered an occasional word of remonstrance against the rising storm of hostility. Moss, Webber, Judge Sloane and Coulard counseled moderation, voicing a hope that the situation could be met without violence, settled perhaps in an orderly, lawful manner. These remonstrances, however, were sufficiently mild to be innocuous.

The trail crew should come pouring down from the Rolavi Pass in a short while now, two days at the most, and then the lid would blow off, it was freely predicted.

Whetzel, nodding in his chair, presently rose and made for his camp. There he scrawled a message in the light of a brush fire. He whistled. A dark shape appeared from a near-by arroyo, took the message and faded into the gloom. A moment later the hoof beats of a running horse sounded in the night. There would be no saving of mounts, for Tasaos were stationed at five-mile intervals to relay messages over the sixty-odd miles that separated Hollister from Rolavi Wells. The developments since Clawson's conversation with Coulard had been conveyed to him in this fashion. It was near midnight when the old desert rat dispatched the message. The last Tasao to relay it arrived within sight of the old Castinado mansion at daylight.

Hollister, having breakfasted early, stood upon the veranda with Farrel.

"It's working out nice, Bob. Clawson's yarn has caused Coulard to speed up his plans. He figures it's imperative to effect my demise prior to the arrival of the alleged cavalry. Then, with me dead and the sentiment of the Sink hostile and solid against me, he's setting pretty again. Only now he'll appoint one of his own crew to fan things to white heat and lead the fight against me, instead of having Langford assume that rôle, as he'd intended, because he'll be a little apprehensive about marking time till Langford comes back with the trail crew. The mob will offer to hold a parley, likely, and there'll be several in the crowd, unbeknownst to the rest, that's primed to shoot me if I show my head for a powwow. Then they'll ride off and let the rest of you off. If I don't fall for that and show myself, they'll offer us amnesty and agree to take the whole of us into Rolavi for trial for killing beef, only they'll see to it that I never reach there. And, of course, this not being exactly in accordance with law and order, why the county officials, after recording mild protests against it, will stay home. They won't be along. That's the way things are shaping from dad's last message. Most any time now we can expect to hear that they're starting."

He reflected further that Sarah Lee would be meeting Langford at Quenemaro in a few days, explaining to him how matters stood. He was glad that Langford was out of it. Then the Tasao courier arrived with Whetzel's message and he learned that Langford, instead of being out of it, was distinctly in it. In that particular, Fate had played into Coulard's hands. There was still time, possibly, for Sarah Lee to reach Langford in Rolavi, or to come here before her brother arrived at the head of the hostiles, whereupon she could go out and hold a parley with him and perhaps make him see the true state of affairs.

With this in mind, he sent for Sutanak, and within a brief space a signal was being relayed across the range. Within the hour every Tasao in Spanish Acres knew that the girl's presence was desired at the Castinado hacienda. One Indian who chanced to be the closest to the Jessup place rode there. Another covered the twenty miles from his post in the northeastern corner of Spanish Acres to the Bar Z Bell in two hours, only to learn that the girl was not there. As the hours passed without any return signal announcing that the girl was on her way, Hollister knew that his first uneasy surmise was correct—that Sarah Lee had already crossed over the Palo Verdes and had missed her brother. There was, of course, the probability that she would follow back at once and seek him out in Rolavi.

Presently he essayed a grin.

"At any rate, I won't be here to meet him," he said. "There's some consolation in that."

He was in for it now, he reflected, and must make the best of it while waiting for events to shape themselves. Even in case of a meeting between Langford and himself, there was still the chance that they might hold a parley before hostilities began, and that matters might be arranged between them.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

Lake McDonald With Mt. Cannon in the Background, Glacier National Park, Montana

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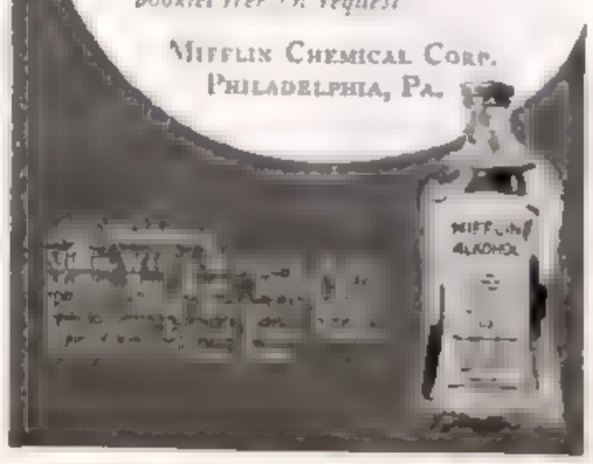

DOWN THE STRETCH

Continued from Page 38

world by the ear. The newspapers were filled with discussions as to which was the better horse and the racing folks themselves were divided. Most of the older horsemen agreed with me that Hourless would win if the race were to be run over again, and I was almost afraid Mr. Viau and Mr. Carman would be unwilling to enter a match. But Colonel Winn sent me word soon afterward that everything was arranged for the race to be held at Laurel on October eighteenth, the distance to be one mile and a quarter and each horse to carry 126 pounds. The race was to be known as the John R. McLean Memorial Championship and the conditions provided that the track must be dry. The stake was $10,000 a side. Mr. Belmont and I agreed that if Hourless won, the money should go to the Red Cross for war relief.

Twenty thousand persons were crowded into the Laurel track on the afternoon of the race. Most of these were casuals who had been attracted by the discussion the race had aroused. They couldn't get it out of their minds that Omar Khayyam had beaten Hourless in both of their two previous meetings and they poured their dollars in on the Viau colt. But the veterans went to Hourless and it was their support that sent our horse to the post favorite at 8 to 4 as against 13 to 10 on Omar. A total of $71,000 passed through the mutuel machines, $6000 more being wagered on Hourless than on Omar Khayyam.

Everett Haynes, who rode Epinard in the international races held here last year, was Omar's jockey.

About ten minutes before saddling time I motioned Frank S. Hackett, my chief assistant since the death of Dave Leary, to one side and said, "Go over to the jockey house and tell Frankie Robinson that he's going to pilot Hourless in this race."

Hourless' Great Hour

Robinson was one of the star jockeys of the day and was under contract to the Whitney stable. He was just the type of boy I wanted to handle our horse, a cool-headed youngster with a fine pair of hands and good judgment of pace.

If Hackett was surprised he didn't show it. He is not the kind to question in an emergency of this character. Without a word he hurried over to the jockey house and found Robinson outside, anxiously waiting for the two horses to get into action, as everybody else at the track was.

"Frank, go weigh in for this race," was the sudden way Hackett broke the news to the jockey.

Robinson didn't seem to understand at first, it was all so fast.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hackett?" he asked.

"Just what I say—get the Belmont colors on and weigh in for this race."

"You mean you want me to ride Hourless against Omar?"

"Yes. What's the matter—don't you want to?"

"Want to? Want to? Say, would you want a million dollars if somebody offered it to you? Wow!" And Robinson made a dash for the jockey room at such speed the other boys thought he was running wild.

I say again that this was the greatest two-horse race ever run in this country. Omar Khayyam, the plodder, set out to make the pace for Hourless, the speed horse. The Laurel track, never particularly fast, was not at its best that afternoon. On the lower turn the sandy loam was four or five inches deep. And yet when the stop watches clicked as the two horses passed the first quarter it showed they had run the distance in 23 2-5 seconds. It took them just 1-5 of a second longer to cover the next quarter, the time for the half being 47 seconds. Haynes eased down a trifle here and the third quarter was traveled in 25 2-5 seconds, or 1 12 2-5 for the six furlongs

And all this time Robinson was holding Hourless under wraps, pulling so hard that I thought he would choke the horse. As they skimmed past the five-furlong post it had looked as though he intended making a move with his mount, but through my field glasses I saw him take another hold on Hourless and let Omar retain the same advantage he'd taken early.

It was not until they rounded the far turn that Robinson let out a wrap, for he sensed that the pace had begun to slow up a bit. The fourth quarter was covered in 26 seconds flat, 1:38 2-5 for the mile, and it was here that Hourless made the move I knew meant business. Foot by foot he picked up the ground separating him from the pacemaker, fairly bounding over the turf with his great strides. In the stretch they were lapped and in the final eighth Hourless poked his nose in front, the first time he had taken the lead in the race. Haynes was urging Omar on to the last ounce of his speed and courage, and neither of these could be questioned; but it was of no use. The brown son of Negofol just continued to fly over the earth in that smooth, frictionless way he had of devouring space, and at the wire he was a good length in front.

Old-Time Jockeys

When the time of the race, 2:02 for the mile and a quarter, was hung up, the horsemen at the track understood just how remarkable the performance had been. It was better than Broomstick's record in more ways than one. Broomstick had set his mark with light weight up—I think it was 102 pounds—and here Hourless had run the distance carrying 126 pounds over a track that was not naturally a fast one and that day a little slower than usual. But the most remarkable part of his performance was the way he had done it. The last quarter was run in 23 3-5 seconds, a speed that you will usually find in the early part of sprint races instead of the last two furlongs of a distance contest.

Out of 5000 races you won't find a single duplicate of this time. Look over the fractional time for the Kentucky Derby and other classics at such distances and see if the final quarter is not usually run in something closer to 25 seconds than 23 3-5. In the Derby this year, when Flying Ebony won, it was 28 seconds flat, and I doubt whether the track was any slower than when Hourless beat Omar Khayyam. Hourless' speed was the kind that will test the heart and running qualities of any race horse. None except one that has the fiber of a champion can accomplish it.

It was the second time in my career that I had won a great match race while the owner of the winning horse was on the high seas. You will recall that at the time of the Admiration-May Hempstead race William C. Whitney was on his way to Europe and knew nothing of it until his son Harry and I sent him a cable message. This time it was August Belmont who was bound for the other side, and to me as the trainer fell the duty of accepting the golden cup awarded to Hourless for his victory. As Governor Harrington, of Maryland, presented it I recall that Ed Cole, the presiding judge at Laurel, came over to congratulate me on the victory.

"I've seen many horses and many horse races in my time, but I've never seen the equal of this race today. Hourless is more than worthy of the splendid victory he has won," said Judge Cole.

I appreciated the compliment, coming from one so competent to express an opinion. Judge Cole has been around racing for years; it was he who sat in the judges' stand when Billy Kelly met Eternal and when Man o' War defeated Sir Barton in the special race that was called "the match of the century."

In the earlier part of my engagement with the Belmont stable our chief contract rider was Eddie Dugan, a boy who had ridden King James and other horses for me in 1909 and 1910, when my stable took the place at the head of the winning-owner list so long held by James R. Keene, with net earnings of $159,000 and $152,000 for the respective seasons. The American turf lost sight of Eddie Dugan when he went to Europe to ride and later barely escaped alive through the enemy lines. Eddie was a natural horseman, alert at the post and a strong finisher. He was a newsboy out on the coast when one of the trainers discovered that he had ability as a rider; I think it was Boots Durnell, who handled the Drake horses and later the stable owned by the King of Rumania, who discovered him. But he was typical of the jockeys who were riding in those days. Those youngsters were of a different mold from Laverne Fator and Earl Sande and the other stars who have come to take the places of the boys of fifteen and twenty years ago. It is not easy come, easy go with the leading riders of this day; jockeying is a business with them and they go about it like efficient young business men. The old-time jockeys have gone on their way just as the famous characters of the turf have gone on theirs, never to return.

I've always believed in declaring the jockey in on any good luck you have racing horses. It hasn't been so long ago since the best of them used to receive from $2000 to $6000 a year, but when you think what an important part they play in winning big stakes you will see that this is not enough. I paid Bullman, Buchanan and Powers each $1000 a month as a regular fee, and gave them bonuses for winning the bigger purses. And Carroll Shilling, the boy who could ride a horse in a way that would make your nerves tingle with its rhythm and grace, was more than pleased with the little fortune that came his way in the days of Novelty and Restigouche. And I'll say now that it's one of the secrets of a winning stable to have your boys with you, and for them to know that as you profit so will they.

Easy Come, Easy Go

One season when the average earnings of jockeys were much lower than they are today I had a heart-to-heart talk with Eddie Dugan about his extravagances.

"Why not save a little of this money, Eddie?" I suggested. "It's coming in fast now, but there may come a day pretty soon when you'll be looking around for a few spare dollars."

"It slips right through my fingers somehow, Mr Hildreth," he answered. "I don't know how to save."

"Then let me do the saving for you."

He consented to this and we arranged that through the season he was to receive so much every week or so. It worked to perfection. At the end of the season I had $10,500 in the bank for him and had paid him out something like $4500 for spending money. When the season closed we had another little talk; he was making his arrangements to ride on the California tracks during the winter. His mother lived in California, and he was anxious to get back to let her share in some of the good luck that was coming his way.

"By all means go back and see your mother and give her a royal good time," I advised; "but for the love of Mike, don't let the whole amount get away from you. You know, you'll be earning good money riding, and that ought to be plenty for you and your mother to have all the fun both of you want."

Eddie assured me that he would return East the next spring with more than he had then. I told him that wasn't absolutely necessary, so long as he had something to show for his money, why not buy a piece of property, a home for the family or something of the sort, I suggested.

"Eddie, look here; you see this century note?" I said, holding up a $100 bill before him. "That century says you won't have as much to your name when you come back as you have when you leave. It's yours if you can show me next spring that you've put a little more away." And then I thought I'd better make it a binding bargain. "And if you have less, you've got to give me a bill just like it. What do you say?"

"It's a bet—$100 even that I have more than $10,500 when I return next spring," Dugan replied.

When he came back East after the California racing the first thing I did was to remind him of the bet we'd made.

"You win, Mr. Hildreth," he said, looking sheepish.

"Did you make any money out on the coast?"

"Sure."

"And spent it all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, as I see it, you owe me exactly $100."

"That's right," said Dugan, "and I'll pay you just as soon as the season starts."

"Good Lord, you don't mean to say you're absolutely broke?"

"Sure, clean as a whistle, flat as a tire." And Eddie grinned.

Mr. Belmont's Horse Sense

I gave him $300 to take him down to Garnett, South Carolina, where Mr. Belmont had some horses in training; and though I gave him a good lecture along with it, I might just as well have saved my breath. Eddie Dugan was a fine youngster and a great rider, but in those days he could not have written any essays for savings banks to distribute to their depositors.

I'll always remember my association with Mr. Belmont as one of the most pleasing of turf experiences. In all the history of the American turf there have been few men who had the knowledge of Thoroughbred breeding such as the late president of the Jockey Club acquired in his lifetime. I got many valuable lessons from him. There's one little incident I recall now which shows just how keen his understanding of breeding was. In the stable was a thin, weedy little mare named Lucky Catch, too high-strung to do any racing and even too nervous to train. When left alone in the stalls she'd fatten up and begin to look like a real Thoroughbred. I believe in giving race horses lots of feed and running them with plenty of body back of them. But as soon as we'd start to work her in the mornings she'd begin to go off her feed and lose weight. She looked hopeless and I told Mr Belmont about her.

"We'll try her out in the stud then," he said. "You know, Mr. Hildreth, the nervous little mares of that kind often make the best brood mares of all." And after he'd looked Lucky Catch over with his critical eye he added, "I think we ought to get some good foals from this one."

He hit it on the head exactly. Lucky Catch was cut out for the breeding farm. They mated her to Hourless and she foaled Lucky Hour, the good stake horse that Jim McClelland was campaigning on the New York tracks a few years ago, winner of the Edgemere, Potomac and Maryland handicaps among others. Lucky Play, winner of the Colorado Stakes and the Knickerbocker and Scarsdale handicaps, was another of her foals.

When Mr. Belmont decided to give up racing and devote his time to war work, I bought some of the horses we had been campaigning. Mad Hatter, by Fair Play from Madcap, by Rock Sand; and Lucullite, the brown son of Trap Rocky-Lucky Lass, the latter the dam of Lucky Catch, were the best of these. And there was old Stromboli, my pet, the most likable old fellow I've ever known. Poor old Stromy

(Continued on Page 117)

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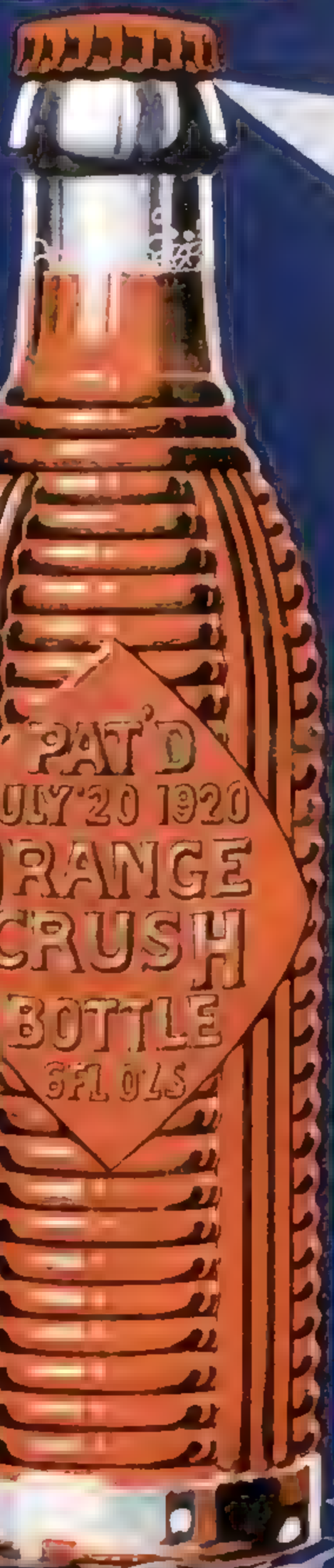

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(Continued from Page 112.

had given his best for the Belmont colors and it had cost him dearly. He had broken down under the rigors of a career spent in fighting it out with the best horses of his day. Stromboli had hauled down his colors and was gone from the strife of the race track. But it wasn't for racing him that I wanted Stromy; it was because he had a big place in my heart and I couldn't think of anything finer than to have this honest son of a great sire as a saddle horse, to take with me to some farm where I could turn him out until his legs were again strong. So I paid Mr. Belmont $1000 for the gelded son of Fair Play.

Of all the things a fellow training horses is called upon to do there is none that has ever interested me more than to take a cripple and make a new race horse out of him. And I've seen so many of them come back after they'd been given up as hopeless that I'm always thinking the chance may be there, no matter how bad the case may be. With Stromboli, I was hoping to bring him around so that I could ride him; but it happened that just at that time I had some trouble with my back and couldn't sit astride a horse.

It began to run in my mind that maybe, after all, Stromy's racing days weren't over and that he would come back sound and fit if I went along on the easy side with him. My friends give me credit for having restored a lot of famous cripples; and if I've had more than my share of success in this line, I reckon it's because I let Nature help do the mending. I don't like firing irons any more than the horses themselves do. Plenty of rest, liniments, patient handling and the proper amount of work are a pretty good cure in themselves. Of all these, I recommend patience. You can't make horses recover any quicker than Nature will permit. But you can form a partnership with Nature.

When Stromboli Came Back

One night while Strom was slowly coming back to racing form I entered his stall and found him choking and almost on the point of passing out. I called a veterinarian, and the quick operation he performed saved the old fellow's life. I was so happy over the success of his efforts that after I had paid him his regular fee I threw in an extra $500 for good luck. When some of my friends found out about this they used to joke with me about the way I was squandering my money on a horse that had no more chance of coming back to the races than Hindoo had. We stood for their jokes, Stromboli and I did, and we never let them know that the day was coming when we'd both make them eat their words. When I'd go out to Stromy's stall I'd rub his nose and say, "Old-timer, just one more good race out of you, just one more, and then we can tell the whole bunch of 'em where to go."

Two years had passed when the day came for Stromboli to make his reappearance carrying racing silks. It was at the early summer meeting at Belmont Park in 1921, when I dropped him in a mile condition race among horses that hadn't even been foaled when he was at the top of his career. The fellows down at the track who knew his history just rubbed their eyes when they saw Stromboli's name in the list of entries. They didn't know whether they'd been handed a set of five-year-old entry sheets or whether somebody in the secretary's office had made some sort of foolish blunder. Everywhere I went, in the clubhouse or out in the paddock, I could hear the buzzing about Stromboli being entered for the next day and people asking what the joke was.

I passed one group, and I think it was Phil Chinn, another of the old guard, saying to Judge Ed Cole something about what good sport it would be to see a gray-whiskered horse running at Belmont. Somebody else wondered whether I had supplied Strom with a pair of crutches to help him hobble around the track.

Stromboli was given a great hand when he paraded the next afternoon, marching along with all the dignity that his ten years gave him. And when the barrier was released he streaked right to the front in the same old way he'd done eight years before, when he was burning up the track as a two-year-old. And he stayed in front, too, until the finish, handling his 123 pounds as though it was a feather and finishing the mile in the good time of 1:37 4-5. He had done the trick for me, the thing I'd asked him to do when we'd had our little talks in the stall; and if he never did anything else on the race track I was satisfied. But Stromy didn't stop there. Three or four days later he came back against a good field and just failed to win, losing by a short nose on the wire. Soon afterward he made his third appearance, and this time he led a field of sprinters home at six and a half furlongs, with 127 pounds on his back.

"I knew all along you'd do it, Stromy, old-timer, and now you're going to live like a gentleman for the rest of your life," I told him after that race.

America's Greatest Horse

The tendons in his ankles had begun to give trouble again, and it was a fine time for him to pass out of the picture, with his name on everybody's tongue and carrying the brackets of a winner in his last race. And so Stromboli retired from racing forever. And there he is at Rancocas today, grazing in the beautiful green paddocks and living the life of ease and comfort he so well deserves. And with me he will always stay, my favorite Thoroughbred.

The greatest race horse, in my judgment, the American turf has ever seen made his appearance about the time I separated from Mr. Belmont and began organizing my own stable. That was Man o' War, the wonderful striding son of Fair Play-Mahubah, by Rock Sand, bred by Mr. Belmont at the Nursery Stud in 1917. When Mr. Belmont decided to devote all his time to war work he offered to sell his entire crop of yearlings to Samuel D. Riddle, of Philadelphia. Louis Feustel and Mike Daly, the Riddle trainers, inspected the crop and reported back that they were undersized, advising against their purchase.

Later, when Mr. Belmont put them up for sale at Saratoga Springs, Mr. Riddle was struck with the appearance of Man o' War. He asked his trainers how they had come to consider that particular horse undersized and they told him Man o' War had not been among the lot shown to them on their Kentucky visit. This made Mr. Riddle suspect that the owner of the Nursery Stud had in mind holding the Fair Play-Mahubah yearling out of the sale and also made him more anxious than ever to get hold of the youngster. It is true Mr. Belmont had intended to do that very thing, but he was afraid the entire sale might suffer if he made any reservations, and so Man o' War became the property of the Philadelphia sportsman for $5000, the greatest bargain in the history of American racing, as it turned out.

If it hadn't been that I wanted to get horses in training instead of yearlings, Man o' War might have worn my own racing colors. I had handled Masda, his full sister, and I knew that if he possessed the same kind of speed that she had he would be a humdinger. Several times when I had held the stop watch on Masda she had run so fast that I thought there must be some mistake, and I had asked others to verify what my own watch told me. But they caught her in the same time. In her works she was one of the fastest tricks I've ever trained and she was good at actual racing, too, but not the same filly she was in the early morning gallops. I thought of Masda when I first heard of Man o' War, but I let it stop with thinking. Riddle didn't.

Man o' War became the idol of the public early in his two-year-old form. He simply smothered his opponents for speed and stamina, covering the ground in great leaps and seldom seeming to be pressed to show how fast and courageous he was. It was Man o' War, off by himself, a flashing streak of horseflesh, in stake after stake—the Keene Memorial, the Youthful, the Tremont, the Hudson, the Grand Union, the United States Hotel, the Hopeful and the Futurity. He suffered only one defeat that season and that through a bad piece of racing luck. It came in the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga, when Man o' War got away to a bad start and then ran into a pocket from which Johnny Loftus, his rider and the premier jockey of the time, could not escape in time to catch the Whitney horse Upset. In the stretch, Man o' War came with a great rush, once he had got clear of interference, and he came within half a length of nipping Upset, to whom he was conceding fifteen pounds.

As a three-year-old, Man o' War was unbeaten. He began by winning the Preakness and then swept through the Withers, the Belmont, the Dwyer, the Realization, the Kenilworth Cup at Windsor and many other stakes. In the Dwyer he met John P. Grier, from the stable of H. P. Whitney, and broke the heart of this game horse, his closest rival, if you could call any horse of his age a rival. Grier was never the same horse after that encounter. In the Potomac Handicap at Havre de Grace, Man o' War went to the post with the crushing burden of 138 pounds on his back and got away from the barrier in a tangle, three or four lengths back of the field, when one of the assistant starters held his bridle as the starting signal came. But he quickly overtook his field on the heavy track and won the race, leading the good horse Wildair, 108 pounds, under the wire. That race is remembered as one of Man o' War's greatest, as well as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of Thoroughbred gameness on record.

The Man o' War-Sir Barton Race

It was when Man o' War was bowling over every competitor in his division that the demand came for a match between him and Sir Barton, winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1919 and a horse of the highest caliber in his four-year-old form the next year. Sir Barton, a son of Star Shoot, was being campaigned by Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian sportsman, who was racing a powerful stable. The race was held at Kenilworth in Canada and attracted international attention; but as horse races go, it was no contest. Sir Barton had trained off badly before he went to the post and he was no match for the champion three-year-old. Man o' War took the track at the start, held it all the way and just galloped to a seven or eight length victory over the little son of Star Shoot. The only effect of the race was to establish Man o' War more firmly than ever as the greatest horse the American turf has ever seen. He retired as a three-year-old, the winner of twenty races in twenty-one starts and with earnings for his owner of $249,465, the largest amount ever won by an American horse up to that time. This season his sons and daughters are powerful in the two-year-old division. It may be that Man O'War will reproduce himself

It was just about the time Man o' War was making his never-to-be-forgotten record that I stopped one afternoon for a chat in the clubhouse with Harry M. Stevens, the caterer at the baseball parks and the race tracks. He introduced me to a man standing there with him. It was Harry F. Sinclair, the oil man. Later in the afternoon I ran into E. E. Smathers, who had owned McChesney and other good horses when I trained for him some years before this. With him was Mr. Sinclair.

"Sam, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Mr. Sinclair. He's a baseball fan, and I'm trying to tell him how much better horse racing is as a sport," said Mr. Smathers.

Mr. Sinclair and I laughed at this and told E. E. that everybody at the track was trying to introduce us.

"If they keep on we ought to get to know each other some time or other," Mr. Sinclair remarked.

"Whenever I come to the races I always get Mr. Hildreth to mark my program," E. E. broke in, addressing the oil man. Then he turned to me, saying, "Here, Sam, put circles around a few good ones on that program."

When I'd marked his program with the horses I thought had the best chances of winning their races that day, I turned to Mr. Sinclair and asked if he would like me to do the same for him. He replied that he would be extremely glad to have the benefit of any information I could give him, as he was not familiar with the form of race horses and was pretty much at sea when it came to picking winners. I marked the entire card of six races for both of them. Five of my selections won.

The next day I met Mr. Sinclair in the clubhouse again and he thanked me for the profitable afternoon my choices had brought him.

"I took your advice on all of them except one," he said. "In the Futurity I went to Purchase instead of Dunboyne, and now I know better." Dunboyne had won the Futurity, Sir Barton was second and Purchase third.

In Partnership With Sinclair

We stood talking for a few moments, and as I was about to move on, Mr. Sinclair asked whether I'd mind marking his program again. I did, and again I hit on several winners. Every time I saw him after that I volunteered to circle the names of the horses I liked, and as luck would have it I was in a great winning streak. Nearly everything I picked was either coming down in front or knocking at the door. After this had continued for a week or so, Mr. Sinclair met me one afternoon and asked me to sit down for a little talk with him.

"It's very nice of you, Mr. Hildreth, to go on giving me winners every day as you have been, and I don't see any reason why you don't profit by it. Why not let me include you in what I'm getting out of your selections?" he asked. He seemed a little embarrassed, not knowing just how to make the suggestion.

"That's perfectly all right; I'm only too glad to do it for a friend of E. E. Smathers or Harry Stevens. You're perfectly welcome to any help I can give and don't think there is any obligation to it, not for a moment." He understood without my saying so that my business was racing horses and that when there was any betting to be done I did it with my own money.

But it was disturbing to Harry Sinclair's peace of mind for him to keep on profiting through me and for me to receive nothing from it, as I soon learned. One evening I met him by appointment and he explained to me just how he felt about it.

"I understand, Mr. Hildreth, that you prefer to take your own chances rather than have anybody risk money for you," he said. "That's your side of it, and I want to say that I like the spirit of it. But there is my side, too, and I want to let you know that I think it is entirely unfair to you for me to profit in the way I have without anything more than a mere thank you now and then."

I started to protest, but he continued:

"What I was thinking about is that we might form a little combination of some kind, something that would be a little less one-sided than the way it is now. I haven't just worked it out in my mind, but I thought some sort of an arrangement could be made that would be more equitable than the present one of your giving everything and receiving nothing."

And the outcome of that conversation was the formation of a combination that still continues after five years of successful campaigning on the turf. Our first arrangement was for a pool to back the horses I fancied, but it became an actual partnership as Mr. Sinclair's interest in racing grew. I had seven or eight good horses

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running at the time, Lucullite and Mad Hatter at the head of the string, and Mr. Sinclair asked me one day if I would mind selling him an interest in Lucullite, to whom he had taken a great fancy. I consented, and it was Lucullite that first ran in our joint interests.

There was a horse running that year which looked to me as having the makings of a real champion. A massive horse he was, for a two-year-old, with a rich chestnut coat that sparkled, a broad noble head that is the mark of a fine race horse and a smooth action that told of a world of speed and power yet to be developed. That was Purchase, the son of Ormondale-Cherryola, by imported Tanzmeister. And well he should be a fine specimen of Thoroughbred, for his breeding was of the purple. Ormondale, his sire, was the Futurity winner of his year, and Cherryola, his dam, a fine race mare that had won twenty-six races in the years of 1909 to 1913. I knew his daddy and his mother both. So I put out feelers for Purchase, and when George D. Smith let me have him for $12,500 I knew I had made a bargain that would bring me a fine return on my investment. I bought Lord Brighton from Smith at the same time, paying $6000 for this good sprinter.

It was in the Futurity of 1918 that I had first become impressed with Purchase's racing qualities. Though I had backed Dunboyne to win that race and though Mr. Sinclair had gone against my judgment when he went to Purchase, I knew that it was only through bad racing luck that Purchase had lost. Earlier in the season he had run five races before winning, but in the sixth he performed in a manner that made him an equal favorite with Dunboyne for the Futurity. And it was only because he swerved as the barrier went up that he failed to lead the field under the wire. It was lucky for me that he had been a victim of this accident of running. His price would probably have been double what I paid if he had won.

A Horse With a Hoodoo

Purchase was the best horse I ever trained, and I say that without any strings to it. As a three-year-old he started eleven times and won nine races. I started him on the season's campaign on July 10, 1919, when I sent him after the Dwyer Stakes at a mile and a furlong at Aqueduct and I wasn't a bit afraid about the good field named to start, Sir Barton, Eternal, Cirrus, Crystal Ford and Questionnaire. I was even sorry when the sloppy condition of the track caused the withdrawal of three of these, Eternal, Cirrus and Questionnaire, leaving only three to go to the post and only Sir Barton as a real opponent. But Sir Barton had won the Kentucky Derby and was supposed to be the champion three-year-old of the year, so a victory over him meant a great deal. And this victory Purchase scored with the greatest ease, winning by three lengths from Sir Barton, the odds-on favorite, Crystal Ford being a distant trailer all the way.

If Purchase was good to look upon as a two-year-old, he was magnificent when he reappeared as a three-year-old. So besides being my greatest horse he was the finest-looking one I ever saddled, standing more than sixteen hands high, splendidly muscled and a race horse in every ounce of his flesh. Mr. Vosburgh, of the Jockey Club, wrote of him, "He had the size of Melbourne, the power of Stockwell, the beauty of Orlando, the speed of Ormonde and St. Simon and the indomitable courage of Lexington." That describes Purchase, who is standing today at the Rancocas Farm in New Jersey, quartered in the largest box stall to give him the freedom his size demands, and next door to Grey Lag and Zev and Lucullite and Kai Sang.

The one thing not told of Purchase is that hard luck followed him in his racing days as it does few Thoroughbreds. There is no telling how far the most famous of Ormondale's sons might have gone but for his misfortunes. As a two-year-old he had the Walden Stakes at his mercy, with ten or twelve pounds off, when he injured one of his legs three days before the race. The next year I was preparing him for the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and he was showing speed that made me feel confident he would win one of these or maybe both, when he reared in his stall, got one of his front feet caught in the hayrack and crippled himself. Sir Barton won the Kentucky that year, and when Purchase romped away from Sir Barton in the Dwyer two months later I was more than ever convinced that it was only his bad luck that had kept him from having his name written on the honor list of Kentucky Derby winners.

Hard luck was the biggest burden Purchase had to carry; weight itself was not a burden to this strapping colt. He showed this when he shook off his old enemy for a while that summer and won the Southampton Handicap with 129 pounds up, beating Eternal, with 125; Stuyvesant, with 124; Saranac, with 133, Huron, with 134; and Saratoga, with 118. In the Brooklyn he was given the highest weight ever carried by a three-year-old in that stake, 117 pounds, and he ran second for his first defeat of the season. The second time he was beaten came in the race for the Saratoga Cup over a mile and six furlongs, when he met Exterminator, winner of the Kentucky Derby of 1918, and one of the most popular horses that have raced in America. Exterminator was a Hindoo over a route and a bear in the mud, but I was never more confident of anything than I was that I would win that race. I remember standing in the clubhouse and telling some friends that I thought the short price of 1 to 3 against Purchase was really a good price. And the way that race was run is one of those things I like to forget. Bill Knapp, a capable jockey ordinarily, lost his whip in the stretch and with it Purchase's chance of leading Exterminator home. It was another piece of bad luck for this unfortunate horse.

It was while he was at the top of his three-year-old form that a horseman approached me one afternoon and asked if I would consider selling Purchase. I knew that particular fellow didn't have anything like enough money to buy the horse, so I thought it was a joke.

"No, I mean it absolutely. One of the biggest owners at the track has asked me to see you about it; I'm representing him," he told me.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I'm not at liberty to say until I find out whether you will sell."

"How much does he want to pay for Purchase?"

"He'll go as high as $300,000."

A Record Offer Refused

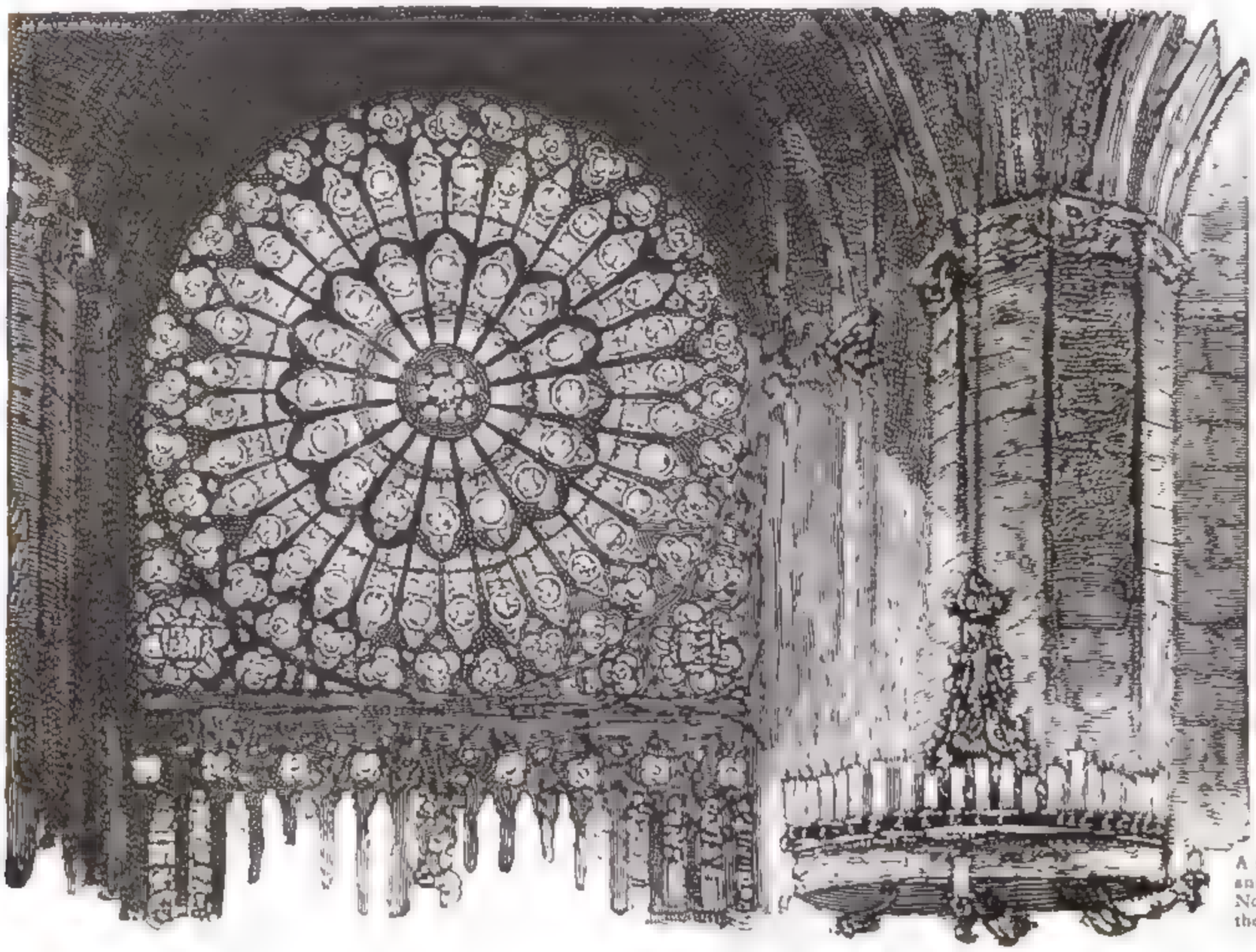
That is the highest sum I've ever heard of being offered for a race horse. It was a tempting offer and I had good reason to believe that it was Commander Ross who was trying to buy Purchase. But I refused. It was at a time when I was just getting together a stable of horses to carry my own colors and I was certainly in no mood to part with the best one I had ever handled. And this was just before Purchase met with the accident at Laurel. After that I doubt whether Commander Ross would have offered half the amount for Purchase, as it was uncertain then how serious the injury was.

A little later in the season, when we had moved on to Laurel in Maryland, the old jinx returned. I had tried to arrange with Commander Ross for a match between Purchase and Sir Barton, but he refused. There wasn't much left for Purchase to beat. Man o' War and he were the heroes of the year, but the Riddles preferred the three-year-old races for their champion. So the only thing I could do was to keep Purchase in fit condition and send him out for the less important honors.

One morning I was breezing him a half mile in fifty seconds, when he struck a rock

(Continued on Page 121)

BAKELITE POSSESSES PERMANENT COLOR AND FINISH



A symbol of permanent beauty and color—the 13th Century North Rose Window of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

plus—

¶ heat resistance
¶ electrical resistance
¶ resistance to oil and water
¶ strength
¶ light weight
¶ hardness
¶ resistance to acid
¶ resistance to chemicals
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—not merely because its lustre lasts

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Chemistry has created it in the phenol resin product known as Bakelite. But that is not the really remarkable fact. It is this:

Bakelite is the *one* material that combines permanent finish and color with *all* the properties listed above.

There are thousands of Bakelite products for as many different uses—Bakelite made in the color of amber or amethyst, ruby or jade; in deep jets or golden browns, and in many original color combinations as well.

In the products shown on this page, lasting lustre is of first importance. But the other properties listed above are also invariably found in anything made of Bakelite.

What Bakelite has done for other manufacturers, perhaps it can do for you. In solving your particular problem, our Engineering Department is at your service.

Send for our illustrated booklet, "The Material of a Thousand Uses"

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Manicure Set of Colored Bakelite
COLUMBIA MANICURE MFG. CO., INC.

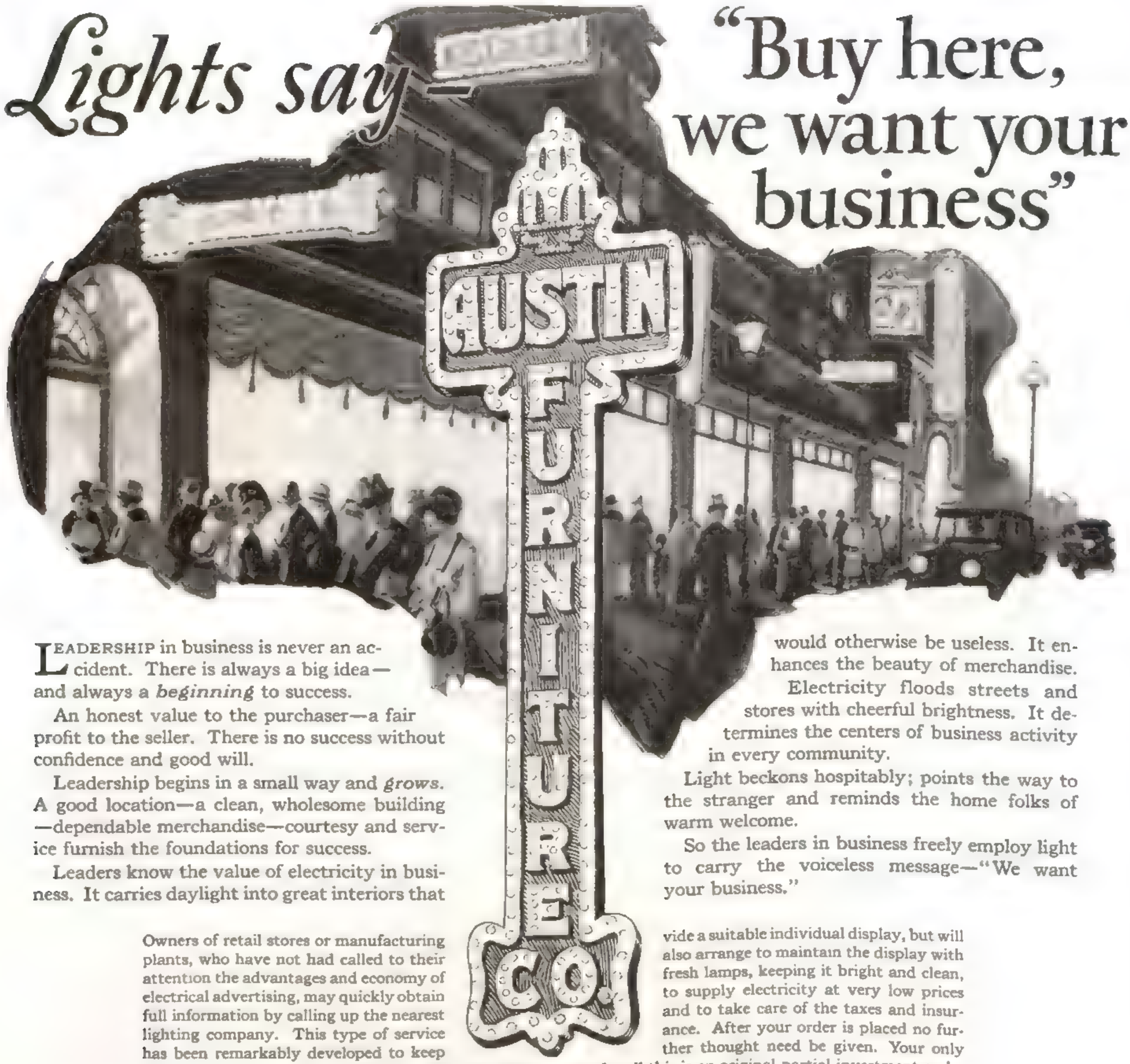
Buttons of Molded Bakelite
ACCOLITE MFG. CO

BAKELITE

THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

BAKELITE is the registered trade mark for the phenol resin products manufactured under patents owned by the Bakelite Corporation

Lights say— "Buy here, we want your business"



LEADERSHIP in business is never an accident. There is always a big idea—and always a *beginning* to success.

An honest value to the purchaser—a fair profit to the seller. There is no success without confidence and good will.

Leadership begins in a small way and *grows*. A good location—a clean, wholesome building—dependable merchandise—courtesy and service furnish the foundations for success.

Leaders know the value of electricity in business. It carries daylight into great interiors that would otherwise be useless. It enhances the beauty of merchandise.

Electricity floods streets and stores with cheerful brightness. It determines the centers of business activity in every community.

Light beckons hospitably; points the way to the stranger and reminds the home folks of warm welcome.

So the leaders in business freely employ light to carry the voiceless message—"We want your business."

Owners of retail stores or manufacturing plants, who have not had called to their attention the advantages and economy of electrical advertising, may quickly obtain full information by calling up the nearest lighting company. This type of service has been remarkably developed to keep pace with the service furnished for other purposes. Your electric company will not only arrange to provide a suitable individual display, but will also arrange to maintain the display with fresh lamps, keeping it bright and clean, to supply electricity at very low prices and to take care of the taxes and insurance. After your order is placed no further thought need be given. Your only cost for all this is an original partial investment and a nominal monthly service charge.

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Western States Gas & Electric Co.

SALINAS, CAL.
Coast Valleys Gas & Electric Co.

"AN ELECTRIC SIGN IS NO BETTER THAN THE SERVICE IT GETS"

(Continued from Page 118)

or some other hard obstacle on the track and tore the ligaments loose in his off front leg. He was lame for two or three months after that and I decided to give him a good long rest before sending him back to the races. In the spring I had him in the stud, where he served a few mares, and kept working hard on him all through that year to get him ready for campaigning again. In July, 1921, at five years old, he was sound and fit. I entered him at Empire City and the reception he got reminded me of Stromboli's return to the races earlier in the season. He won two races at Empire and I shipped him to Saratoga. On the train he wrenched one of his hind legs and again was thrown out of training. That was the end of his racing days. I retired him to Rancocas to stay, listed in my memories as the greatest race horse I ever owned, the most magnificent Thoroughbred I have ever seen, and yet the one with the worst luck.

Before this Mr. Sinclair and I had formed a racing partnership and had set out to get together one of the strongest stables that have ever raced in this country. The man who had been introduced to me as a baseball fan not much acquainted with horse racing had become more enthusiastic about his new diversion than he had been about the sport he'd followed from his boyhood days. The way he went about building up a string of horses reminded me of the methods the Dwyers had used years before. His heart was set on winning the big stakes; he had been carried away with the thrill of seeing his horses come tearing down the stretch in the lead of the field, while the crowd shrieked its tribute to the winner. It is the way of every fellow who gets the hang of the race track and who understands the spell that comes with the rolling thunder of hoofs in the loam and whose heart bangs against his ribs when he sees his own colors weaving to the front of a field that flashes along with the speed of a meteor and with the grace of a bird in flight. And I could tell that the spell was full upon this man, with his natural love for the outdoors and with a mind tuned to the winning scale.

Both of us were on the lookout for young horses that showed promise. It was my job to keep the stable up to the mark we had set for ourselves, but Mr. Sinclair was picking up knowledge of horseflesh fast and his suggestions were valuable.

One afternoon at Aqueduct we were both impressed with the qualities of a two-year-old running for the first time in the colors of J. H. Rosseter. The youngster was Inchcape, a son of Friar Rock, and the way he romped away from a field of high-class ones told me that here was a horse of exceptional merit.

"I think we ought to buy that fellow," I remarked after the race.

"I don't think there's any doubt about it," Mr. Sinclair replied; and it was pleasing to me that he had recognized Inchcape as a probable champion.

Horse racing was in a flourishing condition and prices were on the rise. Mr. Rosseter fixed $150,000 as the price for Inchcape and wouldn't budge from that figure. While we were dickering for the Friar Rock colt he won another race. That settled it and we met the demand, each of us owning a half interest in accordance with our partnership arrangement. It was the highest price ever paid for a two-year-old, and remains so today. But it was an unlucky investment. Inchcape won only one race in our colors, as a three-year-old. He went wrong after that and never responded to treatment. We retired him to Rancocas for stud duty. Misfortune followed him there. He perished in a fire that destroyed one of the stables, along with some forty brood mares. There was not a cent of insurance on him.

The success we'd gone in search of came in even a larger measure than we'd hoped for. Mad Hatter was our chief reliance in the older division, and though many of the regulars around racing will cuss at this horse and say he was not a consistent runner, it is only necessary to look over his record to see just what he has accomplished. There you will find his name bracketed as the winner of the Latonia Championship, the Bowie, the Suburban, and two times in the Metropolitan, the Kings County, the Toboggan and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, with total winnings for his seven years of racing amounting to $194,525. And Grey Lag, a younger horse, by imported Star Shoot out of Miss Minnie, had joined our string to do his part in the fine run of luck we were having. It is Grey Lag that I regard as the second best race horse I have handled in my fifty years on the turf. With him we earned $133,725 in purses and many of the most important stakes on the racing calendar, the Suburban, Brooklyn, Metropolitan, Belmont, Devonshire International and Saratoga, to name a few. You will recall the confidence the racing public had in this horse and how everyone knew he could be counted upon to give the utmost of his brilliant speed and courage, an honest and reliable horse if the race track ever saw one.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

TRIPPERS AND TRESPASSERS

(Continued from Page 5)

that farm woman's meanness in wanting her own berries and saying so.

Those two cases are attributable, no doubt, to the fact that country berries grow wild and have been treated, habitually, for years as common property; but it serves to illustrate the attitude of some of the best of us toward assertions of indisputable right. And as far as my experience goes, the average tripper regards cultivated fruit in the same way.

Personally I have found it best to abandon what was once rather a fine orchard to the spoilers. It has not been worth while to take care of the trees or possible to guard them. My own acquaintances and tenants in the summer colony would pick and munch the fruit before my face without thought of blame—all very well among a few, but serious on the part of a hundred or so—and when the predatory horde comprises also a vast number of passing strangers, disastrous. That seems to be what they, honestly and actually, fail to realize. Each thinks the few apples he picks too slight a matter to be considered.

Thieves with bags are different and more easily dealt with—but sometimes equally innocent in intent. One enthusiast with half a bushel in a sack, openly and publicly picked, explained to me that they were only green apples, without value in the market; but that his wife liked to make them into pies and I'd be surprised to know what good pies could be made of them. I explained that they would in time have become ripe and marketable.

Another young man, at the top of a high apple tree in front of the hotel, in plain sight of a number of people, was throwing down the pick of the best, while his bride, who was pretty enough to melt a more frozen heart than mine, packed them nicely in a suitcase. Neither of them, I know, had any idea that they were stealing fruit—they were merely picking apples. I remonstrated in such mild terms as were suited to the young woman's presence. The man was genuinely surprised.

"Why, you don't grudge a few apples?"

The girl was distressed. I could only beg them to accept the suitcase full, and stop at that.

In individual cases I have found it most effective to offer the transgressor a dollar with the request that he take it and buy some apples of a dealer, explaining that I'd rather pay for them than have my trees broken by clumsy picking. This method may prove useful to others. He never takes the dollar—and he stops stealing the fruit. But that doesn't affect the on-coming horde, nor does persuasion in any form discourage the offender from subsequent depredations elsewhere.

But we left Mr. Wattle confronted with six men and their wives and children. Perhaps he tried persuasion. If he did he probably received assurances that "it was all right," that they "were doing no harm," facetious attempts to jolly him along, appeals to the well-known New England—or other—hospitality, expressions of surprised regret that he should not be more "accommodatin'," a final ultimatum to the effect that they were only going to stay till they'd had their lunch and would be moving on later.

He is not aware that they are like children, pitifully anxious, under the surface, not to have their holiday interrupted, perhaps spoiled, by the need of seeking a new place to picnic; he is only the more convinced of their malice and defiance of the rights of property. And they regard him as a mean old curmudgeon, grudging them a pleasure that costs him nothing.

Some farmers, we are told, have been driven by hard experience to the use of the shotgun and the savage dog. It is delightful, here in New England, from the owner's point of view, to learn that there are still parts of this country in which those remedies are possible.

But here, in Mr. Wattle's home state, the prejudice against bodily violence is so strong and ingrained that a man who uses even fists in a just cause under strong provocation is hardly more popular with his neighbors and the local authorities than a dynamiter in the business district of Manhattan. As for savage dogs, public opinion in these parts classes them with dragons, hooded cobras and man-eating tigers of the worst class. A dog whose reputation is not free from every least shadow of a suspicion of possible ferocious propensities never lives to know whether his demise was due to private assassination or an order of the selectmen, and his owner, surviving, is disliked as an undesirable citizen.

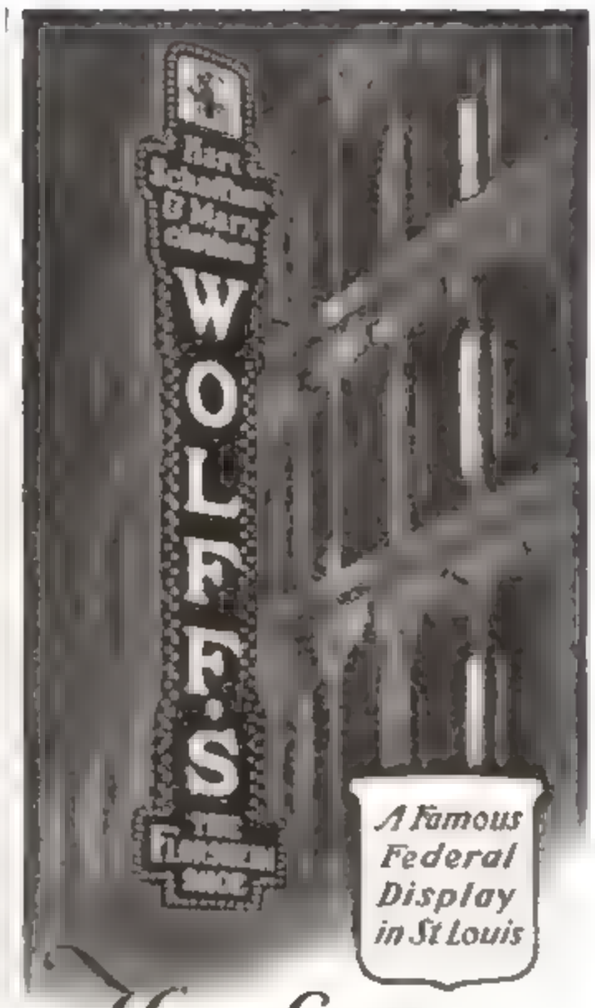
The emergency therefore finds Mr. Wattle unprepared for violence.

It may be, nevertheless, that he is goaded by the failure of diplomacy and by overt acts of hostility to resort to force. As a landowner, he is probably aware that the law declares any encroachment upon his property by so much as a hairbreadth a trespass, that it asserts in plain terms his right to eject the trespasser and to use for that purpose as much force as is necessary and no more.

He is now confronted with the question: Just how much force is necessary to enable one elderly man to eject six in the prime of life? He is more concerned with the practical than the theoretical aspect of the question.

I remember among analogous cases that of the owner of a beautiful country place, annoyed by the riotous encroachments of a gang of rowdies who had selected it for a playground. He went out alone to eject them. Unlike our Mr. Wattle, he went armed with a small rifle. He shot and killed one of the trespassers. He testified that he ordered them off, was attacked, and shot the man in sheer self-defense; that he had taken his rifle, knowing the gang to be dangerous. But there was only his unsupported word against the testimony of the surviving trespassers, who swore that the shot was wanton and unprovoked. The jury, impressed by the preponderance of witnesses and the fact that he went armed, found him guilty. I forget whether it was murder in the second degree or manslaughter in the first.

He served a long sentence, came out an old man, broken in fortune, and spent his



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ADVERTISING FEDERAL ELECTRIC SERVICE

A Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum (Pattern 2708) and a Blabon Plain Black Linoleum border are shown in this entrance hall. In the living room is Blabon's Plain Gray Linoleum, with a fabric rug upon it.

The inviting atmosphere of this entrance hall

—is enhanced by its Blabon floor of Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum!

Among the new, colorful Blabon floors of Linoleum there are soft-toned patterns appropriate for every room upstairs or down—a revelation in decorative possibilities.

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In Blabon floors of Inlaid or Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors go through to the burlap back, and never wear off during the life of the linoleum. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves their freshness and mellows their tones.

There are many places in the home where Blabon's Printed Linoleum, even more moderate in price, may be used to advantage. A good floor varnish applied once or twice a year helps to preserve the original appearance of the pattern.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper, insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in an assortment of sizes.

Any good home-furnishing or department store can show you Blabon's Linoleum. For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this enlarged and revised 36-page 8" x 11" brochure, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home" (3rd edition), by Hazel H. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents. Write for it now!

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors extend clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

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Philadelphia
Established 74 years

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

BLABON'S
Linoleum

remaining years in elaborate endeavors to convince all and sundry of his innocence.

In another instance, more fortunate in its termination, a father and son in a summer colony, most of which was the father's property, were aroused late at night by the profane yelling of a party of strangers who seemed bent on disturbing the inhabitants, who chiefly, at the time, were women and children. The son went down first, and ordering the men off, was instantly attacked. There were five of them, but only two—who afterward proved to be policemen from a large city on vacation—took part in the assault except morally and vocally.

The father arrived just in time to see a blow aimed from behind at his son's head, and having in his hand a light walking stick, struck the aggressor behind the ear. The man dropped, but promptly scrambled to his feet and headed a retreat. The stick had left a cut in the scalp. On the strength of that and the concerted testimony of the five, mostly drunk at the time, father and son were indicted for assault with a murderous weapon or weapons.

Happily, the district attorney was under an obligation to the family, managed to postpone the trial for several terms of court, and then got the indictment quashed. But that was luck, not law.

Force, then, on Mr. Wattle's part is not to be advocated. In the first place, he cannot eject six men; in the second place, if he could, and happened to hurt one in the process, or was driven to violent measures in self-defense, he would be likely to become the victim instead of the darling of the law and find himself outsworn in court by the six men, their wives and children; and that not necessarily by deliberate conspiracy or intent to perjure. The tripper, like the rest of us, is apt to see only his own side of a case and unconsciously to exaggerate that.

Clearly, then, but one course remains to Mr. Wattle. He goes to the telephone and invokes the constable, over in the village. The line is busy—of course. So is the constable, for village constables can hardly live on the emoluments of office.

A Paralyzed Law

By the time the officer arrives the trespassers have probably gone. If they are still there, and have merely trespassed, they cannot be arrested; the constable can only order them to move on, which by that time they are probably ready to do anyway. If there has been theft or wanton, criminal destruction, and they are still there, there may be arrests; but probably to little purpose, for it will hardly be possible to fix the offense either on all together or on any in particular—and again Mr. Wattle is likely to find himself outsworn.

In short, the law of trespass on property, though alive in theory, is dead in practice. How dead it is was illustrated by a proclamation issued by the then governor of New Hampshire during the drought of the fall of 1924, closing the woods in sections of the state to all persons except the owners, their agents or persons having the owners' permission to enter, until further notice.

Why? By the law, no one has a right to enter any woods without the owner's permission at any time. Was not the further notice—lifting the embargo—a sheer invitation to trespass? The law stands on the books, but custom seems to have paralyzed it for all practical purposes.

As it stands, the law permits the owner to use sufficient force to eject the trespasser; but let him avail himself of that permission and he usually finds the law against him, protecting the trespasser from his violence.

In some cases of spoliation—as in Mr. Wattle's home state—recent statutes go so far as to invite the landowner to arrest the trespasser with his own hands. As to that, Mr. Wattle may sympathize with a certain lodger who complained to his landlady of the extraordinary opportunities her house afforded for the practical study of certain distasteful branches of entomology.

"Bugs?" said she sweetly. "Mr. Robinson, I never permit such creatures in my house; and if they annoy you, you are welcome to dispose of them in any way you see fit."

A greater privilege, after all, than that conferred by the statute; for insects of that kind can hardly be more numerous than trippers have lately become, and are far more easily captured and more manageable when caught.

In fact—except in regard to forest fires, of which more is to be said later—the law does practically nothing toward protecting the rights of the landowner. The devil is there and his name is legion, but the pitch with which he should be paid is not hot; it only endangers the victim, who is likely to be swamped in its sticky depths if he attempts self-protection.

In short, there is no immediate remedy within reach of the owner as an individual. The law fails him. To protect him adequately would require an armed and mounted patrol of at least one man to every five miles of car-infested highway; moreover, the tripper has two overwhelming advantages. His car will take him out of reach before official aid can be summoned; or, if he does not escape, he usually has witnesses enough in his party to swear down the complaint. Mere peremptory assertion of right unbacked by force is generally useless, inevitably awakening opposition even in naturally peaceful souls.

Who Owns the Highway?

Force is of little use against superior numbers, especially when there are, as usual, women and children in the invading party.

Persuasion fails, for the average tripper, considering himself disobliged, sees no reason for obliging the owner.

If the rural owner were what he seems to the tripper—a comic but deplorable caricature of incarnate stinginess and meanness, grudging the enjoyments of wood and field to hard-worked people tired of the town and out for a little health and pleasure; if the tripper were what the owner takes him for—a hostile and willfully mischievous invader, unscrupulous and wantonly destructive—the only possible remedy would be a drastic revision of law and the establishment of enormous patrols throughout the country, ready and able day and night to enforce it.

There are, of course, such owners; and there are, of course, such trippers; but few in proportion to the immense majority of kindly, well-disposed people in either class, and easily eliminated if only the well-disposed tripper and landowner understood each a little more about the other.

The remedy is simple enough—a matter for the press and the schools.

A large factor in the trouble is the fact that while everyone is conclusively presumed to know the law, no one—except to some extent the bar—is ever taught it. For instance, there is the law of ownership of the highway, correctly stated by Miss Frazer in her recent article. The highway—regarded as land—does not belong to the public. It belongs to the abutting owners. All the public has in it is an easement, a right to pass and repass. In one or two Western states, because of the distance between towns, statutes have been enacted permitting travelers to camp within the limits of the highway. Elsewhere the camper by the roadside, even within highway limits, is taking a liberty unauthorized by law. So is the picnicker. So are those—most obnoxious of all the vagrant crowd—who use the roads at night for petting parties of the worst order. So are persons who loiter on the highway, making their presence objectionable, by rowdy conduct, to adjacent residents.

How many people know it?

In my own business I have been obliged several times to call attention to that law, and have met, invariably, with utter incredulity. In order to prove it to the guests

(Continued on Page 125)

A Thrilling Car That Drives With A Heretofore Unknown Ease

Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

To America the Chrysler Six brings a new air of verve and exclusiveness—the outward expression of revolutionary engineering and brilliant, dashing performance.

Your own eyes will recognize why it has completely captivated every city and town in America.

Never did a car appeal so strongly to those whose pride is smartness, beauty and alertness—never was a car so nearly effortless in handling.

For the Chrysler Six responds to your will as if it were a part of you. It inspires even the most timid with assurance that brings a novel delight to driving.

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There's joy—new joy—in the lives of those who own and drive the Chrysler Six.

They joy in its satiny smoothness as its soaring power carries them over the road—

But they thrill even more to the new sense of complete mastery it inspires.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to send a car to your door for a demonstration—yourself at the wheel, if you wish to experience the newest thrill in motoring.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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CHRYSLER SIX

The ZONE *of* KELVINATION

Kelvinator maintains a condition of *dry cold under fifty degrees* in any good refrigerator. This is the Zone of Kelvination. It is much colder than the average temperature of ice-cooled refrigerators and keeps foods much longer and better. Government experts specify this condition for the proper preservation of food. Kelvinator gives you *government endorsed* refrigeration.

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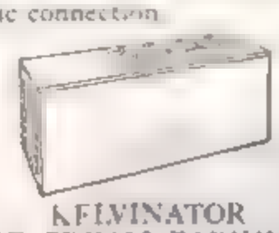
Kelvinator is made in sizes for all standard makes of refrigerators. It can be installed quickly and very easily in the one you are now using. The Kelvinator freezing unit is placed in the ice chamber. The condenser—the mechanism that "supplies the cold" goes in the basement or any other convenient place. Then the proper connections are made and from that time on you simply *forget* ice and refrigeration.

THE KELVIN-ET

$250 f. o. b. Detroit

The Kelvin-et is a compact refrigerating unit for small homes and apartments selling for $250 f. o. b. Detroit. It is Kelvinator and refrigerator, all in one. It is delivered to your home like an ordinary refrigerator, and requires only an electric connection.



KELVINATOR
ICE CREAM CABINETS

are made in sizes for every retail business. The Kelvinator air-cooled principle makes installation simple and economical

Monday Morning

Start the Week Smiling with a Refreshing Breakfast of KELVINATED FOODS

After a summer Sunday—when Monday morning dawns sunny and hot—what do you find in your refrigerator to *tempt* breakfast appetites? What do you serve to start the week right?

Kelvinated foods just fairly coax midsummer appetites. Taken from the cold, frosty air of a Kelvinator-chilled refrigerator they are irresistible.

Think of sliced oranges, served ice-cold;—of canteloupe or grapefruit, chilled through and through; or of home-canned fruits, served cold in their rich juices. Think of the cream for your cereals cold and refreshing.

The delightful thing about Kelvinator Refrigeration is that it is just as frosty and cold after a week-end as at any other time. It stays that way without attention. You need never worry about ice melting over Sunday, and Monday morning finds foods cold, delicious and wholesome.

Your local dealer can put Kelvinator in the refrigerator you are now using. Phone him, or write to us for interesting literature.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2071 WEST FORT ST., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 36 Temperance Street, Toronto (147) © K. C. 1925

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 122)

of a hotel, who were inconveniently making a playground of the road in front of my house, I engaged a lawyer to write several of them letters stating the provision. He was in excellent practice, also a member of the state legislature; but he had never heard of that law, and would not write the letter until I had shown him the authorities. Among the guests in question were several persons of the professional class; the law and the ministry were both represented. Yet that particular rule of ownership has been repeatedly set forth in the law reports of this and other states in plain and emphatic terms. The average tripper scoffs at it, so firm is the general impression that the highway belongs to the public.

Miss Frazer also quotes the inevitable excuse of the predatory tripper who "didn't know it belonged to anybody." She casts some doubt upon the genuineness of such alleged ignorance; but long and sad experience has convinced me that it is not only real but rather usual. The explanation is that the average excursionist from the city to the country hasn't thought enough about it to arrive at any knowledge of the subject. He—or more often she—simply takes it for granted that things growing without visible signs of cultivation are wild and that wild vegetable growths, like wild animals, belong to the captor. It is not so silly as it might seem, for in this country the wild game on a man's land does not belong to him. The distinction between what is able to run from one man's land to another's and what is rooted in the soil does not occur to the berry picker. As for cultivated fruit, the impression seems to be that its value arises only from the labor of picking it. Nobody has told the trespasser about the care and cultivation expended on fruit trees. Like berries, they seem to be things that grow in the country, where people go to pick them. So, of course, with flowers.

The Crime of Making a Fire

A concerted campaign on the part of newspapers and magazines would dispel all that ignorance within a year. The schools, too, would do no harm by teaching a little rudimentary law.

The effect of the admirable work of the American Automobile Association—described by Miss Frazer—in educating the vagrant public toward better conduct along the road is already perceptible in a decrease in rudeness to persons, a modification of abuse of property, during the last few years.

But if one may make the suggestion without ingratitude for a beneficent and increasingly successful effort, that association, so far as I have been able to discover, is missing one highly essential point in the education of its wayward pupils. For—though it enjoins upon them the need of exercising moderation and intelligence in doing certain things—it seems to omit the vital fact that they are doing them upon the land of other persons, and have no right to do them at all unless by the leave and subject to the instructions of the owners.

For instance, to requote from Miss Frazer's article, the association proposes to carry on its maps and tour books, among other admonitions—admirable as far as they go—the following:

"Extinguish camp fires when leaving. Burn or bury all rubbish."

Good! But, please, on whose land? Isn't it rather taking camp fires for granted? By the forest law of the state, for instance, if I were so unfortunate as to find a tourist or anyone else burning rubbish on the land in my charge, I should be obliged to report him to the authorities for the crime of "making a fire in or near a woodland without permission from a forest warden," an offense punishable by a year in the penitentiary or by heavy fine.

Host-and-Guest Attitude

Yet an incredible number of people do build fires in these woods—usually slipping in toward evening and away early the next morning. And one of their favorite excuses is that they are "only burning their rubbish." Often we find the fires smoldering in the pine needles and dead leaves that lie several feet deep on the floor of the woods. Sometimes they are beginning to blaze again, after unsuccessful attempts to put them out. Sometimes the campers have succeeded in extinguishing them.

It is usually done in good faith, without knowledge of the law. A favorite device of the tripper who thinks he understands about camp fires is to make a little circle of small stones on the surface of the carpet of pine needles, believing that the fire can't pass it. Often he builds it against a dead stump. Or he uses the spreading roots of a noble tree for the sides of his fireplace.

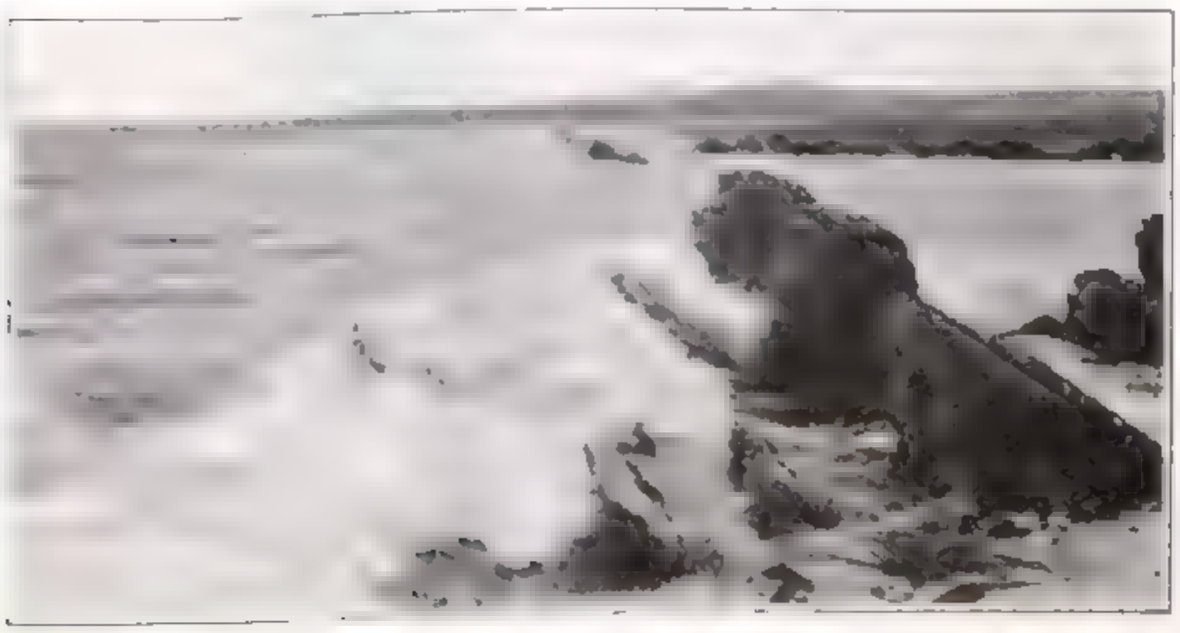
As for burying rubbish—well, it's preferable to setting the woods on fire; but few of us care to have our ground dug up by successive troops of wandering strangers even for the purpose of enriching it with tin cans, and the like. The only decent way of disposing of rubbish is to take it to the next public dump and leave it there.

A single admonition—to ask the owner's leave and receive his instructions before camping or picnicking—would cover the whole matter of conduct.

What the rural owner ought to bear in mind is that the great mass of the population cannot obtain what its members greatly need—the sight and sounds of woods and hills and clear waters, and the sweetness of pure air—without the aid of his hospitality.

But he will never learn the great pleasure and privilege of bestowing that gift until the trippers learn to realize that they, all along the road, are unbidden, self-invited guests dependent on the hospitality, conscious or unconscious, of others, whose property they are using, and that they owe to those hosts courtesy and consideration.

It is not a hard lesson to learn on either side; and once it is learned and the true relation of guest and host understood and accepted by excursionist and owner alike, what is now a curse may well become a blessing.



La Have Bay on the Nova Scotia Coast

The little girl who passes her dish for a second helping

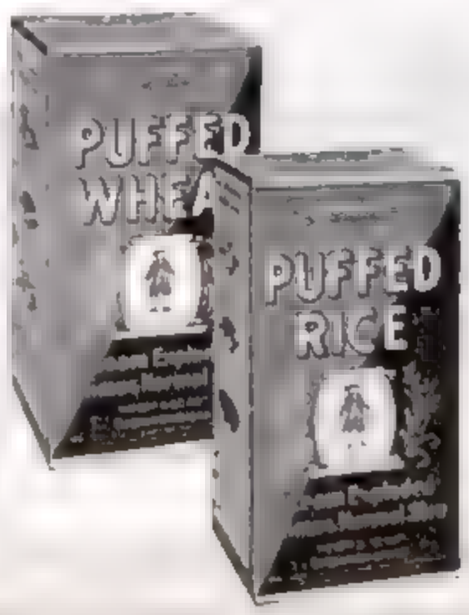
"MY GREATEST problem," a mother wrote us the other day, "has been to get my little girl to eat cereal food in any form whatever. So this morning when she actually *asked* for a second helping, I thought the millennium surely had been reached.

"It was the first experience with Puffed Wheat," she continued, "that's why I am prompted to write to you. Although I have seen your foods advertised for many years, I must admit I had never tried them . . . I wonder how many other mothers are in the same situation?"

In scores of homes, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are proving that children need never be coaxed to eat cereal foods; the food so essential to their welfare. For here are grains with the lure of a confection—fairy grains, crisp and toasty, with the flavor of nutmeats.

Each airy grain is an enticement, an appeal to the childish imagination; for never before was there a food so dainty, so delightful that one could eat all of that she wished.

You serve with milk or cream, or half and half, with cooked or fresh fruit, as a garnishment with ice cream, with melted butter as a tid-bit between meals. At last—a food that children need in a form that they love.



Send for the new Quaker Cook Book. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1610, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.

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and it's —guaranteed!

Boyce-ite is SAFE! It cannot injure metals nor create poisonous fumes.

POURED into gasoline Boyce-ite creates a new type of fuel possessing certain remarkable properties. It prevents harmful carbon from settling on valves, valve seats, spark plug points, and piston rings.

With these vital surfaces kept clean, your motor performs at its best. It is quieter, smoother, more powerful, easier starting, more economical, and longer lived, than when carbon is allowed to form.

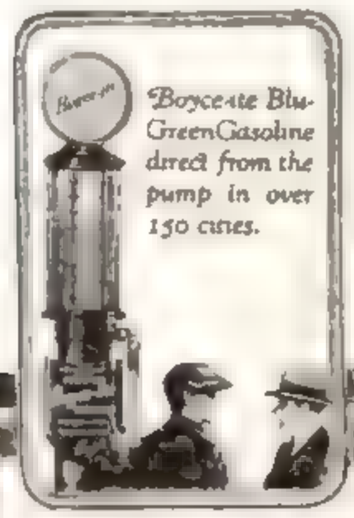
You create this fuel yourself by simply adding Boyce-ite whenever you buy gasoline, or by buying it already mixed from the Blu-Green pump. Use Boyce-ite *constantly* — the only way to use it effectively. Its small cost is paid back to you many times over in longer motor life, reduced gas consumption, and fewer repair bills.

Boyce-ite is better today than ever, and its beneficial effects are backed unreservedly by our guarantee—a guarantee that must convince you that Boyce-ite treated gasoline is a *better* motor fuel.

For sale by automobile accessory dealers and filling stations everywhere.

Vernon Boyce
President

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., U. S. A.



Guarantee

REGARDLESS of the mechanical condition or design of your motor, or the amount or grade of oil used, if after adopting Boyce-ite treated gasoline as your standard motor fuel, you ever again find it necessary to remove carbon, have that carbon burned out and send us the bill! A check will be sent you immediately.

BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN ROOSEVELT

(Continued from Page 17)

his parliamentary program and even attempts upon his life could set up. He thrives on opposition and never appears to such excellent advantage as when that strong jaw of his is set for a fight.

Out of those first presidential years of stress and struggle, I will select one incident which not only shows what Leguia has been up against—nor has the menace ceased but also reveals the courage and character of the man. If you had read this episode in a book you would most likely have set it down as pure fiction; but it was merely an episode in an almost continuous succession of stirring events that make Leguia's life unfold like a romance.

One of Leguia's strong points is that he has always found it good policy to deal leniently with his enemies when strategy dictates, although no man can use the mailed fist more relentlessly when it is necessary. His first act as president was to give amnesty to a group of rebels who had made a sporadic attempt at a revolution under his immediate predecessor. His wisdom was vindicated by the fact that they became his loyal supporters.

Barely eight months after his inauguration came the incident which proved the mettle of the man and made him both feared and loved by the populace. One afternoon in May, 1909, a body of fifty men headed by Carlos and Isaias Pierola, brother and son respectively of Nicolas de Pierola, a former president of Peru, broke into the presidential palace and dragged Leguia from the building.

When the fusillade of shots broke loose everybody thought that another revolution had started. Long experience with revolt has developed a regular program. In Peru and other South American republics people carry insurance against damage by revolution in the same way that foreign merchants in Chinese cities have insurance against loss by looting, which invariably follows the annual civil strife there.

Everybody on the streets ran for cover, shopkeepers put up their shutters and from the safety of second-story windows peeped forth for the usual happenings. This time they were to have a surprise. Instead of a craven chief executive pleading in terror for his life, they saw an imperturbable little man being dragged through the main thoroughfares, and who looked with cold contempt upon his captors.

Cool in a Crisis

Meanwhile a battle developed at the palace between some loyal troops left on guard and a force of revolutionists. The latter captured the Minister of Finance and forced him, under threat of death, to send a written order commanding the Leguia soldiers to cease firing. As always happens, curious bystanders became involved in the mêlée and scores of civilian lives were lost.

While death was reaping a harvest at the palace, the president was being paraded through the streets, followed by a mob of curious, gaping persons. The procession brought up at the Inquisition Square, in the center of which stands an equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America. The irony of the situation is obvious. At the foot of the monument the revolutionists demanded of Leguia that he resign his office or be shot on the spot.

They handed him the formal document of abdication, and it was this piece of paper, framed for his undoing, that enabled him to confute his enemies and bring about his release. Although he was hemmed in by men who hated him with intense bitterness and whose weapons were literally pointed at his breast, Leguia, with that coolness in crisis that is one of his outstanding traits, said calmly, "This matter of abdication is very important. I cannot sign this document without reading it carefully."

He thereupon put on his eyeglasses with the same composure that would have marked him if he were about to read an ordinary petition in the privacy of his office and began a dispassionate perusal. When he finished he folded it up and remarked:

"A historical document like this must be accurate. It is dated the twenty-ninth of November and this is the twenty-ninth of May."

In the hurry to get the instrument prepared, the author had made a slip in date, and Leguia seized upon it to give his friends time to come to his relief. Every minute meant actual life for him.

An argument arose which Leguia prolonged with such skill that before the revolutionists realized it -his very composure was disarming—a squadron of loyal cavalry came dashing down the street, dispersed the rebels with great loss to them and escorted the president back in triumph to the palace.

A Stormy Petrel of Politics

This single act of heroism went a long way toward establishing Leguia in the favor of the multitude. Whatever their temperamental eccentricities, the Latin American has a profound respect for a man of courage, and Leguia is absolutely without fear.

But his troubles with rebels had only begun. Those old families, and especially a considerable section of the military caste which resented Leguia's democratic tendencies, continued their mischief-making. In 1910 Leguia put down two revolutionary attempts, one in Apurimac and the other in Lambayeque.

His anxieties at home were matched by complications abroad. The smoldering hatred between Peru and Chile growing out of the War of the Pacific flared up afresh. By the terms of the peace treaty the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica had been turned over to Chile, subject to a plebiscite to determine ultimate sovereignty. Leguia maintained that what he called the Chileanization of the provinces, growing out of the alleged intimidation and exile of Peruvian subjects, amounted to gross abuse. The antagonism reached the point where Leguia broke off diplomatic relations with the neighboring republic on the south, and what really amounts to a bloodless state of war has existed ever since. I refer to this episode because his defiance of Chile helped to consolidate his growing hold upon the people.

By this time you will have realized that the presidency of Peru is no bed of roses, particularly for a man of the Leguia type who has a will of his own. You would also naturally think that retirement from office would mean some degree of peace and tranquillity. Not so with the stormy petrel of South American politics, as this incident will show:

Although Leguia maintained an absolute impartiality in the presidential campaign and election of 1912, he did not escape the bitter hatred of his enemies when he handed the presidential sash over to his successor in office, Guillermo E. Billinghurst. This is rather an unusual name for a Peruvian, but it results from one of the many marriages of Englishmen to Peruvians. The Billinghursts were one of the old feudal families to which I have alluded. Like all their kind, they looked askance at Leguia.

Now came the episode which showed that even private life meant public turmoil for Leguia. As long as he remained in the country, he was literally a thorn in the side of the old guard. His following was considerable; he had demonstrated his integrity and forcefulness; he had shown that aristocratic pull provided no immunity from tax or trouble. Moreover, he had aroused a considerable portion of the population to expect

Continued on Page 129

Two great service-giving features in Miller Balloon Tires

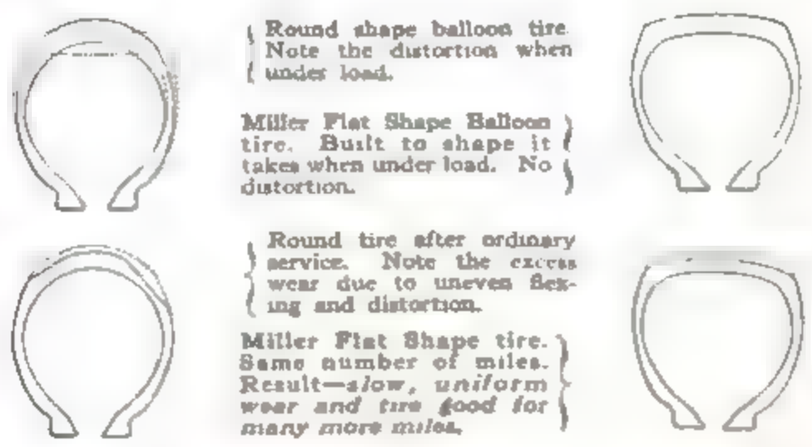
1. *Uniflex Cord Construction*

The Miller-developed Uniflex Cord construction gives balloon tires the flexibility they need for comfort; yet actually makes them longer-lived than the stiff, bulky tires of the past. The Miller uniflex-built tire flexes evenly from top to bottom.

2. *Flat Shape* (patented)

Miller Balloons are built in the shape low pressure tires take when under load. No distortion. No excessive friction. Tire wears down slowly and evenly. Still greater mileage!

These two tires were made and run on the same car at the same time and under identical conditions:


Round shape balloon tire. Note the distortion when under load.
Miller Flat Shape Balloon tire. Built to shape it takes when under load. No distortion.
Round tire after ordinary service. Note the excess wear due to uneven flexing and distortion.
Miller Flat Shape tire. Same number of miles. Result—slow, uniform wear and tire good for many more miles.

Start giving yourself more for your tire dollars. Put on Millers.

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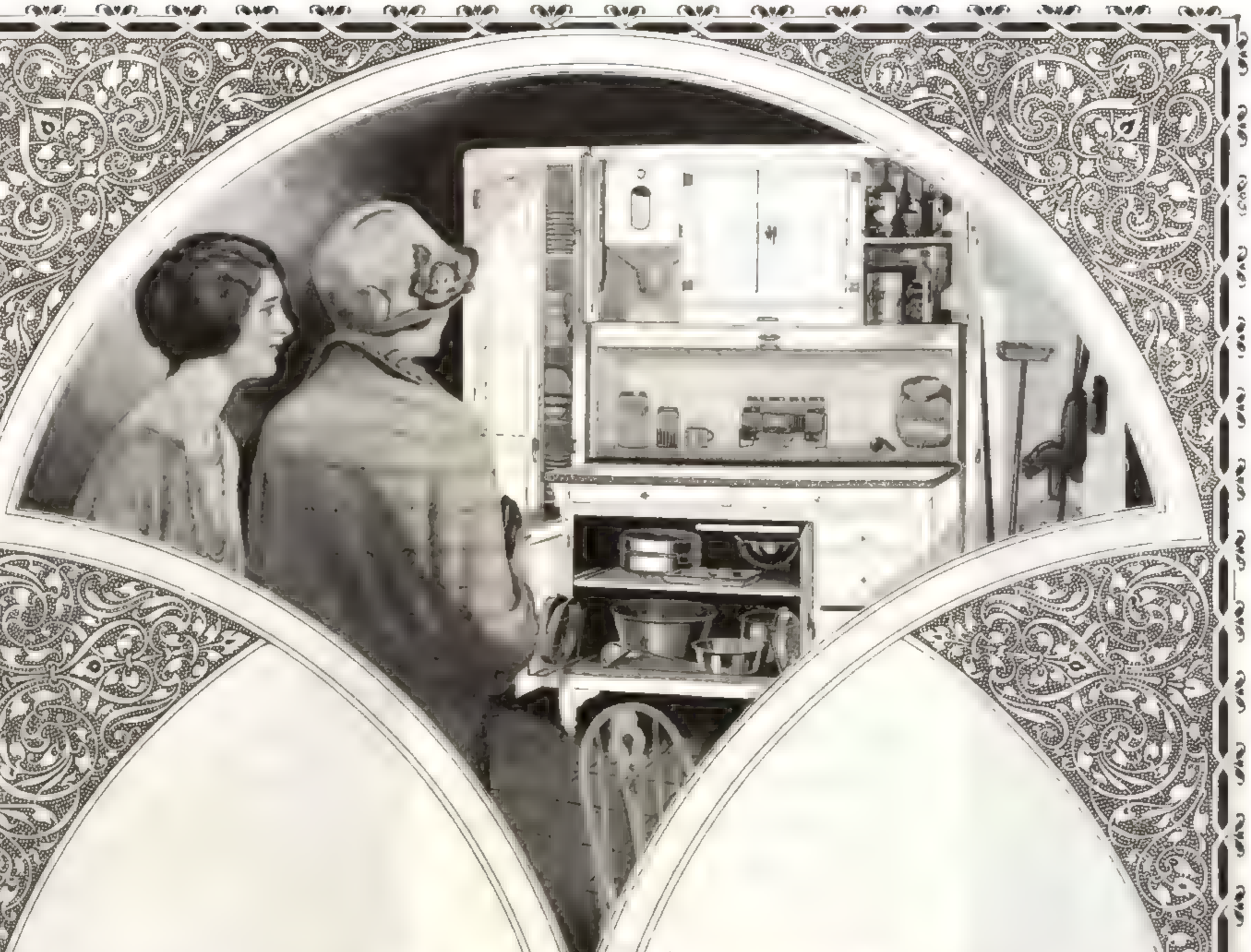

And this is the reason why she takes her friend into the kitchen

Although she may never have put the thought into words, she realizes that the kitchen cabinet is the most important and most interesting thing that has ever entered into her culinary arrangements. Not only would she have her friend share her thrill in its ownership, but also she would have her friend possess one for herself. And her fresh enthusiasm carries conviction. For the first time *she knows* that a scientific kitchen cabinet is a *necessity* in the modern home. For her it is a *work* saver that is a *life* saver.

Cupboards can never take the place of this scientific kitchen need

For here, in this studied grouping of all of the most desired facilities for the quick and easy preparation of foods, is to be found new freedom from household drudgery, worked out on a scientific basis. There are unnumbered reasons why you should have a Sellers Klearfront in your home, right now. Your dealer will be glad to tell you of them—and will sell you a Sellers on terms. Or send to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana, for interesting booklet "P-7" illustrating its "fifteen famous features."

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

(Continued from Page 126)

some degree of agrarian justice. Only the combined opposition of his enemies in Congress had prevented him from enacting adequate land legislation during his term of office. The powers that be dictated his removal by fair means or foul.

On the evening of July 24, 1913, Leguia and his family were dining quietly in their city residence when the house was attacked by an armed mob, many of them intoxicated. Later developments proved that the gang had been hired by enemies of the former president.

The attack was made without warning, and before resistance could be organized the ruffians broke down the outer iron gate and wrecked everything in the front patio. Leguia quickly got his womenfolk out of the house over the rear garden wall, while the men inside, who included his son Augusto Leguia, two friends who were dining with him, and four male servants, organized a spirited defense. Four of them, led by the ex-president, took up their stations on the roof of the building, a one-story structure, and began to blaze away at the mob with revolvers. Coincidentally the servants below banged away with pistols.

The firing could be heard in many directions, and before long an immense crowd gathered to watch the miniature battle which now raged. Meanwhile someone had telephoned to the American Legation that a mob was assaulting the Leguia residence, threatening the life of the former president, and asking if he could be afforded asylum under the Stars and Stripes. The American minister, Henry Clay Howard, replied that sanctuary would be granted to protect Leguia's life and that he could remain at the legation until his surrender was duly demanded by the government. Preparations were made to defend the legation, if attacked, and a messenger sent for Leguia.

By this time the battle had increased in fury. The attackers procured several ladders and, placing them against the wall of the residence, attempted to carry the house by storm. The first man up received a volley of bullets in his head and fell to the street dead. This halted the onslaught.

Prison Quarters De Luxe

At ten o'clock the gendarmes arrived under command of the prefect of Lima, who ranged his men up and down the street and sent volley after volley into the house. Finally he demanded that the doors be opened in the name of the law. The rabble having been cleared from the thoroughfare, Leguia appeared outside. The prefect then informed him that he had orders from the government to place him under arrest, but refused to specify any charge. Leguia declared that he had merely protected his life and property from a drunken mob which sought to assassinate him. Without being given an opportunity to confer with his friends, he was hauled off to the state penitentiary.

This establishment deserves a word in passing. It is in the heart of the capital and was built at a time when no one expected the city to extend in that direction. The second and more illuminating detail is that because of the frequency of revolutions in Peru, what might be called apartments de luxe were installed therein for the accommodation of deposed presidents and other high political prisoners. It means that while in durance vile they can enjoy all the comforts of home, even to the extent of having their own cooks.

Leguia remained in prison for two weeks. He was given the alternative of being brought to trial on the charge of assault with an armed force—the only one lodged against him—or of leaving the country. He chose the latter and accordingly went into exile.

He stopped for a time in the United States on his way to London, which he had selected as his temporary residence. It was during his visit to New York that he had a characteristic meeting with the late Theodore Roosevelt. As soon as the strenuous colonel knew that the exiled Peruvian statesman was near at hand he called on him at his hotel, making one of his thunderbolt visits.

Grasping Leguia's hand he snapped, "Mr. President, I am delighted to see you. You are welcome to the United States. Here you are at home. Good-by."

With these few words he gave the Peruvian another warm grip of the hand and departed. Leguia himself told me this story with great relish.

Arriving in London, Leguia set up a modest residence in Holland Park, which became the unofficial Peruvian capital overseas.

Around him rallied other exiles, and an underground railway, so to speak, with the homeland was set up. Loyal friends back in Lima and elsewhere kept him advised of events and especially of the growing dissatisfaction with the government. Leguia's interest in the economic advancement of his country never flagged during those trying times. Among other things, he organized the Latin-American Chamber of Commerce in London, and was its first president.

Back in the Saddle

In Peru the exile's popularity steadily increased. Distance did not lend enchantment to his name, but it brought to the stay-at-homes an acute realization that if Peru was to emerge from the mountain of debt and extravagance that was well-nigh overwhelming her she would require the vision, the courage and the statesmanship of a Leguia.

In the interim Billinghurst, after serving as president for a year and a half, was overthrown in a revolution instigated by the army under Colonel Benavides, who, as head of a so-called Committee of Government, ran the country until 1915, when José Pardo was again elected president. It indicated that the old families were back in the saddle.

No one realized the growing movement for Leguia's return better than Pardo. In order to keep him out of the country he offered him the post of Peruvian minister at London, which was declined.

By every mail Leguia was receiving urgent appeals to return. Early in 1919 he left the peace and seclusion of his London home, and after short visits in New York and Panama, arrived at Lima. Six years before, he had left as an exile. Now he came back with the triumph of a conqueror. Once more he set up his residence in the very dwelling that had been stormed by the rabble in 1913. It became, as he puts it, "the house of the people."

All the while he was rebuilding his political fences, winning over the army and, with a gift for publicity which makes him the promotion peer of any statesman in South America, planting his message in the hearts of the masses. The establishment of a middle class with the privilege of owning land, and a greater Peru, were still his principal slogans.

He decided to strike and in spectacular fashion. On the Fourth of July, which is celebrated in many South American republics as a national holiday, he deposed Pardo through a bloodless coup; and a few weeks later was unanimously elected president by Congress to serve until 1924. Last year he was reëlected for another term, this time by acclamation. It is characteristic of his foresight that one of his first acts on reassuming the presidency was to amend the constitution so as to permit a chief executive to succeed himself.

Such were the high spots in Leguia's career up to the time of my arrival in Peru last February. With this bird's-eye view of his career we can now see how he measures up at close range.

With the possible exception of President Alessandri, of Chile, Leguia is the most accessible of the outstanding chief executives in South America. This does not mean that there is a swinging door to his office to be pushed in by any passer-by. It does mean

WARNER AUTO-POLISH

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Warner Auto-Polish gives a bright, shiny lustre quickly and easily. You do it yourself in a few minutes with soft cloths. You will be amazed at the improvement in your car's appearance. It transforms a dirty, dull looking car into a clean, bright, glossy, cheerful one. Cleans off the dirt, dust and grease and polishes with a high, dry lustre that will not collect dust. 206 formulas were tried before Warner Auto-Polish was finally perfected. You can see that this is no ordinary or inferior polish. It is 100% safe. No soap, no acid, no alkali, no oil or grease effect. Nothing to injure or discolor the enamel or leave blurry, smeary effect. Do not use on weather-beaten, checked (cracked) finish. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. Money refunded if you are not entirely satisfied. Accept no substitute.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Watch This Column

Fine Directing Artists

Good direction is the life and soul of a good moving-picture and that's why I have been especially careful in choosing the men who will produce Universal's new "White List" of 54 pictures. It is my intention that every one of these pictures shall be a picture de luxe, and you will notice, in furtherance of the idea, the names of directors who have become famous.

HARRY POLLARD

One of these is HARRY POLLARD who guided REGINALD DENNY through the celebrated *"Leather Pushers"* series, and likewise made *"The Reckless Age," "Sporting Youth"* and *"I'll Show You the Town."* Mr. Pollard also made that very excellent picture, *"K—the Unknown."* You will be glad to know that he will direct other DENNY pictures.

Among the others are such fine artists as MAURICE TOURNEUR, CLARENCE BROWN, CHARLES BRABIN, LAWRENCE TRIMBLE, HERBERT BLACHE, FRANCIS FORD, HENRY McRAE, SVEND GADE, KING BAGGOT, EDWARD SEDGWICK, WILLIAM SEITER, EDWARD SLOMAN, EDWARD LAEMMLE, CLIFFORD SMITH and others.

Inasmuch as this column can't possibly "tell half of it" write me a letter and have your name put on our mailing list. In that way you will keep in close personal touch with everything UNIVERSAL is doing, and you will have advance information of forthcoming plays.

CULLEN LANDIS

Please call the attention of your favorite theatre to the new UNIVERSAL "WHITE LIST," and show the manager the advertisement we published last week, giving the names of authors, players and directors. In this way you will likely see most, if not all, of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

that he is strong on the value of seeing a great many people. Being a wise man, he learns from everybody. Constant personal contact enables him to keep in touch with what is going on.

His accessibility has been especially marked toward North Americans, or it was up to the time of the Tacna-Arica decision last March. Peru regarded the Coolidge award as a rebuff and Leguia sent rather an indiscreet telegram of protest to the White House.

My latest advices from Peru, however, indicate that his attitude was more inspired by political motives than actual resentment toward the United States. You appreciate his position when I say that within ten hours after the news of the decision reached Lima, a movement which sought to overthrow him was under way. It shows that every possible happening is capitalized by his enemies to embarrass or unseat him.

Leguia suppressed the incipient revolt with a firm hand. At the time I write, which is early in June, he not only seems to be more firmly intrenched than ever before but is slowly bringing his countrymen around to the belief that the Coolidge award was not such a wallop after all.

Just as Mussolini, Trotzky and Kemal Pasha are the first goal of the chronicler of events who visits their countries, so is Leguia the immediate objective in Peru. I had the good fortune to see him four times, and on each occasion I got an enhanced impression of the force and charm of his personality, as well as of the breadth of his economic vision. He is the type of man who grows with acquaintance; but you realize that underneath the velvet of his cordial handshake lies hidden the steel of uncompromising determination.

My first visit to him was to pay my respects at the noon hour, when he usually receives members of the diplomatic corps. His office is in the old presidential palace, officially known as Government House, which faces the Plaza de Armas, the principal public square of Lima, the city of the kings, so named because it was the seat of that great but vanished Spanish viceroyalty in the New World.

Across this pleasant park, with its towering palms and musical fountains, rises the time-worn cathedral whose corner stone was laid by Pizarro, whose bones form its principal exhibit for the tourist. The palace itself is soaked with history as well as human blood. Not far from the room where Leguia transacts the business of state, the cruel conqueror of Peru was assassinated in 1541. Thus there is a tradition of swift and sudden death within the very walls of the place.

A Big Man Five Feet High

The moment you approach the palace you get a hint of the incessant precautions taken to safeguard Leguia's life. Armed troops guard every entrance and there are cavalry patrols outside. As you traverse the long corridors and cross the halls that lead to the wing occupied by the president, you pass a succession of soldiers. Every one of Leguia's military and naval aides carries an automatic revolver under his tunic. One sleeps outside his door when he spends the night at the palace, which is his almost invariable custom, although he has a residence in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima. When he does go home every street corner along the route is picketed with gendarmes, and mounted men guard the highways.

It is more than conventional pleasantry when Leguia says "I am glad to meet North Americans," because there is a quality of genuineness about him. He greeted me in admirable English, which he speaks without a trace of accent. His French is equally good.

What impresses you first is the slightness of his stature, more especially if you happen to be familiar with the physical and political tempests that he has weathered. He is scarcely five feet high, very thin, but he is a bundle of nerve and muscle. There can be no question of the hardihood of his constitution, because he seldom gets to bed before two o'clock in the morning and is up again before seven.

Leguia's face mirrors the character of the man. It is pale, hawklike, and the black eyes are piercing and unrelenting. His mustache is white and his abundant hair tinged with gray. He is so well groomed as to be almost dapper in appearance. Like many men of iron, his voice is low and almost melodious. His manner is suave, his smile infectious, but he lacks the quality of emotionalism so common in the Latin American.

A Street Scene in Lima Near the Palace

That first visit was merely by way of introduction. I told the president that I should like to have a detailed talk and he immediately replied, "Will an hour be enough?" When I assented he made an appointment for midnight on the following Saturday. I discovered that this is his favorite time for interviews with political supporters and others with whom he wishes to discuss affairs without interruption. It naturally results from the fact that his days are crowded.

Once more I was to discover the zealousness with which Leguia's life is protected from assassins. I had to get a special order to enter the palace, and careful instructions were given long beforehand to the captain of the night guard that my nocturnal visit was one of peace. I took no chances, however, and asked the president's English secretary, C. R. H. Shoobridge—his liaison officer with Anglo-Saxons—to get me inside the gates, which he did.

On my imtial visit the palace was brilliant with sunshine and abustle with people. Now a midnight silence hung over it. The only sounds were the splash of fountains in the gardens and the tramp of the sentries. The hour, the stillness and the precautions for safety brought back vividly my last midnight interview. It was with Tchitcherin in the gloomy old Foreign Office at Moscow.

In the presidential anteroom were two sleepy night aides. When I remarked to one of them that it was a strange hour to be visiting a president he smiled and replied, "We never get through here."

Without delay, I was shown into the president's private office, a simple business-like chamber almost bare of ornament and with a flat-topped desk in the center, where Leguia was writing when I entered.

He asked me to sit on a sofa which stood against the wall, while he drew up a chair and settled himself directly in front. This use of the sofa requires an explanation. Whenever you go to interview statesmen, especially premiers and diplomats, they invariably make you sit on a couch where the strongest light can fall on your face. It is probably an old custom that goes back to men of the type of Richelieu, who searched men's hearts through facial play. In the case of Leguia, habit was strong, because the only light in the room was from a cluster of incandescent globes over the desk

When I congratulated the president upon the work he had accomplished for Peru, he replied:

"It is because I give myself entirely to my country. It is my life work to make Peru great among the nations of South America. It is my first and last thought."

"What is the biggest problem in Peru?" I asked.

Peru's Greatest Problem

"The Indian, who comprises the bulk of the population," was the retort. "From the viewpoint of natural right, as well as economic and patriotic advisability, he should be incorporated integrally into the activities of national life. The task is to make him an effective part of the larger productive scheme. As a man born within Peruvian territory and historically prior to the races that followed in the path of the conquest, he has of course the greatest right of all to participate in national activities. He is as much a Peruvian as we are, and should be treated as such.

"The Andes have raised a topographical barrier to the racial union which should exist among all Peruvians, and as this natural barrier cannot be removed, it is the task of the government to devise other means of harmonizing the diverse ethnic factors which constitute our nationality. For that reason, I am determined that the Peruvian Indian shall not remain a more or less exotic and picturesque figure in the heart of the sierras, but shall be incorporated into our industrial, commercial and agricultural life.

"The tragedy of the Peruvian Indian is that for generations he has been bound up in what in Peru is called the encomienda, a feudal institution which goes back to the days of the Spanish conquest. Under it the grandees who came out from Spain were given supervision of the land and the people. It was a system of exploitation that persisted with the advent of the republic. The rich planters, who were the successors of those Spanish grandees, established a process of peonage which made the Indians economic vassals in the same way that their forefathers were, to all intents and purposes, slaves of the crown favorites.

"The latter-day planters obtained possession of a large portion of the Indian land, as well as the services of the Indians themselves, by means that flavor of the Middle Ages. Their custom has been to send labor procurers to the various villages. These men get the Indians intoxicated. When they wake up they find themselves in debt, and the only way they can pay it off is through contract work. The same procedure has often been followed in the case of land. Hence the development of a modern feudal system which practically enslaved the Indian.

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

"The only way to redeem the Indian is to make him owner of the land. Economic science proves that nothing so leagues a man to society as ownership of land. To return the land to the Indian is one of my great ambitions, and it is also proving to be one of my greatest problems.

"When I asked the landed aristocracy to sell land to the Indians on easy terms they refused. If they fixed a price it was excessive. One reason is that a certain wealthy class in this country fears to give the Indian opportunity for economic advancement lest he rise and become a power. I say let him rise!

"In consequence I have expropriated large sections of land belonging to various old interests and have instituted irrigation projects on them. This work, by the way, is under the supervision of experts from the United States. You can appreciate how badly it is needed when I say that irrigation in my own native province of Lambayeque, for example, was precisely as it had existed in the old Spanish days.

"The irrigation of the expropriated lands means colonization. One of our largest projects is in the Cañete Valley. The original agricultural workers in this section were not drafted for the irrigation so that the normal economic life of the region should not be affected. Workers were brought down from the mountains, and not only given employment on the dams but allotted small areas of soil for cultivation. In this way we shall develop a whole new rural population with people who heretofore have been only mountaineers. My enemies call this socialism. If this is socialism, then it is economic socialism.

"With irrigation must go highway construction. Every road opened up in Peru is one step nearer the world's great consuming centers. Our geographical remoteness may be reduced by the saving of time. The question of today is, not how many kilometers but how many hours. It is time that must be reduced. The rich producing regions of the interior of the country must be brought within shorter time of the coast."

"What next?" I queried.

The president's answer was:

"One of the urgent needs of Peru is sanitation. The infant mortality in Peru is appalling, first because of the lack of ordinary sanitary facilities, and second because these people are so ignorant. Once more we have called upon North American experts, this time to establish model sanitation centers in Lima and fourteen other cities, including Cuzco, the ancient capital."

Developing an Agrarian Class

In his land project Leguia sees the beginnings of real democracy for Peru, because it means the establishment of a middle class. He believes that what we call democracy is possible to an approximate degree under two conditions. This is his conception, briefly stated:

"The first is where two or three persons are gathered and can discuss frankly their separate interests. Then joint action of a democratic character may take place.

"Once, however, the number of interests exceeds a few, then representative government is necessary. This is the natural result of varied interests which brings about, by inter-opposition, a social equilibrium similar to democracy. Until intense industrialism has taken place we shall have more or less class rule.

"In Peru, the line of least resistance to the financial and social oligarchy that ruled so long is the cultivation of a middle class through the exploitation of land in relatively small holdings and at a price within popular reach. Though we realize that the present value of good land with abundant water in small lots of from five to a hundred acres is at least the equivalent of $340 an acre, we have rejected all irrigation projects which demanded the payment of more than $150.

"In order to stimulate the development of this new agrarian class the government is prepared to sell the land on long-term payments and to establish agricultural banks when they are required. This in turn means real fiscal education for the Indian, who up to the present time has clung to almost primitive barter. That he is rising to the opportunity is shown by the fact that in the Cañete Valley the land has been oversubscribed four times."

The president's reference to socialism brought up the subject of Bolshevism. His remarks were swift and straight to the point, for he said:

"Bolshevism is a deadly poison, to be eradicated at all costs because it is the worst menace of modern times. We had a slight injection of it in Peru through the agency of foreign agitators. These were deported without delay and any others that manage to break in will have a much more drastic fate."

When you study the pressing needs of South American republics you find that the biggest of all problems is that of population. Every republic, large or small, suffers from a shortage of people. Therefore immigration is a matter of vital concern to all of them. When I put this up to Leguia he said:

"Yes, we need population; but before we have an influx of foreigners we must conserve and protect our own people. What is the good of getting in a horde of aliens if we cannot make our people economically self-sufficient?"

A Land of Many Klondikes

"We need the best type of immigrants for certain specific purposes, particularly in skilled trades. My preference is for the white race, mainly Spanish and Italians. We do not want brown or yellow aliens because they refuse to assimilate."

"Do you think that the Monroe Doctrine could be set up as a barrier to an Asiatic influx in Peru and elsewhere in South America?" I asked.

"Most assuredly," retorted the president. "The Monroe Doctrine can and should be invoked as a safeguard against Asiatic race penetration in South America. Any excess population, whether yellow or brown, would be as serious a menace to our institutions as European aggression."

This naturally led to the subject of Pan-Americanism, upon which the president declared himself as follows:

"I am an ardent Pan-American, when you construe Pan-Americanism as a community of social and particularly economic interests. As I see it, the troubles of one South American republic should be the responsibility of the others. My ideal conception of Pan-Americanism is that each nation in South America should appraise and regard the difficulties of its sister republics as its own. It should apply with peculiar effect to commercial expansion. If this were the case, there would be no friction, no conflict and no war.

"The bigger aspect of this conception of the Pan-American idea is that we would have a self-constituted league of nations on the Western Continent. There is no need of any North or South American country joining the League of Nations. The League is a European matter and it has enough European troubles to occupy it at home. If I may say so, the United States needs no League of Nations. Here is the stewardship of the Latin-American countries. If we, for example, were members of the League of Nations, the settlement of the Tacna-Arica controversy would probably not have been put up to the United States."

In response to the question, "What can the United States do for Peru?" Leguia said:

"Everything. In the past, Peru, like nearly all the other South American republics, has been more or less overlooked. Your great country was too busy with its problems at home. But that era is passing. Most of our economic development is due to United States capital and initiative. I can best illustrate with the Cerro de Pasco copper mine high up in the Andes, which is a really thrilling illustration of how the North American has overcome the obstacles of Nature.

"I hope that the United States will build the new docks which will make Callao one of the great ports of South America and a world harbor. A North American company has built the great highway between Callao and Lima, and is engaged on big sanitation projects. Peru wants Yankee capital; first, because it is always constructive; second, because it is nonpolitical and not bound up with intrigue.

"The one trouble with North American capital is that it is still timid and quibbles about small things. We do not want to be helped, a phrase so often used in the United States in connection with us. What we do want is North American money, and with it the brains and trained experience to make mills, farms and railroads flourish where they never existed before.

"It is a sound business proposition, with ample security, because the future of Peru is boundless. We can care for 100,000,000 people. The climate is wonderful. We have vast and undeveloped resources of nearly every known mineral, especially gold, silver, copper and oil. Half a dozen Klondikes await exploitation. Our soil is fertile. We have everything that the world needs and we can provide it if the necessary financial backing is forthcoming.

"Our trade relations with the United States, I am glad to say, are constantly improving. Since the World War your country has learned the fundamental lesson of international commerce, which is that you cannot sell overseas without buying overseas."

Before we left the subject of the United States, Leguia made this statement:

"I have learned more from the history of the United States and its great men than from any other country. The great North American nation has impressed the virtue of tolerance and forbearance. It represents an ideal in nation building. Abraham Lincoln was really a man of the ages. The career of the late and lamented Theodore Roosevelt has always been an inspiration to me. What strikes me about all your American Presidents is that their idea of administrative conduct is always dictated by conscience and character."

Leguia's Intelligence Service

We talked of many other things, including Woodrow Wilson's idealism, the futility of the World War, the efficacy of the Dawes Plan and—what is close to Leguia's heart—a larger influx of North Americans to Peru. He said among other things, "It is only by seeing South America that your countrymen can make any estimate of its vast economic possibilities."

The hour that Leguia had set aside for our interview had merged into another and it was nearly two o'clock when I rose and bade him, not good night but good morning. Although he had been up since seven, had transacted business all day from the moment he left his breakfast table, and had talked to me almost without interruption, he was still alert and apparently unwearied. His sixty-two years seem to be no burden to him.

Outside in the anteroom, the two aids, a little sleepier perhaps, were still on the job. I made my way down the silent halls, where the sentries kept their vigil, and out into the street, now faintly astir with the first sounds of the new day. It was difficult for me to realize that the imperturbable little man I had left behind in the peace and seclusion of the palace was the center of almost incessant political turmoil.

It only remains to present Leguia's personal side, which is rich in interest and not without its element of humor. At this point the question naturally arises, how has he been able to remain in power in the face of the constant efforts to overthrow him? During his nine years as president he has put down no less than six major revolutions, the last one having developed during the summer of 1924, in which hundreds of

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rebels were killed. A score of incipient revolts also have been squelched.

He is able to maintain his authority first because of the loyalty he has aroused among his followers and his control of the army. Another asset is the affection of the great mass of the people, who regard him as their friend. The third agency is a unique intelligence service that is well worth explaining. Through it he has been able to nip more than one infant revolt while the nipping was good. With Leguia, eternal watchfulness is the price of presidential perpetuity.

This intelligence service is principally recruited from the women and the clergy of the country. Every Thursday and Saturday, Leguia receives women at the palace from five until eight o'clock in the afternoon. Anybody wearing skirts can come to the chief executive's office and lay her grievances before him.

I went to one of these audiences and it was a memorable sight. The huge reception hall, as well as all the corridors immediately adjacent to the presidential suite, was literally packed with women. I saw members of the old aristocratic caste, who wore French frocks and who had come in limousines. They stood alongside Indians wrapped in ponchos, who had walked down from their mountain homes miles away. Each had a favor to ask. It might have been exemption of a son from army service, immunity from taxation or to report the excessive zeal of some provincial official.

This accessibility to women not only strengthens his hold upon every class but enables him to keep in touch with what is happening throughout the country. More than one choice bit of news about the movements of his enemies has come to his ears at one of his afternoons at home.

How Leguia Got There First

There are endless stories of Leguia's courage and resource. Several years ago a foreigner who had a concession, with property rights, to build a railway in the mountains, called on the president and said.

"There is a big showing of gold up where we are working. I suggest that you send a regiment of troops up, clean out the Indians, and then we can divide what we get."

Quick as a flash the president answered: "*If* that is your idea why go so far away? Why not start with the banks here at Lima?"

When C. W. Sutton, the North American engineer in charge of all the government irrigation work in Peru, suggested the disposition of the land in the Cañete Valley before building the dam, the president said, "No: build first and then discuss the legal and other business details."

Leguia believes in taking short cuts. The word "impossible" is not in his vocabulary. In 1921, which was the centenary of the declaration of Peruvian independence, a great celebration was planned to be held at the grand salon of the presidential palace. Two weeks before the event the wing of the palace containing the salon was destroyed by fire. Everybody was for abandoning the entertainment, but Leguia said, "It must be held, and in the salon." He recruited an army of workers, the room was restored and the celebration held on schedule time.

Last year was the one hundredth anniversary of the victory of Ayacucho in which Sucre, one of the outstanding Latin-American patriots, wiped out the last remnant of Spanish rule on the Western Continent and achieved the freedom of Peru. Leguia saw in it an opportunity to give Peru world-wide publicity and asked all the nations to send delegations to the celebration. General Pershing headed the one from the United States.

Four months before the anniversary date it was suddenly realized that Lima had no big modern hotel.

"We must have one," declared Leguia.

Once more his advisers said it was an impossibility; but they did not reckon with his dauntless determination. The president ordered specifications from New York by cable and in exactly four months an imposing concrete structure had been reared by a North American construction company. Though it was not entirely finished for the celebration, it housed many of the distinguished guests.

In dealing with his enemies Leguia's idea is always to get there first. When the Coolidge award in the Tacna-Arica matter was announced the leading antigovernment newspaper at Lima, El Comercio, came out with a bitter denunciation of the president, holding him responsible for what was considered a reverse for Peru. The government organ, La Prensa, naturally justified Leguia's procedure in an article which covered the whole first page. Leguia rushed thousands of copies of La Prensa by aeroplane as far south as Mollendo and north to Piura. When El Comercio arrived by mail the people had already read the government version. I relate this incident to show how Leguia does things.

Poker Playing in Peru

Leguia's gameness is proverbial in Peru. At a demonstration of aeroplanes which he attended, an English general remarked to him in jest, as a machine rolled up, "Mr President, here is your taxicab."

Without an instant's delay Leguia hopped in alongside the pilot and told him to push off. It was his first experience in the air.

Like many other South Americans, Leguia enjoys a good game of poker. Moreover, he has capitalized it to his advantage, as this story shows:

In former years he gave a reception at the palace every other Friday night. Invariably he invited some of the leading members of the North American colony. There was a reason. As the evening grew he would invariably ask the Yankees to play poker with him, saying, "Stay in the game until these people in uniforms are gone. They all want favors that I cannot grant." It was a game of freeze out that worked both ways.

His memory is remarkable. He never forgets a name or a face. Every evening he indicates to his aids the names of the people who are to see him the next day. Sometimes a subordinate inserts an unauthorized appointment in order to favor a friend. It never gets by Leguia, because the moment he sees the typewritten list he invariably says, "How did this name get in? I did not authorize it."

I had an evidence of his sense of humor on the day that we were photographed together in the gardens of the palace. When the cameraman finished his job Leguia remarked, with a smile, "This is the only kind of shooting at me that I don't mind."

Needless to say, Leguia does everything thoroughly. When the new golf course was opened at Lima he drove the first ball and put it forty-five yards. No one had ever known him to play the game. It developed that for weeks before the event he had practiced strokes in the palace garden.

This man of iron seldom relaxes. When he does, it is by way of two hobbies. One is his family, which, like most domestic circles in South America, is large. The other is his racing stable, which is his pride and joy. Nearly every Sunday, which is the great race day throughout Latin America, finds him at the track. Few things give him more satisfaction than to see his colors—green and white—flash first past the post.

What is Leguia's future? Prophecy, always a dangerous business, is even more uncertain in connection with a South American presidency. The hero of today is too often the exile or worse of tomorrow. As long as Leguia is alive he is likely to be the dominant factor in his country, whether he holds the reins of actual government or directs them from the outside. Whatever his fate, he has contributed a diverting and enduring chapter to the history of Peru.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Larcomon dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to Peru.

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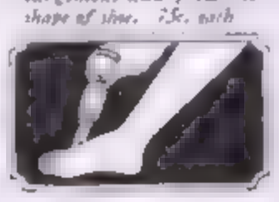

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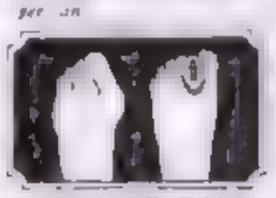

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Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Mayme: "The Water's Fine." Elsie: "Yes, But Where is It?"

"No, he was a Finn," said Joe. "That's what the girl outside told me when I went out to ask what I owed."

"Why weren't you charged anything?"

"Well, you see, this Finn is the janitor of the building, and that is his room. She said he was a nice man, but he has got to put a drunk off that couch about twice a day. She said she was sorry I went in the wrong room, and if I would stay around the doctor would do it all over again to me right. But I would rather have the rheumatism. I wish I had it back."

—*Thomas McMorrow.*

Willie Breaks Away

"PAPA."

"Yes, Willie, what is it?"

"Papa, I have to tell you something. A great change has taken place. I think you ought to know about it."

"All right, my boy, out with it."

"I have become a modernist, papa. My convictions are deep and have been arrived at only after great cogitation and mental anguish."

The father trembled a little and his voice was uncertain.

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, of course, I will have to renounce a great deal—a great deal more than I like to, more than any boy would like to. Shall I tell you all?"

The father nodded.

"I must reject the postulate that rabbits lay Easter eggs. It is contrary to reason and has no verification in the sciences."

The father winced, but signed for his son to go on. The boy sighed. Clearly he found the confession an unpleasant one.

"The Arabian Nights must be relegated to a new place in the scheme of things. They contain entirely too much of the supernatural for which no adequate explanation is offered. The exploits of Sindbad, the ridiculous properties attributed to Aladdin's lamp, and the prolonged sleep that the beautiful princess claimed to have taken, all are beyond human experience. How they came to be embodied in our lives is of no consequence. They cannot be literally true and I give them up."

No sound came from the father, whose head was bowed

"And then those Mother Goose tales," went on the boy.

The father roused himself at this. "Have a care. Have a care. Do not go too far. You are taking the very essence out of boyhood and you may find there is nothing left."

"I knew you would say that, but I do not agree with you."

The boy laughed—a cynical laugh it seemed for one so young.

"There never was a cow that could jump over the moon, and I refuse to remain silent any longer on the matter. Blackbirds when once baked in a pie can never sing again. In fact I deny that a blackbird ever could sing or ever was regarded as suitable material for a pie, but that is another question. The episode of the bramble bush is an offense to one's intelligence. Eyes once scratched out remain out, and I will go to the mat with anybody on that statement.

"I do not reject all Mother Goose, however. I am fair. The experiences of Little Jack Horner, Little Miss Muffet and Old Mother Hubbard are unquestionably within the realm of possibility and I accept them in their entirety. I can even reconcile the account of Humpty-Dumpty's tragic demise with my beliefs by allowing for a certain degree of figurative writing. Needless to say, I subscribe without reservation to the conclusions reached regarding the difficulties of putting him together again."

"And what else, Willie, have you thrown away?"

"Well, for one thing, I shall always look on Æsop's fables in a different light. In all fairness I ask you, papa, do you really think a wolf actually dressed himself up in a sheep's clothing? Do you think any dumb brute possessed the reasoning power that was credited to that animal? Did you ever see a fox eating grapes, sour or otherwise? Did you ever hear a fox discoursing on the subject with a bird? Can you imagine a crow up in a tree with a piece of cheese in its beak and a fox on the ground asking it in rational terms to sing a few notes? No, papa, things like these do not happen. If there was just one little way to demonstrate that they could or did happen, I would be the first to believe, but alas, there is not."

"Surely, Willie, this is all."

"No, there is one thing more. I hesitate to tell it. Perhaps it would be better if I should refrain ——"

"Nothing matters now. What more is there to repudiate?"

"Papa, there is no Santa Claus. I hoped against hope that this would not be taken from me, but I know now that he is only a myth, a fallacy, an error, call it what you will.

"That one man with no means of travel other than a sleigh and half a dozen reindeers should encompass the globe in a single night, stopping at the home of each and every child and leaving gifts, is more than my feeble mind can grasp. My knowledge of geography and physics, limited as it is, refutes the proposition, papa. It simply couldn't be done. Besides, it is no secret that some children fail to get presents, which, it seems, blows up the major premise. And then that preposterous explanation of how entry into the houses is made. Through the chimneys! It is too much."

A sob shook the father's bowed shoulders. "You have lost all, my boy."

"No, papa, not all. I still have the abiding experience, which is the important thing; but—well, convictions are convictions."

—*David B. Park*

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"I am William Jennings Bryan"
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JACK

(Continued from Page 18)

said Anna Sincere was loud—well, maybe she was. He often had to glimpse her as she passed on her way to and from the notions shop.

As often as not she would have picked up some male companion, the two of them chaffing and laughing as if the world held not a solitary serious problem.

Today the sight so disgruntled John that he had to remind himself that Anna Sincere's actions and probable disaster meant nothing to him, nothing at all.

And it was this very day, before the sun was set, that Fate, the unseen spinner, chose to set upon her hidden loom the definite pattern of Anna Sincere's destiny. And the banker, could he have known, would have been unbelieving and appalled; could he have seen, he would have been dismayed to see whither those invisible threads led; could he have heard, he would have run in terror from the spinner's inaudible laugh of glee.

As it was, he left the bank, unsuspecting, and went home by way of Sarah's, on some trivial errand. He didn't often go to Sarah's, and for the moment had forgotten that to reach Sarah's he must pass the Sinceres'. He saw Anna out in the front yard, kneeling and grubbing; and she looked up, called a greeting; and hardly knowing just how it happened, he paused to let her inform him what she was up to. He loitered a little, unaccountably; and then, still more unaccountably, somehow he had entered the yard.

The old house which the Sinceres had bought and never paid for stood old and low and rambling. It needed paint, porch pillars sagged, it screamed for repairs; but its eaves sloped deeply, its windows peered out like friendly eyes, ruffled curtains were tied back at the windows and potted plants bloomed between the curtains. At the ends, the porch vines were beginning to creep up a new trellis, rows of planting marched primly down the sides of the front walk, hinting a future promenade of blossom. This was where Anna had been grubbing.

"Doesn't it look nice?" Anna asked him proudly. "Please say so, anyway, for I've been working awfully hard."

She looked it. Her hands were grimy, her face was moist with perspiration, and streaks of paint smeared the front of her denim apron. She looked supple and strong. Her grimy hands looked slender and strong. Her streaked face was flushed, the sunshine found glints in her uncovered hair, the dimple came and went near the corner of her mouth—John found himself watching the dimple before he remembered to look away.

It is hard to explain just why he followed her round to the back yard and let her babble of her further enterprises; but since John, later, couldn't explain it to his own satisfaction, why should we try?

He nodded solemn approval of the neat white-painted posts which fenced off the garden and the strawberry bed; at the strawberry bed he waxed faintly eloquent, because he loved strawberries. This was where she had got her daubs of paint; later, she said, she was going to paint the trellises and perhaps the porch. She was doing all this in her off hours from work—one couldn't claim the Sinceres were lazy, even if foolish and spendthrift. And she glowed with such achievement and pleasure that John couldn't act too glum. And it was pretty out there in the back yard. Trees were showing the delicate vivid lacework that can come only once in the year. The grass was like soft green fire. Fruit trees were clouds of pink or of white, fragile, and with something about their gossamer beauty that vaguely hurt you.

Not that John realized the cloudy blossoms had anything to do with his rather queer sensations; he had such a strange feeling of well-being, albeit prickled with his underlying disapprovals and a certain self-consciousness, that it passed his powers of analysis.

And then presently, somehow, they were sitting on the steps of the back porch. No one can claim that was a dignified thing for a town's leading bank president to do; and John was aware of this, and was increasingly uncomfortable.

Yet he did not get up and depart, as he was perfectly free to do.

The Sinceres' back yard looked to the west; there was an open expanse which rolled and dipped and caught innumerable colors and lights and shadows. The swells of ground out there looked vaster than they really were; the trees looked at once bright and dim, and very near and very far away. The westering light made it all golden and glamorous and yellow.

Said Anna, "I like to sit and look out over this stretch—far and far. You can get a free breath." She breathed deeply, contentedly. "It seems a sort of part of you, and you're a part of it. You hardly know where you leave off and it begins."

This was nonsensical, and John didn't know what she meant, yet he did vaguely know. It was pretty out back there, and nice to look at. And he felt an involuntary pang for her; she liked it so much, and she'd likely have to give it up—sooner or later. And what then? Back to the city, probably; to some city job, to work and make shifts, and conjecturably tawdry diversions. Yes, it was rather pathetic. She looked so happy sitting here on the back step, her lips had a happy tender curve. The lowering sun laid a softer sheen on her hair, one damp tendril clung caressingly against her neck.

As they sat there side by side on the steps, Mrs. Sincere came out on the porch, and Anna said, "Here's Mr. Marlin, mother, who's been so nice to us at the bank."

It was John's privilege to feel however he pleased at that.

Anna's mother reminded you of a cheery little bird with her tiny build, quick turns of the head and chirping voice. She had run down from the city only for the day, she said, but next week she was going to bring grandpa home.

"You must run in and see him sometime," she hospitably invited. "Grandpa misses having menfolks around. It'd do him a world of good if you'd run in to see him."

The invitation, and the genially matter-of-course way it was given, struck John's sense of humor—or what served for his sense of humor. He could do no more than say he would be delighted. Of course he did not expect to go—why on earth should he?

When Anna walked back round the house with him, and plucked a feather of white blossom from a shrub and gave it to him, he did not know how to refuse it; but caution was refusing its head. And he went walking rather rapidly down the street, but a voice called to him. It was Sarah—the devil! He had forgotten Sarah and that he'd been going to Sarah's. Sarah wanted to know what in the world he was doing at the Sinceres', and he mumbled something about business. Poor John, he was very shrewd as a banker, but he hadn't wisdom to know what it bodes when a man lies from instinct rather than from necessity.

"Funny kind of business it must've been—out in the back yard and dawdling round flower beds." Then she espied his spray of blossom. "What's that?"

"Just a flower I admired and Miss Sincere gave me." He felt nettled and foolish.

Sarah jeered, "Don't you know what it is? It's bridal wreath!"

Her laughter made him feel the more foolish and nettled, and at his first chance he laid the luckless spray unobtrusively on a table, where he left it. But Sarah didn't harp on that grotesque tune. As a matter of fact, she had no real fears; she knew John too well; so she launched into a grievance of her own—how her sewing was piling up, with Mrs. Sincere in at that bothersome hospital.

As for John, he hadn't the remotest notion of ever going back to the Sinceres'. For one thing, there was no sense to getting personally involved with such people; it might interfere with business transactions. His stopping in had been by the purest accident; it had been somewhat ill-advised, and it wouldn't be repeated. He told himself this several times.

Yes, several times. He was restless and fidgety in his mind those April days; it must have been the spring weather, although seasonal changes did not usually affect him.

But he went again to the Sinceres'. He went quite impulsively. He ran into Anna one late afternoon—rather, he managed to get his hat on in a jiffy and get himself out of the bank door before she had quite passed—and naturally they spoke to each other; and he asked how her grandfather was progressing, and she asked when he was coming to see grandpa; and he, on a sudden wave of rashness unbelievable, answered, "You're on your way home, aren't you? Why can't I come to see him now?"

And engulfing him with the friendly too-personal smile he detested, she answered back, "Well, I don't know an earthly reason against it if you don't."

So it came to pass that Anna Sincere went swinging down the street with a male companion who was none other than John Marlin, the bank president. And John Marlin was presently sitting within the intimacy of the Sinceres' unpaid-for house. The room was simple, homy, nothing pretentious, real shabbiness apparent. But there was an elusive attractiveness—perhaps it was the blooming plants in the windows; or perhaps the shelves of books, although John thought there were too many books; working people like the Sinceres didn't need so many books; and besides it behooved them to calculate the money's worth of every dollar. There was a big pile of pamphlets on a table and he caught a cover illustration and title—grandpa's famous travel literature!

Grandpa sat propped in a big cushioned chair. He was really quite a nice old man, very jolly for a convalescent; he was large-built and had Anna's friendly beam in his eye, and her humorous twinkle. You could see at once that Anna resembled her grandfather.

Grandpa, all the Sinceres were without any self-consciousness, seemed unaware of any difference in economic or social rank. John might as well have been anyone except the bank president; still, he admitted, their composure was not without a certain charm.

John sat in a low old-fashioned rocker and found himself rocking a little before he realized. Several times he caught himself and halted the rocker, only to find it presently going again as if of itself.

He was prepared to show a certain commiseration to grandpa, but grandpa spoke as if his hospital session were just a nice little visit—a cozy room and the jolly nurses, and Mollie there with him all the while.

Besides, there had been some old chap, also from the street railways, who happened to be in the same hospital, convalescing, and who came in often in his wheel chair—he was a fine fellow.

"Well, an operation for kidney stones is no picnic," John felt bound to insist—"aside from the expense."

Yes, it was expensive, grandpa admitted; then he confided an extraordinary piece of good fortune. This Moody, the crony he had found, had tipped him off that the company would probably stand his hospital expenses—something to do with his long term of service; Moody was taking it up for him.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed John, "do you mean you'd been working for them all those years without knowing whether they were liable for a compensation?"

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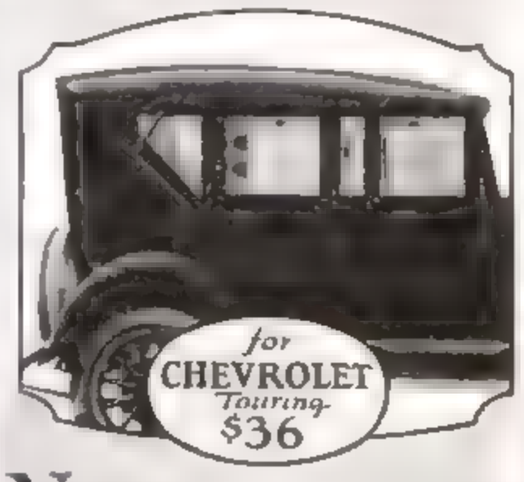

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"Well, even now I can't see how it's really up to them," grandpa answered mildly. "But they're fine generous people, and Moody says there will be enough to cover all my expenses."

It was on John's tongue to say, "They probably ought to come through with a lot more—there's a catch somewhere." But no use getting involved or wasting horse sense on the Sinceres.

"Moody's a fine fellow," grandpa was repeating. "A lonely old codger—no family; we've asked him to come out and stay with us a spell when he leaves the hospital."

John's thoughts went satirical over the philanthropy of turning mortgaged property into an old man's home; and yet, despite the critical back half of his mind, a kind of drowsy relaxation was stealing over him as he rocked in the self-starting rocker.

The two women had made an excuse and left the room. John was singularly conscious of Anna's going; but it wasn't so bad sitting with old grandpa. John brought forth two cigars, very good ones, and grandpa recognized his was a good one the moment he whiffed it. The two sat quite companionably, wreathed with rich blue smoke.

The two women came back—they were preparing to serve tea! This was going a bit farther than John had intended. But there were hot biscuits and luscious red strawberry jam -by what instinct had they known John could never resist strawberry jam? He never ate between meals, not even at the soda fountain, but the minute he saw the jam he knew he could not resist.

Under a kind of spell, he watched Anna as she drew out a little table, raised the leaf, laid the cloth, set out the cups. Her movements were swift, deft, capable. Her hands were brown and slender and strong. He liked watching them as they set out the dishes from which he would presently eat.

I hate to expose the fact that such an astute young man could at the same time be so witless, but facts must be stated; and John actually did not know what was happening to him. The only thing that can be said in his excuse is that it had never happened to him before. He should have made an excuse, snatched his hat and got away while there was yet time; but he sat rocking in his rocker and watched Anna bring forth strawberry jam. The biscuits were hot and crisp and tender; they were a fitting match for the delectable jam.

"You like strawberry jam, don't you?" Mrs. Sincere observed delightedly at the table.

"Do I?" answered the banker.

"Do have some more then; don't be backward."

"I won't be backward."

"Now don't you eat too much jam, grandpa," admonished Anna. "There's a box of fresh strawberries in the pantry—shortcake for supper. I'm just warning you."

If there was anything John liked better than strawberry jam, it was strawberry shortcake.

But fresh strawberries were still expensive—and for the Sinceres

His thought was cut midway by Anna, saying, "That doesn't apply to you, Mr. Marlin. Have another biscuit and more jam—you're not going to have shortcake for supper."

"No, worse luck! I wish I were."

"Why don't you stay and have some then?"

Her eyes met his. He met them unsuspectingly and a curious thing happened—for a second he seemed to lose himself in those gay, warm, dazzling depths; everything else went swimmingly blank and there was nothing else but her eyes; for just a second, then he pulled himself together. It was a strange, unprecedented experience, and it left him a little tingly and a trifle worried. But not much. He supposed it was the pervasive jollity and the hot tea that made him feel tingly. It wasn't an unpleasant sensation.

"I'd like to," he answered her matter-of-factly, "but I'm afraid it's out of the question."

It was as he was leaving that the banker, rather unfortunately, picked up one of the pamphlets on the table—a prospectus on India. He remembered something Sarah had said: but his mood made him almost jocose as he asked Anna if she were contemplating a trip to the Orient, and she answered quite serenely that she was.

"Oh, not tomorrow," she laughed then at his expression. "But grandpa's traveled so much in India that I've caught the fever."

"I've been a great traveler, Mr. Marlin," informed grandpa, with his whimsical smile.

"Indeed? I didn't know that."

"Oh, not on steamboats or trains. Up here"—tapping his forehead—"and in books."

"I can see you read a good deal," commented John with a glance at those shelves. He himself was no great reader, his time was too valuable.

"Well, if a man has books, he doesn't need much else, does he?" said grandpa. "Books give you freedom, enrichment—everything."

John said nothing; he was beginning to see why old Sincere hadn't got very far for all his evident education.

"I've done considerable traveling for a fellow who worked for one street-car company thirty years," the old man added with his twinkle. "Books make a very satisfactory vehicle."

That much at least contained a modicum of sense, and John nodded approvingly.

"Yes, traveling's expensive," he said

"But Anna here has a different notion," pursued the old man. "She's bound to see this and that with her own eyes."

"Anyway, I'm going to see India," said Anna cheerfully.

"Have you figured out the cost of the trip?" John's gorge was rearising from the deeps and he could not keep back an ironical inflection.

Anna frowned the least bit.

"Oh, yes; but what does that matter?"

What did that matter?

"You see, she's bound to go," grandpa put in mildly. "And someone's said that everything gets out of the way of the person who knows where he is going. She'll make it, I expect."

Grandpa was full of wise saws—that is, which sounded wise, only shrewd John knew the catch. It increased his annoyance that such simplicity could attach to otherwise likable people. Besides, he didn't approve of India; it was faraway, heathenish and queer. He himself hadn't the least desire to go to India, though he could well afford it.

"Well, it'd be a nice trip, but it takes money to go to India."

It was the third time he had mentioned the cost—which was natural enough, considering.

But unexpectedly Anna flared up.

"Money! What's that? A little tin thing men have made to measure the world by, to regulate the world to, to buy the world with! I imagine the world was here before the first piece of money was made and will stay here after the last piece is gone!"

Now no one can claim that was a polite or tactful speech to make to a banker. And out of consideration for their guest, grandpa chided:

"Tut-tut, Anna! Mr. Marlin will be thinking you're a Bolshevik. I assure you she's no Bolshevik"—with his benevolent twinkle.

"No," John answered dryly; "Bolsheviks seem to value money."

Anna had dropped her fit of temper as quickly as she had found it.

"I'm sorry," she apologized; "but you set me off, you know. I've always thought you were too nice to be a banker, anyway."

What in the world could she mean? But she had the friendly glow in her eyes again. He liked her best that way—then he remembered that he didn't, before he caught himself up to remember that his connection with her was a business one, and that liking her or not liking her didn't enter the matter at all.

On the whole, he left the Sinceres' with confused sensations. Intuitively, he walked rather quickly down the street in the opposite direction from Sarah's. Sarah wouldn't have understood the biscuits and jam. He himself didn't unreservedly excuse it; but his call had been the merest neighborliness, and they were agreeable and well-meaning people. . . . She was a sweet girl in her home. . . . They were

(Continued on Page 142)

HICKOK

Look for the name HICKOK *on the belt, buckle and beltogram. It is your assurance of the utmost in style, quality, and workmanship*

BELT STYLE CHART

Suit	Buckle and Beltogram	Belt
Blue	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Black, Blue or Tan
Black	Silver and Gold	Black
Light Gray	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Gray
Dark Gray	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Black, Tan or Gray
Light Brown	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Tan, Blue or Cordovan
Dark Brown	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Cordovan, Blue or Tan
White or very Light	Silver and Hickok Bronze	Light Tan, Light or Cordovan Silk

DRESS WELL and SUCCEED

Belts That Have Made Good

WELL dressed men have formed a lasting friendship with HICKOK Belts—for they have made good in every style, comfort and service test to which critical men have subjected them.

This popularity is due to the fact that for years HICKOK has met the requirements of men who are leaders—with belts of rich, pliable leathers, hand-tailored—and with buckles that satisfy the most exacting taste.

The buckle and beltogram shown are wrought in beautiful bronze, with ornament and initial in blue enamel and with highly burnished border. The blue belt featured is one of an assortment of the striking colors which are so popular this season—in genuine calfskin or cowhide.

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Sold by all stores catering to well-dressed men and boys

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"a sensible habit"
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Pepsin Gum
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Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.
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43.8 Miles on Gal. of Gas Obtained in Official Test (Affidavits on File)
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10c
GENUINE
MACARONI
For Particular People
From Press to You
Untouched by Human Hands

(Continued from Page 140)

surprisingly educated, refined; strange they hadn't made more of themselves—too bad. But if they had money they'd only waste it. India!

And those notes—one of these days must come a show-down. Disagreeable at the best. He'd best be a little wary, careful; best keep out of their way.

This was a sane and wise decision, and should have reëstablished his equanimity of mind. Oddly, it didn't.

And not long afterward he ran into Anna again—a luckless, calamitous encounter.

He had gone down to the bank one evening on a trifling errand, and as he came out the bank door he saw a girl coming down the street on a run; she was running because it had begun to shower, a smartly pelting April shower, and the girl had no umbrella. He seemed to know it was Anna even before she ran under the street light at the corner and he could see it was Anna.

He finished locking the door in a hurry and ran out to intercept her. He could do no less than offer to share his umbrella. Of course, John had an umbrella; he was the kind no shower could catch without an umbrella.

Thus, the two proceeded on down the street under John's umbrella. And it must be admitted that at this juncture John wasn't deeming the occurrence luckless. There is something about meeting a nice girl in the rain and sharing your umbrella that's rather pleasant. Two must walk rather closely under one umbrella. He had offered his arm and Anna had tucked her hand through it, which was natural enough. The light touch of her hand was soft and warm; John could feel it, very pleasantly, through his coat sleeve. There's no need to walk fast when one has an umbrella. The rain pattered upon their shelter; the umbrella seemed to roof them cozily in. It was a dark night. The street lights wore misty halos and cast streams of gold across the wet pavement. Growing green things, invisible, smelled sweet and fresh under the rain.

They walked along slowly. For some reason, they were not talking much; Anna wasn't offering her usual leads; but for some reason, it didn't seem to matter. They walked close together, her hand tucked through his arm; half consciously he pressed his arm closer to his side, pressing her hand closer. They turned into her block, passed Sarah's; now they were at the Sinceres' gate.

For some reason, they paused at the gate. It would be hard to say just why, for the rain just then suddenly increased, a gusty little deluge, and the sane thing would have been for him to rush her up to her porch. But they stood there at a halt; the rain came down pell-mell upon the umbrella and cascaded off in little torrents; they stood safely within their snug shelter; the smell of wet earth and leaves was piercingly sweet; he pressed her hand closer with his arm. Her hand seemed to be throbbing—or was it his arm throbbing?

And then—he never knew why he did that utterly mad thing or just how he did it—but somehow he bent his head and her cheek was very close and—he certainly didn't intend to kiss her, but suddenly he did.

The brief moment was indescribable; even John, not given to kissing, realized it held some peculiar ecstasy. Then he froze. Perhaps it was the pelting rain which restored his senses, for the umbrella had got tilted and he was getting drenched. Anyway, the ecstasy almost instantly commingled with horror. He had kissed a girl—he had kissed Anna Sincere! And he froze with pure horror, and he was scared to death, and his arm against her hand went limp with his horror and fright.

As for Anna, she acted very strangely. At first she had seemed to relax, to melt against him. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, she stiffened, but without moving. For an appreciable pause she did not move. And then suddenly, before John could do anything further, even if he had known what to do, she tore her hand away and went dashing into the pelting rain toward the house.

"Oh, say, wait a minute! You'll get wet!" called poor John, out of his panic and daze; but she had already reached the porch.

"Thank you for your umbrella!" she called back. Her voice sounded very queer. "Take care that you don't get wet yourself!" That was queer too. And then she laughed. She was laughing!

He retraced his way violently up the street. The devil! What had come over him? A pretty pass! She hadn't minded, either! Not at first, anyway—he could have sworn to that. And then she had gone bolting off—and laughed!

He was furious. He got drenched—lowered his umbrella purposely to get drenched.

What would be the outcome of that streak of madness he couldn't guess—daren't guess. It kept him awake nights. Sometimes he felt he owed her an apology. But in his state of mind he'd have run blocks to avoid her. And he lost his appetite, even for strawberry shortcake; and he was so snappish that it was commented on both at home and at the bank.

He avoided Anna Sincere like poison, but he couldn't avoid seeing her as she went back and forth from town. He'd turn his head doggedly so as not to see her as she went swinging by; yet without looking up, he could see her until she swung out of sight at the corner. Often as not some male companion would be with her; they would be talking gayly and laughing. She didn't seem to be worrying over a mere kiss!

He saw her, too, the time she rode past the bank in a limousine. He happened to be near the window and was startled into staring, for it was an expensive car. A chauffeur sat on the box, and inside she sat beside some man at whom John couldn't get a good look. And John felt a wave of curiosity so vehement and compelling it made him crane his neck violently, before he remembered to pull it back with a sardonic sneer—perhaps heaven had sent Anna a rich admirer to pay off their mortgage!

The much postponed date of payment was drawing near, the date that was going to be for the Sinceres a black day of final reckoning. He knew perfectly well that they were not going to meet the payment; he knew they couldn't. And it was his duty to shut down, though he'd eaten their salt—or, rather, their jam. And Anna, whom he had kissed, would come walking in ——

Well, how would she come walking in? And how was he going to act? Just what was going to happen? Well, one thing—business was business. Overdue notes were not things to be trifled with—or laughed at!

But Anna didn't come walking in, after all. It was early in the forenoon of the fatal day that John heard of the accident at the Sinceres'; Anna had fallen off a ladder while painting a trellis; or perhaps she was shingling the porch roof—reports varied. And reports varied as to whether she'd suffered a contusion of the head, broken her neck or sprained an ankle; anyway, she'd had a nasty fall, and Doctor McClintoch had been sent for.

John was much perturbed at the news—naturally, since she was due at the bank on account of that note. He found it difficult to concentrate on his other business.

It got so, shortly after noon, that he decided to run over there in person. That business must be attended to. Since they were probably worried about it, he'd fix it up for them somehow—take that much off their minds. When he finally put on his hat he thought he was going on account of the note.

Mrs. Sincere came to the door, and when she saw him she said, "Oh, you've called to see Anna? How kind of you! Come right in."

In the face of that, he couldn't very well remind her of the note—not the first thing. And when she asked him if he wanted to see Anna, and when he saw Anna, he forgot the note too.

Mrs. Sincere had told him that the accident wasn't serious—a wrenched shoulder and a cut on the head—but that they had thought it best to put Anna to bed. And when he saw Anna lying there, looking so unnaturally white, and when he looked at her with her head bandaged but smiling up at him from under the bandages, Anna's smile—well, something very queer happened to him inside; something inside him seemed to give a mighty wrench and then break up in pieces.

Mrs. Sincere left the room, and John sat and looked at Anna with that very queer feeling inside him; and something queer must have shown in his eyes, for when, after a long silence, he said huskily, "I wish there was something I could do for you," she smiled again, rather tremulously, but only as Anna could smile, and stretched out her hand and said, "Well, perhaps you might hold my hand, John."

What he did then isn't particularly anyone else's business. But he didn't merely hold her hand.

And what he did—and said—was accompanied by not a shred of self-consciousness. Which was strange in a way, and yet not so strange, for there comes to most of us an hour when there is no space for self-consciousness; when there is room only for happiness, the amazement of bottomless peace and joy.

They didn't say so very much, but it was sufficient, and satisfying.

Presently, as she brushed his hair back from his brow, she asked, "Did anyone ever call you Jack?"

"No, dear."

"Then I'm going to call you Jack," she said.

"You can call me anything in the world you want to."

"I knew from the first I was going to fall in love with you, even though you were a banker."

He didn't care what she meant; he was too happy.

When finally he appeared in the sitting room, grandpa said, "By the way, that note of ours is due today, isn't it?"

John looked at him dazedly; he had completely forgotten the note. Bringing himself back from afar, he heard grandpa telling him the company had granted him a sum so substantial that he could pay off the entire mortgage—they were fine people; Moody had come out personally the other day to tell him about it.

So that had been old Moody! And enough of John's faculties reasserted themselves to ask how Moody came to be riding in such an expensive car; for no particular reason, he had assumed Moody to be a homeless old derelict.

"Why, because he owns it," answered grandpa; "he owns several cars. Moody's the vice president of the company—hadn't I told you?"

No, grandpa had overlooked this simple detail regarding his hospital crony. As John's brain rocked with this and that, grandpa went on: Moody was a fine fellow—he'd invited them all to visit him in Colorado this summer.

"Well, Anna can't go!" John almost shouted. Then he broke a bit of news of his own.

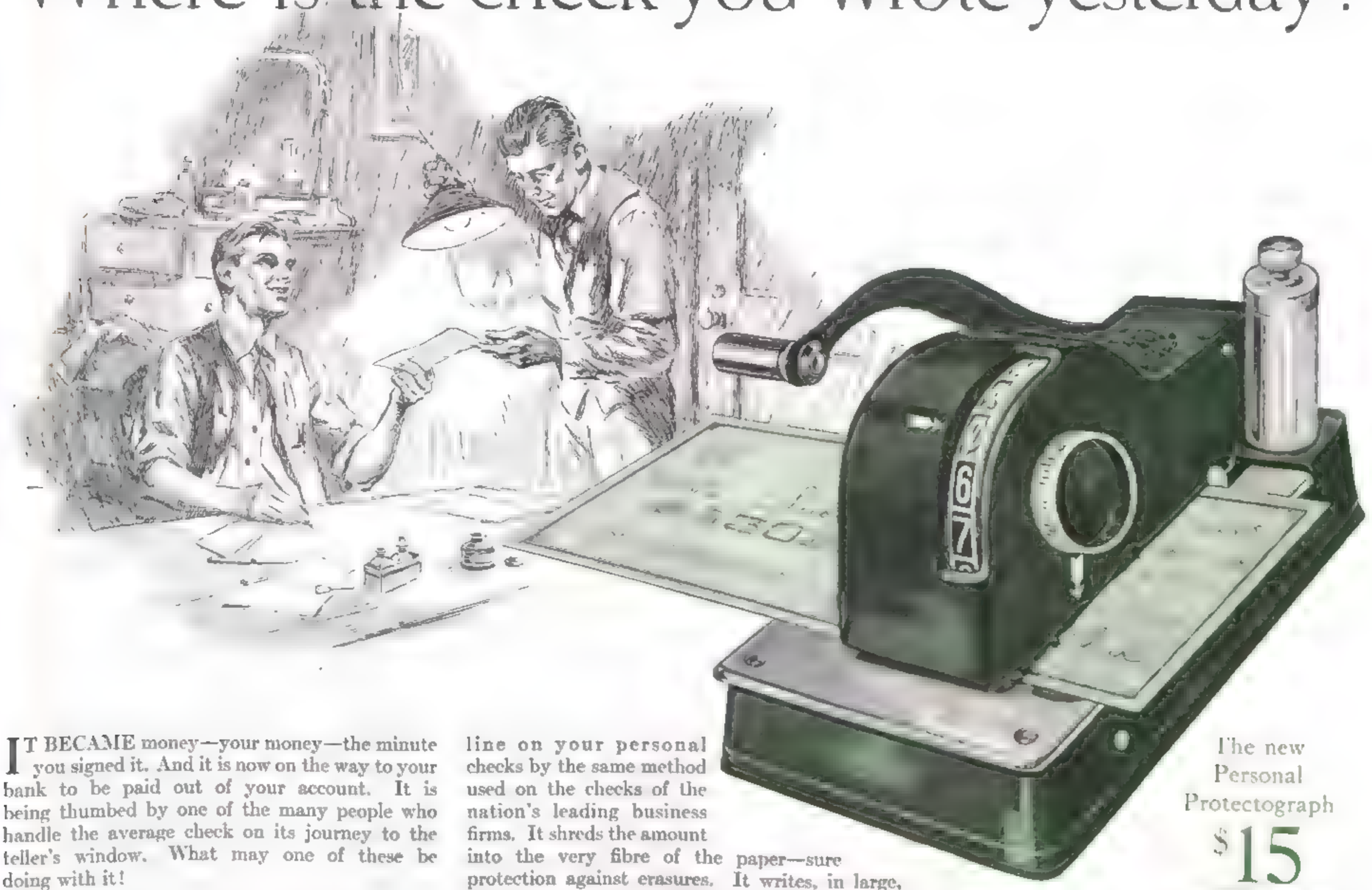
"Well, well," ejaculated grandpa, "so that's the way the wind's been blowing!" He shook the young man's hand vigorously and told him what a fine girl Anna was, and told him what a fine young man she was getting, and shook his hand again, and blew his nose several times, and altogether the announcement passed off successfully.

"And in the fall we'll be starting on a trip of our own," informed John. "We're postponing it so as to catch India in the proper season—that's where Anna wants most to go."

"India? Well, well, won't that be fine!" said grandpa. "Anna'll certainly enjoy India." Then, with the slyest ghost of a twinkle: "But it'll be an expensive trip, John."

"Oh, to hell with the expense!" said John.

Where is the check you wrote yesterday?



IT BECAME money—your money—the minute you signed it. And it is now on the way to your bank to be paid out of your account. It is being thumbed by one of the many people who handle the average check on its journey to the teller's window. What may one of these be doing with it!

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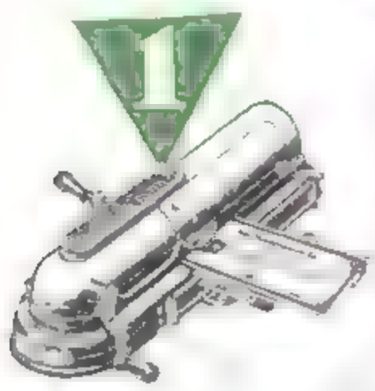

1 *The Protectograph*, it is estimated, eliminates at least one-third of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

Todd Greenbac Checks, with their patented self-cancelling features, eliminate another one-third of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date* and *number* and "*counterfeiting.*" Todd checks for business and personal use are reasonable in price—even in small quantities.

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ZAPON

A BATTLE PIECE: OLD STYLE

(Continued from Page 4

counter-barrage. He wasn't killed. A vaguely apprehended miracle. Worst of it was these damned shell holes—couldn't hurry—up to his waist in water that time—nice job for his servant cleaning off the mud. What was that insistent hissing, like an engine letting off steam, audible through the infernal din?

Must get on—at all costs—N 25 c. Look at all those fellows throwing themselves down, taking cover! They weren't going to move. Kick 'em forward? Silly ass! Casualties. Hissing was machine-gun bullets. Marvel he wasn't hit. Charmed life. Thank God, enemy wire blown to bits. Enemy trench just beyond—hell erupting in it—no one visible. Anyone following? Yes. Scattered figures emerging through the smoke. Good chaps. He waved to them.

In their trenches. Ghastly mess. What a lot of blood a man has—never believe it—running down in a stream like that. That faceless snouted figure who had popped up from a hole. His revolver had gone off automatically at it. Figure had dropped. Wonderful how quick it was—fellow was alive then, dead now. What's that coming over? Bombs! Down in the mud—face down—can't help what it is. Ugh! Bang-bang-bang! Close call, that! Bombers! Bombers this way! Here they come—round the traverse—throw—dodge back—bang-bang-bang-bang! All quiet behind there? Yes. Only groans. Get on! Come on, all of you—don't matter what regiment you are—come on! Hang these gas masks! Can't shout in 'em! Necessary though. See that fellow whose mask had been perforated? Pretty ghastly, getting killed like that—just one gasp of air—poison. Place must be saturated with it. Ours or theirs? Ours first; theirs now. Half these shells gas shells. Muffled bursts. Plenty of H. E., all the same.

Shrapnel like rain. Enemy gunners enjoying themselves.

Down! Down quick! Machine-gun nest! How many hit? The whole bunch? No. Only four. Keep down. Into the mud. Tanks! Where in heaven's name are the tanks? That's what they're for. Here comes one. Wonderful things. It's seen the nest—slued round—shouldn't like it coming for me. Uncanny great brute. There it goes—clatter of its track like an agricultural machine—letting 'em have it all round with all its guns. What's it like in there, cooped up? There she goes. Over that nest like an ant heap. Up we get! Come on, lads! On! They can't hear in this infernal row. Can't shout properly either. On! That's right. Along here. Bombers first. Bombers and bayonet men.

Farther on. An aeroplane nose-diving—all but, at the earth—in flames. Is this it? Must be second line. Nothing looks like anything. All right for those fellows sitting behind with their nice neat maps and models. N 25 c—junction of trench with switch. That must be it, over there. Where that dead tank is—looks very dead, headforemost and still, great wound in its back. Smoke issuing from it. What happened to the crew? Not your business. Come on, boys! How many of 'em? Six—eight—nine. Is that all? Yes. No more. Must barricade the junction, quick. Where's the rest of the attack? Can't see anything in this smoke. There's some of 'em. Digging in. Barricade—barricade—anything—yes—dead men. Better than nothing—they don't know. Shove 'em along—that one too. Push that arm down out of the way. No. He's dead all right. Thought he wasn't. Not the time to be squeamish.

An eternity. All sorts of things had happened. Things he could not remember. But the shelling had never stopped. The enemy's shelling—and then their own when the counterattacks had developed—little groups of snout-faced men emerging suddenly from the mud, machine-gunning, throwing bombs, stabbing with bayonets when they got the chance—there had been incidents like individual murders. It was incredible that he was still alive. He still had men around him—anonymous in their gas masks—but they were not the same men. These had adhered to him; he could not remember when or how. They crouched now in the mud of the shell crater along with him.

Together they had been driven back—had fought forward again in some sort of new attack that had caught them up and melted away—that was the time those snout-faced fellows had been trapped in a corner of a blocked trench—had been butchered redly, sickeningly, their bare hands trying to push away the bayonets. He remembered he had glanced at his watch. That must have been soon after one-thirty. A long time ago. Eternity. Was it the same day? There had been no victorious second wave behind which to proceed. Some low-flying aeroplanes had circled over, suddenly appearing through the drenching rain that had lashed them for hours; had dropped boxes of ammunition that fell with a heavy splash in the liquid mud—most of them out of reach. The shelling was vindictive in its persistence. He could only hang on—hang on.

A counterattack had sprung up from nowhere, been blotted out—mysteriously, from that apparently untenanted earth. There was a temporary lull. He was desperately hungry—his stomach gnawing at him; fevered with a maddening thirst. There was an iron ration in his haversack; he still had his water bottle. But he could neither eat nor drink in his gas mask. It was death to remove it. Two men had died like that before he could stop them. The air was thick with gas, the ground splashed with chemical compound. The leaden sky was still raining in torrents. Little streams of yellow fluid ran down from the mud, mingled with water that was red. Mustard stuff. He was burned with it—it ate into them like corrosive acid; he had been careful, but it had come through his boots.

He could not walk—none of those five recently acquired men with him could walk. But they could still work the machine gun whose tripod sank into the mud of the crater, brass-studded belt running through the breech—would use it if, in the failing light, there were another counterattack. That was improbable. Enemy wouldn't use mustard stuff if he meant to come back. But their job was to hang on. They were hanging on—hanging on, masked, soaked to the skin, like those other wretched little groups here and there whose presence he could divine rather than see. He had heard them loosing off a few minutes back, through that demoniac persistence of eternally leaping shell bursts whose red cores became ever more lurid in the gathering dusk.

It was black night—would have been black night if the opposing horizons had not flamed and flared incessantly from end to end. The thunder of massed guns, scarcely diminishing all day, had leaped to a new and frantic pitch of vehemence. The mile-wide belt of churned mud where their shells fell was an inferno of blinding flashes, of shattering detonations. Both artilleries were taking it out of little brother; each viciously destructive on the other's little brother, the infantry scattered sparsely in a myriad shell holes, denying to them further attack or counterattack. Presently the staffs behind would issue a communiqué stating that the new front was stabilized. He thought thus as he lay on his back, head below his boots, in another shell hole. He did not know how he came to be there.

He remembered only the vivid red flash of an explosion in among them. There had been, oddly, no sound to it. When he had opened his eyes again the sky over his head had got quite dark, and he was in this position. He had found that he had no strength to alter it. He believed he had slept—once or twice. Thank God, anyway, the cries of that wounded wretch—out of sight somewhere—had ceased. The man had screamed that he was sinking into the mud. Suffocated? Very likely. He could not bother about it. Wounded himself, of course. Must be—or he would be able to change his position. How that mustard stuff burned! When would they pick up the wounded? Not till this shelling died down. Madness to try it now, of course. Sheer madness. It was all madness—a riot of madness. Must remember to keep this mask on.

He was in that barn, with the peaceful summer sunshine hot outside. That staff officer was speaking. "We have done our best to make it easy for you—coöperation perfect—push on—at all costs—never mind your losses—attrition—we can afford to lose men—he can't—millions more at home—millions—millions—millions—they'll all go forward into hell and die as we order 'em—we know what we're doing—we run the war, you see—it's our war—our war—good old war!"

He half woke from the delirium. Had the staff officer said that really? He could not remember. Something like that. Poor b—— infantry! The voice came again, over the heads of the crowd of infantry officers, grains of chaff dancing in the broad band of sunlight from the barn doors, a diffident, gentlemanly voice. "I'm quite sure, gentlemen, we're going to put up a really good show this time." What a burst of shelling! Surely they couldn't be so mad as to attack again? All very well for them—they didn't attack—they ordered it—and then went to by-by in nice clean sheets. Stop this infernal shelling! Each crash came inside his head. He would go mad with it. Mad.

He was at home, lying in his own bed, his mother bending over him—he was ill, of course—home from school. Dreadful headache. Tortured with thirst—tortured. Why couldn't he drink? There was something over his face preventing him—was it a cat, a cat lying over his mouth? Something like that had happened—once—beyond remembrance—a baby horror that revived in him in an automatic swift paroxysm. He wrenched at it—wrenched off his gas mask—had a last stare at lightning-lit sky as he choked.

Back at divisional headquarters that day—in one of a neat row of semicircular corrugated-iron Nissen huts, with gravel paths and flower beds picked out with whitewashed stones in front of them—the divisional commander stood frowning by a staff officer who sat with a telephone to his ear.

The staff officer answered into the instrument. His tone was aggrieved:

"My dear fellow, it's no use cursing us. We're doing our best. Better get on to the heavy group. They brought their barrage right back on to our men—spoiled the show. What? Well, that's the reports I get." He changed his tone suddenly to one of profound respect. "Yes, sir. Speaking, sir. Very good, sir. Yes, sir. We'll order it at once, sir. What time, sir? Half an hour, sir? You're arranging with the gunners? Very good. Good-by, sir." He put back the receiver, looked up to his superior. "That's Corps strafing, sir. General himself. Very angry we haven't gone further ahead. Says we've left the flank of the Xth Division in the air. Wants another attack immediately—in half an hour."

The divisional general tugged at his ragged white mustache.

"All very well for them!" he growled in exasperation. "These fellows behind never seem to realize what we're up against. What's the latest?"

The staff officer rose from his chair, went toward the wall where a large map stuck with colored pins was hanging. The divisional general followed him with a heavy

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tread, beat his cane irritably against his brilliantly polished brown leggings.

"We've got some odd men hanging out here and here and here, sir"—he indicated the spots on the map—"in the enemy second line—about all that's left of that brigade. The brigade on their right seems to have got completely smashed up by the enemy barrage and their confounded machine guns. What's left of 'em are with what's left of the Nth brigade. We can send 'em forward again, sir, of course," he concluded hopefully, with a glance at the divisional commander.

The divisional commander grunted. He listened for a moment to the unceasing thunder of the guns. The hut vibrated with their concussions.

"We must. Tell the brigades. They've got to get on at all costs." He glanced at his subordinate. "We're going to get unstuck for this, you and I, my friend, if they don't." He sighed, staring at the map. A terrible number of generals had "come unstuck" lately. He pulled himself together, grinned sardonically at his subordinate. "That'll mean the P. B. I. again for you, my lad—and some damned training depot for me. But not yet! Not without a fight for it. Is Corps warning the heavies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Get on to 'em yourself. And get on to the brigades. And see they coordinate this time." He looked at his watch. "Half an hour. One-thirty. Objectives as before. And they've got to reach and hold the third line. *Got to*—mind! No excuses."

The staff officer sat down, picked up the telephone again. It wasn't their fault if the division hadn't got on.' They had done all they could. He almost began to hate this war. He rattled viciously at the instrument. Weren't they ever going to put him through? Lunch time too. The general was watching him. Should he strafe—or be encouraging? "Hallo—brigade ——"

Corps lived in a château—a long pretentious building, with box-of-bricks pinnacle towers on each wing in the gimcrack manner of the Second Empire. Save for the numerous telephone wires, supported on the thin black-and-white posts of army "signals," which crossed its small and formal park, its exterior appearance had not appreciably altered from peacetime. Even the flower beds had been kept in something like order by the successive corps headquarters which had occupied it, each for months on end. The rooks were undisturbed in the patch of tall elms which formed its background. Swans preened themselves in the rain that lashed its ornamental water. Within, however, evidences of military occupancy at once met the eye. The hall and the broad stairs leading from it were without carpet and muddied with the tread of many boots. The white paint of the tall double doors was dirtied and defaced. What had been the drawing-room was labeled "Q—Clerks' Office." An overpowering clickety-click of feverishly worked typewriters issued from it whenever the door opened for the ingress or egress of some harassed little man in a private's uniform, glasses on his nose and a pen behind his ear. On other doors were the labels of a surprising number of other special departments. Behind nearly all of them typewriters clicked furiously. A great many people were desperately busy at their share of the war.

The corps commander saw himself in a mirror at the angle as he went up those broad, echoing, dirty stairs. He was a big, heavy man—ex-cavalry, with pouched, heavy-browed eyes and a regulation-clipped gray mustache, a stubbornly pugnacious face that was now sullen with bad temper. The sight of himself in his steel helmet kept him in his mood of highly serious happenings. He had just been in his car to "see for himself." Had been to the divisions—had even been to the various brigade headquarters, or at least to those he could conveniently reach on the edge of the battlefield. There had been plenty shelling and much mud—"damned unpleasant"—and things were going badly over there on the ridge spouting from end to end with a double barrage. Damned badly, things were going; his divisions could not seem to get on at all. The next and rival corps apparently had done much better. He had expressed himself with some vehemence—scared a lot of those fellows stiff. They'd come unstuck if they weren't careful. He reached the upper corridor, opened a door.

Within, seated at his desk, pipe in mouth, tranquil, undisturbed, pince-nez on the nose of a thin studious face, poring over a batch of message forms that had just come in, was the G. S. O.—left in charge during his absence. The staff officer looked up at him, smiled.

"Well, sir, how's the war looking?" he asked in his quiet pleasant voice. The war had lasted three years now and he had seen too many pushes to be ruffled. He had the reputation of being a tower of strength to every staff he had been on—and it was a reputation he cherished.

"Rotten. A rotten bad show," answered the general gruffly. "That half-past-one attack broke down almost as soon as it started."

"I know," concurred the staff officer equably. "There's been another since then—fizzled out also. And three counter-attacks. Speaking generally, we're hanging on to their second line. Z Corps makes us look a bit poor—they're through to beyond the third—screaming about their flanks."

"H'm!" The general strode across to where the big Operations map hung on the wall, stared at its heavy reticulations of red and blue lines, its massed groups of colored flags. There—that ragged bunch beyond the others—was where the Z Corps, comparatively speaking, had done its job. The position of the flags marking his own corps exasperated him to a dull anger, not unmixed with personal trepidation. He swung round to his staff officer.

"Anything from Army?" he jerked out.

"Yes, sir. They've been ringing up, off and on, all the time. In a distinctly bad temper. We can consider ourselves strafed. The general himself was on just now—wanted to speak to you personally."

"H'm!" The corps commander grunted. "You told him I'd gone up to the forward area, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. Seemed to mollify him a bit. Said he wished every general would see for himself—we might get on better then. Hoped you'd really tackle the situation." This was a highly diplomatic rendering of what the formidable Army commander had really said.

The corps commander glared at his subordinate.

"Doesn't expect me to lead a damned infantry platoon myself, does he?" he snapped.

The G. S. O. shrugged his shoulders.

"He's feeling a bit chippy, sir," he said soothingly. "He's been strafed himself by G. H. Q. G. H. Q.'s annoyed about the losses. They've got some politician or other with them. Makes 'em a bit sensitive."

"Losses?" snapped the corps commander. "What do they expect? This isn't a bean feast. Of course there are losses. Must be. Can't make omelets without breaking eggs."

The G. S. O. smiled.

"The trouble is that this time we haven't made the omelet," he murmured.

"Well, whose fault is it?" The corps commander glowered at him. "It isn't ours. We've done our best. Haven't been to bed properly for four nights. It's theirs—all their damned Army interference. They run the transport themselves—can't go over a road without their permission. Run the heavy artillery themselves. Send us contradictory orders every five minutes—and then expect us to fight the battle! Our fault if it goes wrong—their cleverness if it goes right!"

The staff officer relit his pipe, while the corps commander made a movement to

(Continued on Page 149)

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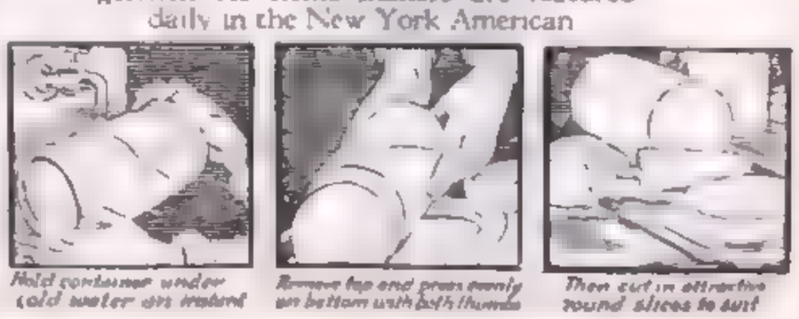
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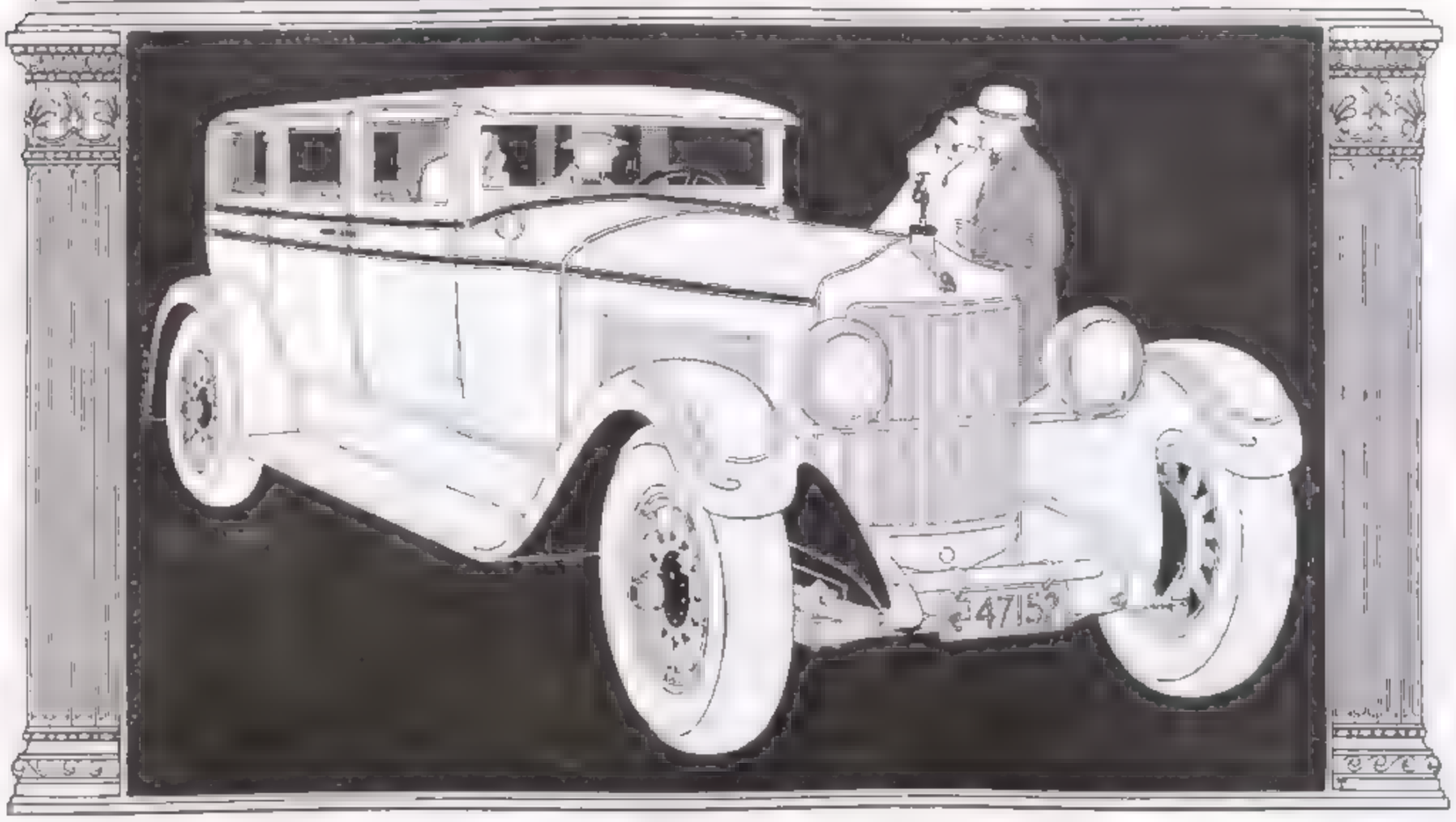

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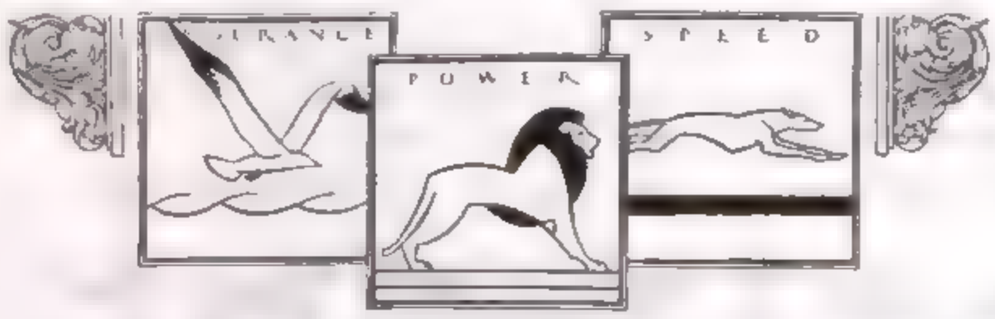

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(Continued from Page 146)

doff his steel helmet; then, catching sight of himself in one of the mirrors left in the room, decided to leave it on. That damned politician might take a fancy to tour round corps headquarters. It would look well to be wearing it. He flung himself heavily into a chair.

"Well, what's the next move?" he asked. "Any orders from Army?"

"Yes, sir. They're pulling out two of our divisions tomorrow—sending us two more from reserve. I don't yet know which."

"Up to strength, I hope?" growled the general. "Not the slightest use if they're not."

"I believe so, sir. Two good divisions, they told me. And they expect us to get forward with them. Giving us a second chance to earn something in the next honors list, sir." He smiled.

"H'm! That confounded Y Division. Don't know what they were playing at. They simply didn't go forward at all—scarcely reached even the second line. Left the X Division absolutely in the air. Hope these are better than that. We want fighting troops—fellows who'll go through anything."

"So many new drafts lately," murmured the staff officer. "The troops aren't what they were."

"All right if we had enough of 'em. These damned politicians! Ought to put the whole nation into uniform. They don't seem to realize. What we want is a million more men—and we'll have to have 'em, too, before we finish. It's the only way. Keep up this killing game. Man for man, we can afford 'em better than he can. Only way to win." The general absent-mindedly took off his steel helmet. It was uncomfortable, slipped sideways on his head.

The staff officer puffed at his pipe in silence. Privately he held altogether heretical and revolutionary views on the conduct of warfare—on the absurdity of first churning up vast areas into a quagmire by massed bombardment, for example, and then sending masses of troops to be stuck in the impassable swamp as a target for the enemy. But it was no part of his job as a tactful staff officer to make himself unpopular by expressing them. He'd put in a good word for the general, he thought, with a pal of his on the army staff. The corps commander had the brains of a child, and about as much imagination as a bull, but he had undeniable character and driving power with the troops. Pity if he came unstuck. He'd only be replaced by someone as like him as two peas—more difficult to get on with perhaps. Yes. He'd drop a word in the right quarter. Over the phone, privately, later on, to a man with whom he, the staff officer, had been at school. He glanced at the general sitting gloomily in his chair, the steel helmet on his knees. Yes, a decent old chap, really—he'd be sorry to see him go.

He shifted the pipe along his mouth, rose from his seat.

"What about a spot of tea, sir? It's ready in the mess."

The general rose also, with a sigh.

"I think so. I'm dying for a cup." He sighed again. "This damned war—I'm getting tired of it." But at the back of his mind he knew that without "this damned war" he would still be only a cavalry colonel, about to retire on the age limit, and felt guilty almost of a disloyalty to this magnificent world event.

The staff officer smiled at him.

"Cheer up, sir. It isn't so bad. And we've got those two new divisions coming tomorrow. I'll give 'em a good talking-to. Perhaps they'll do better. And we'll soon fatten up again the divisions that we're pulling out. I've been talking to the A. G. about drafts."

They descended to tea in the mess, discussing man power and a knock-out blow to win the war as they went. Both of them, in secret recesses of their minds, simultaneously concealed not-to-be-uttered doubts of what would happen to themselves if this everlasting war should, incredibly, really end. But—and they likewise concealed their relief at the thought—it wasn't practical politics just yet. They ceased their discussion as they entered the room where the neat white tablecloth was laid. Both were old-time regular soldiers—and shop in the mess was taboo.

The windows shook with distant gunfire as they sat down.

G. H. Q.'s advanced or battle headquarters was in the eighteenth-century *mairie* of a fairly large and pleasant town whose cobbled streets were lined with shops that did a thriving trade and whose inhabitants had come to depend on the war as their principal source of revenue. Somewhere between advanced G. H. Q. and the various corps headquarters, the headquarters of the army holding this particular sector completely filled all the available space in a yet larger and also cheerfully inhabited town. With its innumerable directorates and departments, the army needed ample accommodation. It conducted a vast business, with an army of uniformed clerks feverishly busy in the matter of arranging for the alteration of railroad supply trains to adjust with the divisions constantly coming in and out of the line, ordering up vast quantities of ammunition and stores, superintending an infinite complexity of commissariat and road transport, checking over colossal quantities of paper returns, imposing its will on stiff-necked corps staffs, and waging a fierce and ceaseless paper warfare with G. H. Q. and the various bases for which the other war—with the enemy—merely provided an abstract justification. Advanced G. H. Q. did not concern itself with these routine matters. In a final hierarchal superiority, G. H. Q. proper attended to them—and filled two large towns, fifty miles back, with the uniformed population necessary for correct bureaucratic control of the millions of men of whom—somehow—only one out of every three could be spared for the actual fighting. That one-third renewed itself every day by drafts from home. Advanced G. H. Q. was a skeleton force of picked staff officers which left its comfortable quasi-permanent home for the horrors of temporary billets when a new battle called for close supervision. Shortsighted members of it had been known to exclaim "Oh, damn the war!" when they ordered their servants to pack.

One of those staff officers had been detailed as bear leader to the eminent politician who had chosen to inflict himself on G. H. Q. at its busy time. His task, of course, was to give the eminent gentleman the illusion of seeing everything while at the same time preventing him from really seeing anything that really mattered. In company with his charge—privately and wittily designated as Cuthbert—he descended from the G. H. Q.-flagged motor car at the *mairie* and led the way upstairs to the room which was his office. He was tired and out of temper. The politician had insisted on seeing something of the war, and he had taken him into the forward area, among the heavy-artillery positions, to a hill from which he could see the smoke erupting all along the contested ridge. Coming back, they had been held up exasperatingly by endless columns of foot-slogging infantrymen marching through the rain—new divisions coming up for next day's fight. He had with difficulty prevented the politician from making a speech to one battalion halted in a village square for an intersecting stream of motor lorries. The politician had thought he might cheer the lads up a bit. The staff officer had managed to conceal his horror, be duly tactful. The trip was now over, the politician satisfactorily brimful of all the wonders he had seen. He invited him to a chair, filled a pipe for himself. In that confounded open car—he hadn't been able to get a limousine—he hadn't had a decent smoke all day. Ruddy war!

The politician produced a cigar.

"It's been marvelous!" he said fervently. "I had no idea of the vast scale of everything. And you really think we're getting the upper hand now?"

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The staff officer just stopped himself from shrugging his shoulders.

"Looks like it," he said diplomatically. "Of course the army's got to be kept up to strength—the people at home must realize that. We're not at the end of it yet."

The politician puffed at his cigar. He was an amiable man, genuinely patriotic.

"How much longer do you think the war will last?"

The staff officer stared at his interlocutor. Not a question to be answered rashly! He took his pipe out of his mouth, looked at it, put it back again.

"Impossible to say, of course. It's one big machine up against another. Two or three years yet, perhaps, before we're through."

"Two or three *years!*" The politician stared at him aghast. "You can't mean it. It's not possible." He was almost angry. "Think of the lives—at this rate, hundreds of thousands of lives—two or three years more will cost!"

The staff officer contemplated that toll of lives unemotionally. These people seemed to think that war was a football match! Of course it would cost lives, but the country was still stiff with men not yet in the army. He must sustain the standpoint of G. H. Q.—good opportunity, in fact.

"Bound to have casualties in war, I'm afraid. We do our best to minimize them, of course. The fact is, it all depends on what the country gives us. We can't make bricks without straw. A really big effort, now, might bring the war to an end. We're planning it, in fact, for next year. But the country must give us men—and munitions. We shall need munitions on a bigger scale than ever next year."

The politician turned his mental gaze to that future. Munitions. His brother was a munitions manufacturer on an immense scale—was making an immense fortune. More than ever, next year. H'm! That boy of his brother's, in the infantry, he ought to have tried to see him. He wondered if the lad was in the battle whose dull persistent thudding rattled the windowpanes. Two or three years! He'd try and get him out of the infantry—wangle him into a staff job. Would it be worth while speaking about him to this staff officer? No. Unsympathetic type. Better work it from the War Office end.

The weather outside seemed to be clearing a little. An evening light brightened the windows. From somewhere overhead came the loud drone of an aeroplane. It gave the politician an inward jerk of alarm. He had been in quite an unpleasant air raid as he came out of the theater recently. He cocked an ear up to the sound.

"That's not an enemy, I suppose?" he asked. "Do they ever bomb you here? I take it you headquarters are always after one another?"

The staff officer shrugged his shoulders.

"They have just tickled us up once or twice," he said with a tolerant smile. "But naturally, nothing very serious. It isn't done, you know."

The politician stared. "Not done?"

The staff officer smiled again.

"My dear sir, how d'you imagine we could carry on the war if we started knocking each other's headquarters to bits? It's altogether too easy. They biff us—we biff them. Nothing to it. Better to fight like gentlemen—leave each other's headquarters alone. Sort of unwritten law, you know—always has been. There'd be chaos otherwise."

The politician tried a mental grapple with that problem. "Yes. Yes. I suppose so," he said, but his voice had a note of uncertainty to it.

They sat for a minute or two in silence, smoking. It was very quiet in this room. Only that rattle of the windowpanes reminded the politician that a great battle was raging. He was, fantastically, sitting at the very heart of it, in the ultimate central ganglion of control. It gave him a feeling of awe. It was almost uncannily peaceful in this remoteness from the actual strife. He had suddenly a vision of that smoke-spouting ridge—of the monster guns pumping shells onto it. In that inferno men were dying—killing one another. It was difficult to realize it here. He wondered suddenly if this cool-mannered staff officer did realize it—wondered suddenly if any of the staffs pitting their brains against each other realized the translation into mud-and-blood horror of their intellectual syllogisms. Probably not. Natural protective screen of the human mind. They could only do their job by reducing it to abstract formulæ. Pleasant sense of power they must have—these millions of men moving at their will, killing one another. They didn't see anything of that. Agreeable life, theirs—ironically agreeable. Suppose the opposing headquarters did bomb each other out of existence, so that they couldn't carry on the war—— What then? Absurd thoughts!

The staff officer rose.

"Well, what about cleaning up a bit before dinner? I suggest a hot bath, personally. Want one after sitting in that damned chilly car all day. And"—he glanced at his desk, piled with documents awaiting his signature—"I've a devil of a lot of work tonight. Shan't go to bed till the small hours. If anyone ever tells you that we staff officers enjoy the war you can tell them, sir—it's a first-class lie. Every one of us would rather be with the troops."

A day or two later the politician was addressing a packed mass meeting in a munitions district. His audience was composed of working men and women who were earning more money than in all their lives they had ever dreamed possible. They were just then seriously considering the expediency of striking for yet higher wages. Hence the presence of the politician. His visit to the front had given him an additional importance. The fact gave him, secretly, a very pleasurable feeling. A successful campaign now for the intensification of munitions output, the stalling off of this threatened strike, would mean a place for him in the cabinet at the next shuffling of the cards. He exerted all his eloquence, finished with a soul-stirring peroration:

"On you, men and women, depends the destiny of nations. I ask you, the country asks of you, magnificent though your patriotism has been, for yet one more effort—for one immense selfless effort worthy of the fathers and sisters and brothers of the lads who are fighting—one great final effort that shall finish the war!"

The grimy audience poured out into the street. One of those workmen summed up the general reaction to the orator's remarks: "Finish the war? 'E don't know what 'e's talkin' abaht! This ruddy war can go on forever for all that I care—or 'e cares either! We shan't never 'ave such a time again—any of us. Come on, Emma; let's go to the movies."

Far away, in black night, on a ridge that was a morass underfoot, through an atmosphere that was poisoned, under vindictive murderous outbursts of shellfire, soaked and weary infantrymen stumbled their difficult and dangerous ways to the line of water-filled shell holes whence they would attack at the morrow's dawn. In a staff officer's room, twenty miles in rear of them, half a dozen uniformed press correspondents were writing dispatches to a model thoughtfully supplied by higher authority. They were happy men, busy in a cloud of tobacco smoke. One of them had just had a brain wave, copied by the rest with artistic variations: "The troops go forward with the joyous zest of men engaged in a great game—some units went into the last action dribbling a football. It is only the skill and devotion of the staff that make scientific modern warfare possible on this vast scale. Even now, perhaps, the great public at home does not fully realize what war means. It has not come home to them as it does to us here."

Editor's Note—A Battle Piece: New Style, will appear in next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post

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Armstrong's Corkboard will not absorb moisture and needs no furring strips. It does not mold, rot or provide harboring places for rats, mice or vermin. It lasts as long as the house.

Structurally Strong and Easy to Install

Armstrong's Corkboard is strong in structure and is easily nailed in place in frame buildings or readily set in Portland cement mortar against brick or tile.

An Excellent Base for Plaster

Armstrong's Corkboard takes and holds plaster permanently. No lath is required since the plaster keys firmly into the surface of the corkboard.

Slow-Burning and a Fire-Retardant

Armstrong's Corkboard is slow-burning and a positive fire-retardant. It will not burn unless flame is applied from an external source, and does not smolder or carry fire.

Reasonable in Cost

Armstrong's Corkboard costs no more than good lumber. Furthermore, its use makes possible a considerable reduction in the size of the heating plant and effects savings of 25% to 30% in fuel.

GENTLEMEN:

Please send complete information about Armstrong's Corkboard Insulation.

Name _____

Address _____

SEP 7

A national tribute to Cleveland Six quality

Special Six Sedan De Luxe $1695

CLEVELAND SIX sales are at the highest peak in history. 1925 has shown a progressive advance over 1924, leaping from a 3% increase in January, month by month, to one of 400%!

This splendid demonstration of public approval has lifted Cleveland Six to a place among the industry's leaders—has made it one of the most sought-after cars in America today.

This is the logical consequence of Cleveland's spectacular record-breaking tour of track and mountain trail—a national tribute to Cleveland Six quality, performance and beauty.

No other car has ever exhibited such sensational power, speed and stamina. No other car has ever held at one and the same time, the coveted climbing records on Mt. Wilson, Mt. Baldy, and Mt. Diablo; the West Coast Road Run record between San Francisco and Portland; and that of speeding 1000 miles in 745 minutes.

Until you actually sit at the wheel of a Cleveland Six you cannot conceive the flashing, dashing qualities that stamp it one of the outstanding performance cars of all time!

Any Cleveland Six dealer will welcome your request for a demonstration.

"One-Shot" Lubrication System

PARTICULAR attention is directed to the fact that all Cleveland Six models offer the famous "One-Shot" system of chassis lubrication. It saves as much time, inconvenience and expense for the owner of the $895 Standard Six Touring Car as for the man who drives the beautiful, roomy $1725 Sport Sedan.

With this system of high pressure, centralized chassis lubrication, now in successful use on thousands of Cleveland Sixes, the grease gun and oil can are eliminated. You simply step on a plunger and all moving parts are flushed with clean, live lubricant. (Licensed under Bowen Products Corp. patents).

Quality Sixes ranging in price from $895 to $1725

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CLEVELAND SIX

ARE WOMEN COUNTING IN POLITICS?

Counted In

(Continued from Page 6)

purpose of her visit—to get her husband's trial advanced.

"What's wrong with your husband?" I asked the poor thing after making her stand up.

"He's in jail."

"What's he done?"

"Nothing, lady."

"Now, now, if you want me to help you ——"

"Oh, he kill a man. It was a great big man. My husband is a little fella. He take a razor. Zip! They put him in jail. How my babies going to eat?" She began to sob again.

That appeal meant a trip to the district attorney's office. There was not much I could do. It was murder. Everything considered—and I did consider everything—it seemed the best thing was to get a certificate from the school board permitting the woman's eldest child to go to work; and when that had been done I found a job for the child. Mrs. Blanko has never voted, although she is legally qualified. You may depend on it that she will vote now. She is a woman, and I'm the woman leader of my district. I'll see that she votes. As for Mr. Blanko, it will be about fifteen years before he is restored to his family, even if he is a model prisoner.

Befriending Potential Voters

There are seasons of the year when day after day I have to go to the magistrate's court to help out tenants in their battles with the landlords. Emergency laws drafted to stop the pyramiding of rents were a magnificent boon to those of us whose lives are devoted to the Alice in Wonderland profession of getting the American voter to exercise that right for which mankind has been struggling since the beginning of things. Reduced to its essence, my work is demonstrating to the members of the electorate that there are valuable privileges attaching to the suffrage. To do that I have to work every day, including Sundays and holidays.

One of my friendships, formed in the days when I was an election-district captain, is with Mrs. Sweeney, who is a scrub woman in one of the public buildings. Her son drives a street-cleaning cart. She thanks me for both these sources of income. Any considerable increase in the rent she pays for her tenement flat over in the gas-house region is a blow at her budget that can be measured only in the hours of back-breaking toil which such an increase represents to her.

It would be the difference between going to an occasional movie, of paying her insurance premium, and of half a dozen other mild luxuries that tend to keep her mind free from worry; and giving these things up, surrendering herself to a life entirely drab.

Well, not so long ago a new landlord came to collect the rents from Mrs. Sweeney and the seventy-five others who are the heads of the families dwelling in the brick hive that is their home. He told them all that the next month's rent would be eight dollars additional. There was a time when they would have had to choose between paying or having their belongings placed in the street by city court marshals, but that time is gone.

Mrs. Sweeney in her black silk dress, her wide bosom heaving with the stress of her indignation, came to see me at the club and told me about this fresh trouble.

"Be in court tomorrow afternoon with as many of your fellow tenants as you can muster," I told her, and added, "I'll be there with a lawyer. If trying will fix things you won't have to pay any increase."

The next morning I was visited by the landlord. He said he was having some trouble with his tenants. I told him I knew it, and then I called in one of the lawyers and we discussed the situation as friendly as could be. The landlord had an idea, I think, that he could enlist us on his side, but he did not have a chance of doing that. He admitted he was making a fair profit on his investment in spite of the heavy interest charges being sucked out of the building by a group of mortgage holders. When he left he had been persuaded to leave his tenants in peaceful possession at their old rentals. Before he consented, of course, he had seen an unpleasant vision of city inspectors swooping down on him in droves with demands for new fire escapes, better boilers, new wiring and other expensive repairs.

When I sent for Mrs. Sweeney and told her she need not bother going to court her delight was adequate payment for all my trouble. At the last election we voted more than one hundred and forty people living in that tenement, which was every man and woman in the place entitled to a vote.

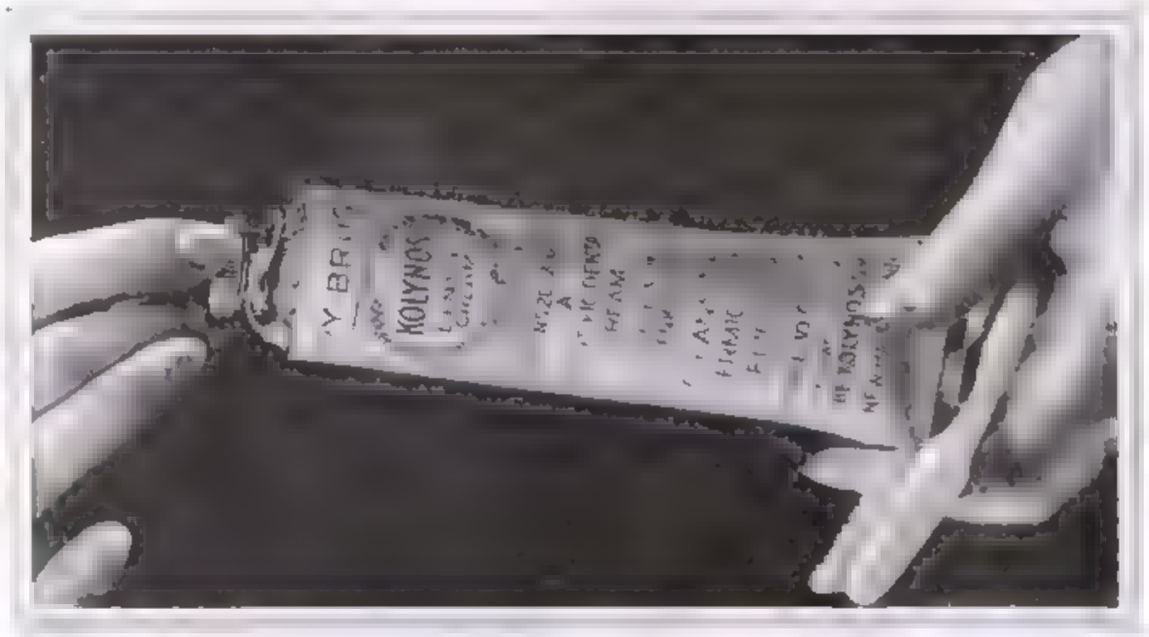
A magistrate would have to be a little more than human to keep from aligning himself as a friend of the tenants in these battles. They know, of course, that the landlord who is complained of rarely is the owner of the property involved. As a rule he is what we call a leaster—a man who merely leases the apartment house for the purpose of exploiting it. His only chance of a big profit is to increase rents and cut down all forms of service—heating, cleaning, and so on. Then, too, the magistrate draws his authority from the people, and as he looks down from the bench the array of tenants herded by the district leader, or a representative, are bound to look more like "the people" than a single landlord, no matter how many lawyers he may have brought to court. Nevertheless, there are some magistrates whose judicial qualities are a little too finely grained to be swayed by even such influences.

We don't mind that. Just sending our lawyer to help the tenants serves our main purpose of making friends with them.

Political Eves

There are more than twenty assembly districts like ours in the city, and ours is fairly typical. It is divided into forty-odd election districts, in each of which there are from four to six hundred voters. In each of these election districts there is a man captain and a woman captain. There was a time when I first took charge when I was glad to get anyone to be captain, whether she was especially well qualified or not. Nowadays I can pick and choose, and when I select a woman she is one with the necessary qualities. As each district leader is a minor boss ruling the lesser territory of an assembly district as the boss rules his city, so the election-district captains are seedling bosses, exercising a sort of chieftainship over the city block in which they live. The extension of suffrage to women has made it necessary for both the major parties to create a political Eve for every Adam in the organizations. Sometimes the local political bosses do this only after a more far-sighted rival has defeated them by bringing to the polls legions of new women voters. But as time goes on, politicians will no more neglect this phase of their work than a general with a sound military education will leave his flank exposed to an enemy's attack.

So, in a typical block in our district, a block on which is reared a fortresslike rectangle of apartment houses, there is a



Guards Your Teeth

Checks Decay-Kills Germs-Washes Them Away

Precious Tooth Enamel This dental cream protects it

By Ira Davis Joel, B.S., M.S.
Department of Bacteriology

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH FAITHFULLY. You brush them carefully. Yet when you visit your dentist you are often surprised at the number of cavities his instruments reveal.

You feel baffled. Others seemingly no more careful than yourself enjoy the blessing of sound teeth. What is the trouble?

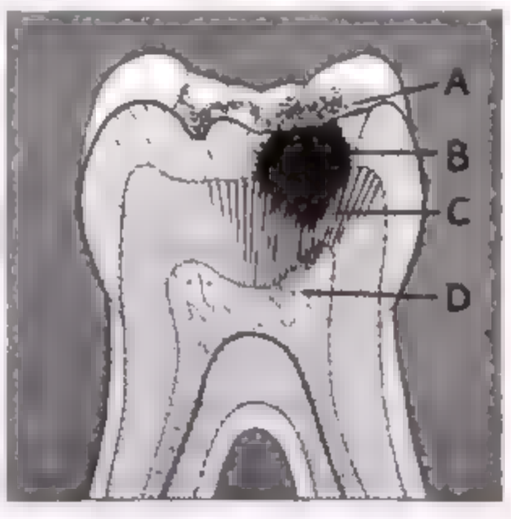
The trouble is that your teeth require a certain kind of protection which you are failing to give them—the protection they need is adequate dental care and the daily use of a *germ-killing* dentifrice.

THE protection they need is the germicidal protection of Kolynos Dental Cream. Kolynos not only keeps your teeth white and glistening, but its main properties are highly antiseptic—very important properties if you are to have sound teeth, teeth free from dangerous, offensive, and painful cavities.

Kills germs—washes them away

Did you ever watch snowflakes collect upon a window-pane? That is the way germs collect upon your teeth. The first few find it hard to cling, but soon they build up rapidly. First, *Bacilli Acidophili* lodge on the enamel. They are tiny, short threads of germs. In your saliva is a sticky substance called *mucin*. Little flakes of this adhere to the teeth. Thus a close, sticky, web-like film spreads across the enamel, a film of malignant germs that cause decay. These germs multiply with amazing rapidity. Each produces tiny quantities of harmful

A—The sticky, web-like film of germs, mucin and food particles begins to form. B—Acid then begins to eat into the enamel rods and separate them, before it finally destroys the rods themselves. C—Germs swarm in through the break in the enamel and attack the dentine under it. D—When the decay reaches the pulp which surrounds the nerve, toothache follows.



acid. The film holds this acid against the teeth while it gradually eats into the enamel.

Kolynos checks this. To begin with, it *kills germs*. It breaks up the film. It washes away the film, with its multitude of germs, from your teeth. It leaves comparatively few germs in your mouth; hours pass before there are again enough to be dangerous to your teeth. And even then, so thoroughly polished are your teeth that it is very much harder for the germs and the mucin to cling to the glossy enamel surface.

FREE—Enough Kolynos to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

THE KOLYNOS COMPANY, Dept. S-B2
New Haven, Conn.
Send sample tube to

Name

Street

City

How do YOUR goods arrive?

DAMAGES and concealed losses in transit are part of your shipping costs. Safety of your goods will be one aim of a General Box Engineer should you ask him to study your shipping methods.

A decrease in weight, with an increase in strength will be a second aim—with attendant lowering of freight costs. If a Pioneer Box or Crate is indicated by his study there will be further savings in storage space required, in assembly, in packing and closing.

These combined savings are sometimes remarkable. For one manufacturer the saving was $5280 in one month on transportation charges alone. In addition to this there were the other savings referred to above. Also the customers saved money because of the ease and simplicity of opening the Pioneers and uncrating the merchandise.

To put your shipping on a more scientific and economical basis, if possible, will cost you nothing. You can have the services of a General Box Engineer without charge. Then if you adopt a product of this company, our twelve factories insure you an unfailing supply.

Write for bulletins—"General Box Service"—that tell how we save money for others. Let us know, too, if a General Box Engineer may apply himself to your problem.

GENERAL BOX COMPANY
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Factories—Bogalusa, La., Brooklyn, N. Y., Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., East St. Louis, Ill., Illmo, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., Louisville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans, La., Sheboygan, Wis., Winchendon, Mass.

To the Receiver

The receiver of merchandise has, or should have, a keen interest in the kind of container used to ship his goods. Progressive manufacturers recognize this and ship in containers that are safe and economical; that can be opened and unpacked quickly—and can be re-used.

Pioneer Boxes and Crates are highly regarded by receivers. They are light and strong. They prevent petty theft. They are opened in a few seconds. The entire top lifts up like the lid of a trunk. Contents are unpacked quickly.

A booklet, "Incoming Shipments," will be sent you free—if you will write for it.

GENERAL BOX SERVICE

ONE SERVICE FROM FORESTS TO FINISHED PRODUCT

man who is the representative of my co-leader and there is a woman who is my representative. Those captains are the least common denominators of politics, but they are as important as the rivets in a steel bridge. They are not alone in their glory, however, because the district leaders of the rival party also have their captains in every election district. Sometimes the rival captains are good friends; sometimes they are as bitterly against each other as blood feudists.

It has seemed to me that women can function better in politics if we are organized on a separate basis in the districts. I think we should work in the big parties, but in the district units the women should be responsible for their share of the work. I know of districts near mine where this has not been done, but in every such instance the woman leader is a mere figurehead. Her appointment was a gesture made by the men in control so they could keep their control absolute.

The Social Side of Politics

In choosing my captains I know I cannot be effective if I select only women who will be congenial with one another. The captain must, above all, be a person congenial with the people in the block where she is to work. For this reason I have several women among the forty-odd who work with me who are well placed in the social scale. Several are negresses, a few are Jewish, some are schoolteachers. My captains provide a graphic cross section of my district, socially and ethnically. But every one of them has ingratiating qualities, and all of them are energetic and deeply interested in the work of politics. Whether or not they are highly placed in the social scale, they are as ready to talk to a janitress as to the mistress of a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year apartment with a view of the river. They have learned that the vote of the janitress is just as valuable when it is dropped in the ballot box as is the vote of the most cultured woman in the city.

What are they getting out of all this work? Not much, unless it be something of that thrill that comes to a college boy when he races down the field with the ball under his arm or takes the last hurdle a stride ahead of the nearest runner of the rival school. The jobs some of them get are, generally speaking, not so good as they might have if they devoted themselves with equal fervor to something outside of politics. I know one woman district leader who holds a twelve-thousand-dollar elective county office; I know another in the rival party who heads a state department and gets five thousand dollars a year. One of our men captains has a forty-five-hundred-dollar city job now. Some of the others in my district have less important ones. Several of my girls have clerical jobs; a few have husbands or sons or brothers in jobs that would not have been open to them but for the request for help made to me by the woman in question. There are not many positions open to women yet, but we have aspirations.

The way it works now, my co-leader will hear of something downtown—maybe a job in the health department not under civil service—and when he sees me he will ask, "Who have you got for a secretarial job at eighteen hundred dollars?" I've always got somebody for it. One of my captains came to me the other day and said her son was out of work. The very next day I had him placed as a clerk for the state in a position that sort of belongs to us. We made room for him by getting a better job for his predecessor. Only a part of the captains have political jobs themselves, but as a rule they have close relatives holding down fairly good jobs. Most of the leaders, men and women, are attached sooner or later. One woman leader is an assistant district attorney; one woman resigned as leader when she was appointed magistrate; another holds a well-paid elective office; another is the wife of a judge and is satisfied with that, and one is a lawyer and gets a lot of business that she would otherwise miss.

The social side of politics, now that the women are in it, is becoming more and more important. I gave a card party just recently, and called it a good day's work when eight of my captains won prizes. Each summer, soon after the close of school, there is a big party for all the children of the district held in a park. They eat more than a thousand dollars' worth of ice cream, and nobody ever asks them whether their parents are Republicans or Democrats or Socialists, and nobody cares.

The more important functions are those designed for the entertainment of the workers, principally the captains. One of the masquerade balls given by the club was a delightful affair. I don't suppose you could call it exclusive, but I felt a glow of pride and satisfaction recently when I discovered that one of the men captains of our district has become engaged to one of my captains. Their wedding is going to make history in the district. You can see there the pattern formed by all our efforts. The captains and their subalterns going from cellar to garret in every house in the district, weaving a fabric of favors tending to create a neighborhood spirit plus that which we who belong to it call the organization.

Naturally there must be headquarters for such activities as tend to develop political cohesiveness in the district. Our club is that headquarters. It used to be a residence, one of those typical brownstone-front city houses with unsatisfactory plumbing, high ceilings and dark hallways. In the days when our club was strictly a masculine institution there were glistening brass cuspidors on every floor. The rooms were crowded with an assortment of ugly furniture bought by a committee of men. There was indifferent janitor service, and the place never was free from odors. The younger men properly called it a hang-out. And then we, the womenfolks, got the vote. We were not admitted to the club right away, for at first the men were quite hostile to the idea. I overheard two of them discussing it before the thing had been settled.

"Jimmie wants to let the women in," said one of them.

"Ah-h-h!" growled the other. "Ah-h-h, that's a nutty thing. Good-by, club! Ah-h-h!" He was not a very articulate person, but his half growl, half sneer expressed perfectly the feeling of the men. Then we gave them a party, at the club.

Making it a Co-Ed Club

I was on the entertainment committee, and I made it my business to round up every pretty girl in the district, and included some who were out of it. I had an idea the opposition was based on a feeling among the men that only the frumpy, dowdy old women would make use of the club, and that they would seek to dominate it. We arranged for a vaudeville show, and it was a real show, with some top-liners of the big time, and we were extravagant in preparing the refreshments. The sandwiches were dainty, but when I saw one man eat fourteen without leaving his place at the buffet I felt that I was also justified in calling them good. The cakes were triumphant combinations of eggs, butter, flour, vanilla and icings. After that evening our standing in the club was assured.

We get along as distinct groups entirely without friction, and I know the clubhouse is more interesting to the women because the men are around, just as I suspect it is more interesting to the men because we are there. At Christmas we always have a tree for the children of the district, and there is a present, besides candy and inexpensive toys, for every child that comes.

Some of the tough spirits that used to rule the district with their fists and whose idea of a political party was a clam-chowder racket up the river during which kegs and kegs of beer would be consumed and blood spilled in settling various points of honor that came into dispute—those hardy souls

(Continued on Page 157)

A model for every car
$3.50 to $15.00

On Guard

THAT bright red column of the Boyce Moto-Meter today stands guard for more than six million motorists. Fifteen to twenty minutes before serious motor trouble can develop, it signals them to stop and investigate.

It *prevents* burned out bearings, scored cylinders and overheated motors. It keeps your car out of the repair shop; conserves fuel and prolongs the life of your motor.

The cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter on your radiator cap is much less than one unnecessary repair bill—not to mention the touch of beauty it adds to your car.

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"Your car deserves one"—too

YOUR RADIO POWER IS IN YOUR LIGHT SOCKET

~at last!

This is the Cooper A-n-B which operates on any type of radio set and eliminates batteries

EVERY good product has its day. But it remains the best thing of its kind only until a better product comes to take its place.

Batteries have performed a splendid service for radio. They gave to radio lovers the current that made entertainment possible.

But no man goes to a well for water when a faucet brings it into his home. It is so with radio.

The same socket that brings illuminating current~that feeds the vacuum cleaner~that delivers electrical fuel to the washing machine~this same socket is now your source of radio power.

A new device, built by *battery engineers*, has made this possible. It is the Cooper A-n-B.

At an average cost of a cent an hour it supplies the current *your particular* set requires. The Cooper A-n-B does not decrease in power with use. It delivers the full measure of current at all times.

A and B circuits in your receiver always have the full voltage they require~the voltage at which performance is best. But the A-n-B goes farther than being merely the efficient successor to A and B batteries.

The A-n-B is always equal to radio batteries at their newest~*at their freshest*. Your set always performs at its best. Volume is achieved without the loss of bell-toned clarity.

And it is as easy to install as connecting batteries to your receiver. It operates on *all radio circuits* and on all kinds of tubes.

It is guaranteed by a company founded in 1904~a company whose word was never broken~whose character is unimpeachable~and whose ethical and financial standing are established beyond question.

The A-n-B supplants radio batteries. Your radio power is in your light socket~*at last*.

The COOPER CORPORATION, Cincinnati, Ohio

COOPER A-n-B

Radio Battery Eliminator

The Cooper A-n-B is as new as this announcement. It will not be strange, therefore, if your dealer doesn't yet handle it. But we shall be glad to send you literature that fully describes it. In writing please tell us the name of your dealer so we may have a Cooper A-n-B where it can be demonstrated to you.

To Dealers and Jobbers who write for details of Cooper A-n-B representation, there will be opened the way to an unusually profitable source of new business.

(Continued from Page 154)

are glad to come to the newer entertainments planned by the club for the voters. At first they clung desperately to their derby hats and betrayed other symptoms of nervousness, but in the end we managed to put them at their ease.

I think they are as tough as ever, but we have found a few tender spots. I say I think they are as tough as ever. I might say that I know they are as ready to use their fists to back up their leaders as they ever were. You know there is a grim law of the organization which permits a leader to rule only so long as he can carry his district. I became the co-leader at the beginning of a fight to throw out my associate, who is, of course, the real leader. He knows more of politics than I shall ever know. He is a person utterly without fear, a courageous, hard fighter, who wore a uniform in France.

For some time I had been an election-district captain, and then one day he asked me if I would like to become co-leader with him.

"But I shouldn't know what to do," I objected.

"Do just what you have been doing," he said. "Help me get out the vote. Only your part will be to take charge of the women."

"Wouldn't your wife ——" I started to suggest.

"No," he said; "you are the one we need."

His wife is one of my close friends. I think she knows more of politics than I do, but I can see now that it would have been poor politics for him to select her to be his co-leader.

Finally I said to him that I would take the place on one condition.

"Shoot!" said he.

"If there should be any jobs for women I would want to be the one to say which women would get the jobs."

"Why," he chided me in mock amazement, "I thought you said you didn't know anything about politics, and here you are knowing all there is to know. Of course you'll pick the women for the jobs, and I'll dig up all the jobs for women I can too."

A Fight With the Boss

Then I started in on the clubhouse. I asked to have the hideous double parlors on the first floor turned into a single big room. There were folding doors dividing them before we came into the club. I wanted parquet floors laid, also.

"What else?" they asked me.

"We shall want some new furniture for this room, which is to belong to the women. It will be a good assembly room too."

"Get what you want," they told me, and I did.

Now we have a piano player, a good phonograph, light rattan furniture covered with cretonne, curtains, a few good engravings and decently shaded lights. The first floor is ours. The top floors belong to the men, and if they care to play cards up there in shirt sleeves and with collars off from one end of the day to the other, it does not concern us at all. However, before I had completed the alterations of the first floor of the clubhouse I had many other things to think about, for we were involved in a fight.

It was a fight with the boss, a silent man of legendary power, one whose friendly smile was worth winning, one whose frown was to be feared. How that fight started does not matter so much now, but while it lasted it was a nerve-racking thing.

The first tangibly hostile move from the boss was the establishment in our district of a rival club. Two of our members who had lucrative public offices were induced to resign from our club and join the new one. They did so, confident that the boss would crush his defiant vassal and make them more powerful in the district. A few of our boys who refused to resign from our club were kicked out of their city or county or state jobs. When any of us had to appear in court the magistrates were cold and sometimes openly hostile. It was a lean period and we had only our anger to keep us warm. But power in politics starts with one's neighbors, and our neighbors were for us and against the boss.

There are more than two score of clubs like ours in the city, headquarters for Republicans and Democrats, and in every one of them, I daresay, there is at least one group of men who meet regularly to play cards. Generally, I suppose, it is a poker game. One night two policemen took up positions in front of our clubhouse. One of them in an embarrassed whisper explained that they had been posted there as pickets to prevent gambling. We had that annoyance stopped by an injunction, but as fast as we stopped one annoyance the boss' busy little friends thought up new ones; but they hurt us chiefly by shutting off our access to the job reservoir. He—and when I say "he" I mean my co-leader—managed to get places for the less important workers when they needed them, through his wide acquaintance with contractors and business men in other fields who were under obligations to him deep enough to overcome their fear of antagonizing the boss.

The Battle of the Ballots

The boss selected a man who had been created by our leader, as a candidate for chief of the district. That movement did not get very far. My associate was too popular; but he decided the best way for us to fight back was for him to run for a city office, so we went into the primaries. It was more than a fight for a nomination for a big city office; it was a war against the boss. If we won, our enemy would soon become an ex-boss. Wild dogs turn on a crippled comrade no more viciously than the underlings of a political organization hustle to get their fangs into a boss who is licked. We hoped to lick him, and inspired by that hope we rallied every enemy of his and every friend of ours.

They were not idle in the boss' camp either. Once two of his men came to me with a proposition to go over to the other side. I laughed at them.

When primary day came we were strong in more than a third of the districts, and had the satisfaction of knowing that if we could count on fair dealing —which we knew we could not—we should win easily. We had the votes, but the boss' candidate had the advantage of their complete control of the election machinery in most of the districts.

That night, after the polls had closed, one of our friends telephoned information to our downtown headquarters at a hotel that in the polling booth nearest the home of the boss some of his workers were preparing to spoil every ballot marked for us. Four or five of our men rushed downstairs, leaped into an automobile and started off to see what they could do to prevent this outrage. Many times since in our clubhouse I have heard repeated the story of their adventure that night.

The leader of the party was a young boy not long out of law college, but shrewd enough to have served as our campaign manager in that fight. It was nearly midnight when they reached the milled board cubicle on the sidewalk. Inside on the clerk's table all the ballots of our party were spread out, and some men were apparently just preparing to perform some kind of operation on them. A couple of police detectives were standing by.

"Somebody," predicted the lad who headed our party, "is going to go to jail for this."

Just then he was struck on the head from behind. The lights were flashed off. He was dragged to the sidewalk outside the booth. Blows seemed to come at him from every direction. He put a hand across his face to shield it from a heavy boot. A blackjack shattered the bones in his hand. Someone fired a revolver at close range in that tangle of men there on the sidewalk. Why the young lawyer was not killed is still a mystery.

For cool heads, nimble fingers

Mighty hard, isn't it, to think a business proposition through when the mercury is trying to pop out of the thermometer and your brow is weeping with perspiration?

To keep cool and fit throughout the sultry, sticky days keep a Robbins & Myers Fan pointed in your direction.

Use R&M breeze-bringers, also, to freshen up the folks in the outer office —watch how the typists shift into high and bookkeepers buckle down.

R&M Fans are quiet-running and economical. Less than a penny an hour brings you their coolness and comfort. Order yours now and be ready for that hot spell.

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The men who had gone there with him were beaten, too, but not so badly. When the fight stopped, our lad was curled up on the sidewalk only half conscious and bleeding from deep wounds in his scalp. An examination later at a hospital disclosed that several of his ribs had been broken.

"That," said my associate when we saw him swathed in bandages in his sick bed, "is why I always contended politics was not a woman's game."

"There will be less of this," I replied, "when it really has become a woman's game."

We were counted out to a defeat in that contest, although if the ballot boxes could have been opened we contend we would have had a victory in spite of everything. The boss had a lot of enemies, more enemies than we had friends, but it was all the same thing in that fight. A day or so after the primary election the boss spent almost an entire day in conference with his leaders. We continued to harry him in every way we could think of, and the attack on our campaign manager, for which he was in no way responsible, did not help him any. He was, to say the least, perturbed.

That fight had been ended by a compromise truce when the boss died. Whether it would have been a permanent truce I don't know, but as it was, we quickly ceased to be an orphan district.

I wish that some of my feminine acquaintances of that upstate country club might have been at the house of the boss the night before his funeral. They would have seen things that might have persuaded them that political organizations are rarely powerful when all the legs under the council table are incased in silk stockings.

From Cellar to Garret

A flight of brownstone steps led up from the street into the old-fashioned parlor of his home. Tall thick candles burned there beside his coffin. A soft rug had been placed by it so that his friends could sink to their knees as they arrived, or left, and say a prayer for him.

There were women with shawls on their heads who bent their knees on that rug during that long night; men in silk hats; men with calloused hands; policemen, ex-saloon keepers, statesmen, street-car conductors, bankers. They were all his friends. My co-leader and I were glad—and said so too—that we had achieved a peace with him before he died. We had been friends with him for a much longer time than we had been enemies.

The line of mourners seemed unending, but it was a fascinating political pageant for those who could interpret it. Every face that looked down on the silent mask of the dead boss was the countenance of someone who had been helped by him. If he had not helped people he would not have been boss. Nothing could be more certain than that he was a politician by day and by night, in season and out of season. Those who worked with him had to play the game the same way. His instructions used to be, "From cellar to garret, boys; from cellar to garret." Later he gave the same advice—the same order, I should say—to the women who came into the organization. He gave us a shrewd bit of advice, too, all to ourselves:

"Tell your women who won't go out to vote because they don't like telling their age," he said, "tell them to say they are 'thirty plus.'" He knew human nature to the core. I was named one of a committee that named the successor of the old boss

One of the other women was a snowy-haired, merry creature of seventy-five, whose throne was a morris chair placed beside the marble-top of a little bakery and restaurant in a crowded tenement street where in perpendicular layers lived Jews from Rumania, from Spain, from Russia and the Levant. Many of these families ate only because the father stood in the streets all day long behind a pushcart selling anything that might be bought cheaply—fruits, green vegetables, pickles, fish, seconds from jobbers in clothing.

An Effective Part of the Machine

To all these people my associate on that organization committee was a sort of earth-bound goddess. If they got into any sort of trouble they called for her. If a policeman arrested one of them he yelled for her desperately, as a wolf cub might howl for its mother. If any one of a multitude of inspectors gave one of them a summons, the peddler would bring it around to my old friend to read and fix. For nearly half a century she has lived in the district of which she is now the woman leader. When her husband was alive and keeping a saloon, he was the alderman from their neighborhood; but he was alderman chiefly because his wife had an instinct for politics. He was the good fellow of the family and she the one who applied his good fellowship to their careers as a skillful engineer might apply the power of a dammed stream to a mill wheel.

She has never held office, although her husband did, and her son does, and yet her political activities are her life. She does not profit from her work except as she derives satisfaction from being an effective part of an effective machine. Then, too, as she told me, if she was not an important figure in politics she would have a hard time standing between her friends of the pushcarts and those who would harry them for graft.

The other woman leader was a deputy clerk of one of the municipal courts. The men on that committee did not make a move without consulting the ladies. We appreciated it as a compliment, realizing, of course, that because of greater experience they were much better qualified to run things than we were.

Nevertheless, I was quite proud that the first appointment, the first bit of patronage given out by the committee, was a two-thousand-dollar job to one of the men of our club. It was more than a job. It was a symbol of triumph. It meant that our lean years of warfare were over. We were back in the fold. As I said at the beginning, I am an organization woman all the time and not merely when the bands are playing.

The Merced River, Yosemite Valley, California

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West of 100° Meridian, $15.50

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The Ford factory considers this so important that it is placed right where the driver cannot fail to see it. No other instructions are considered of such importance.

To make it possible for Ford owners to follow these instructions to the letter, Stewart-Warner incorporated in their Ford model speedometer, a system of colored indicators which automatically tell the driver when lubrication is necessary.

A metal chart in colors is attached to the Stewart-Warner Speedometer telling "what to do" when each color comes into view.

Although this *big exclusive feature* cannot be obtained with any other speedometer it is included in the Stewart-Warner *at no additional* cost.

With each speedometer there is also included a lubrication book containing an illustration of the Ford chassis showing the various points where lubrication is necessary, together with other valuable information.

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Ford dealers are doing a real service for their customers when they advise equipping with the Stewart-Warner Speedometer. In this way only can the owner give proper attention to lubrication and save money that might otherwise be spent on costly repairs. In this way and this way only, can he know his speed—avoid arrest—and follow the instructions that the Ford factory has placed on the windshield of his car.

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Stewart-Warner Speedometer *for* Fords

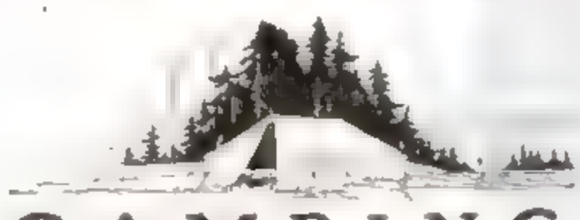
Wherever there are Flies . . . use

FLY-TOX

For the health and comfort of the community, no greater service can be rendered than destroying the millions of flies. They sow the fever and breed the pestilence. Common duty urges everyone to kill the fly.

DINING ROOM

FLY-TOX offers ease and comfort, and agreeable assurance to the hostess. Nothing to disturb the dinner. No flies soaring about to question cleanliness. The dining room has been sprayed with FLY-TOX.



CAMPING

Make golden nights of glorious rest follow those silver days, camping in the great outdoors. Kill the flies and mosquitoes. Spray the inside of the tent or bungalow. Turn in and sleep soundly until sun-up

KITCHEN

Cleanliness that makes your heart swell with pride comes from the use of FLY-TOX. Not a fly in the kitchen. Delicious foods that delight the dinner guest are prepared in an immaculate kitchen

BED ROOM

Spray the screens and the draperies. Use the hand sprayer. That ends the nightly battle with mosquitoes and other insects. Using FLY-TOX offers nights of tranquil rest and recuperation.

MOTOR TRIP

Take a bottle of FLY-TOX with you. Spray the hotel room. Kill the mosquitoes and other insects. Obtain unmolested sleep. Awake fresh as a daisy, eager to resume the trip

NURSERY

That FLY-TOX hand sprayer guards little folks against flies and mosquitoes. It defends them from torment. It protects them from the unclean feet and poisonous bite of flies and mosquitoes.

FLY-TOX is the nation's household insecticide. It is a crystal-clear liquid. It will not stain the choicest fabrics. It is harmless to humans and animals. It is easy to use: FLY-TOX has given housewives a new sense of cleanliness. It has brought to the American home a new summer comfort—a house without flies or mosquitoes.

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Half Pint	50c	Quart	$1.25
Pint	75c	Gallon	4.00

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The Canada Rex Spray Co.
Brighton, Ont.

The California Rex Spray Co.
Benicia, Calif.
The Payette Valley Rex Spray Co.
Payette, Idaho

ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

I was saturated with the conceptions and ideals and scenes of this world of hectic, strained and meretricious fancy. But the variety of it was enormous. It took me into the gilded palaces of cities on both continents and in all ages. It dragged me into robbers' dens, dank dungeons, the lurking places and fighting grounds and huts of savages in all the wildernesses and islands of the world. It carried me with heroes of humble birth to all sorts of glories, to success on the tented field or the tinted canvas, from agriculture to authorship, from trials to thrones.

It gave me a false history; but was it falser than that of the serious books? I wonder. It made me familiar with the most select circles in most of the societies of the ages and nations—as familiar, anyhow, as were the men and women who wrote the stuff—and this did me much good. I was a naturalized citizen, or at least a denizen, of everywhere—until my status was challenged; and there was no one on the farm to challenge it. I never said a word to anyone about it, never tried to vote, kept my status in this plexus of worlds quite to myself, and moved unobtrusively among my fellow nobles, kings, freebooters, bandits and savage chiefs.

This literature gave me a vocabulary and a command of language. Living in a society and on a plane where people talked dialect even when they knew better, because to "talk proper" was a badge of "feeling stylish," it was an excellent thing for me to converse habitually day after day and night after night with the young people of elegant conversation in Bertha M. Clay or Mrs. Southworth, or the folk of archaic diction of Prof. William Henry Peck. I was given a more complex intellectual life. As I hauled manure or picked bugs from the potatoes, I was—false to Martha Crippen—in my subliminal consciousness wooing some fair maid in her father's sunken garden or exhorting my followers to follow me to victory or death. As I picked the stubs of the burnt prairie from my bare feet I stanched the wounds of Indian arrows or repelled boarders from the frigate.

My Own Fairyland

I threaded forests, floated down unknown rivers, greeted the Bedouin horseman of the desert with the gallant query as to whether it was to be peace or war, climbed mountains capped with snow, carried intrenchments, discovered gold, made fortunes, slew bears, tigers, lions, Indians and other lethal fauna, and in those sublime pearly mountains of towering thunderhead of the prairie skies which surpass all real mountains in magnificence as Everest surpasses a molehill, I made my own fairyland and peopled it with eagles, heroes and fair ones who lived among the lightnings in palaces of nacre.

The searing wind of the Iowa blizzard was an incident to exploration in Arctic wilds. The greening hillsides of prairie grass shot with the blue of the upland violets became the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Upon us all rested the burdens of poverty, exhausting labor and frequent illness; and all about us the life seemed very narrow, sordid, circumscribed, repressive. Ours was a prosy and uninteresting world. But these piles of sensational stories made me a prince, paladin or page in a fascinating universe of other worlds, from the discussion of which with anyone I was inhibited by my frontier, rural and Dutch reticences.

Was all this feverish stimulus bad for me? I am sure that it was not. I think it was an excellent thing for me. No doubt it would have been better if my reading had been done under cultured guidance, with intellectual companionship, in some good library; but the worst of reading is better than none at all, provided only that it is interesting. And I was fortunately not subject to temptation by such mental garbage as most people use for the killing of their intellectual activities now. I had no sporting news, no sensational biographies of people who have done nothing, no stock-exchange and market news, no fashion pages, no serried columns of alleged news under screaming headlines to be contradicted tomorrow, no comic strips, no congressional proceedings and, thank God, no crossword puzzles! And it must not be forgotten that most of my time was passed in solitude—in mental solitude, nearly all of it.

I gained some fame among my superiors who lived in town. Once when I was not yet ten years old I went with my father to Steamboat Rock, as I was permitted to do about once a year. This town was a village of perhaps 150 inhabitants. Even the journey was a great adventure, for it took me down a terrifying hill—terrifying to a child brought up on the gently undulating prairie; it promised the thrilling sight of a railroad and perhaps a train; it gave me a view of the river hills with their forested slopes; and it assured me the fearful thrill of associating with strangers, so far at least as to look at them as they did their trading in the stores, or to walk along the board sidewalks with them. My old companion in school castigation lived there—Charley Robinson. He took me and several other town boys with him down to the high rocks which gave the village its name.

A Successful Plagiarist

I did not hit it off with these blasé youths at all. I was afraid of them. They did not like me. I was very unhappy under their unveiled contempt. Charley resented the whole situation, but he was in honor bound to defend his guest.

"You needn't be so mean to Herb," said he to all and sundry. "You can't none of you tell as good stories as he can."

"Aw, stories!" ejaculated the meanest one. "What's stories? Well, let him tell one if he's so smart!"

Before I knew it, on a strip of blue grass along the narrow flood plain of the river, we were all seated on the sod, with every eye on me. I knew my voice trembled as I began a story which I had told Charley. It was a tale of a boy who killed a panther. I had cribbed it from the New York Weekly; but I did not leave its beauty unadorned. I expanded it into an Indian fight from quite another source. Soon the fervor of successful plagiarism passed over into that of creation; and when I finished my test I dropped my voice and shrank back in panic at having dared to take the center of the stage among a group of town boys—and then I tasted victory.

"Aw," grudgingly admitted the meanest boy, "that ain't a bad story. Tell another."

But we went in swimming instead—in a real river! This gave me the pride of a new and a worldly experience like those of which I had read. I could only paddle, to be sure; and I would gladly have exchanged my skill as a raconteur for the boy-of-the-world ease of manners, the proficiency in slang, the skill in swimming and the style of the initiative of the other boys. Yet they now vouchsafed to me a sort of equality. I had no conceit of real equality, to say nothing of superiority. Yet for the first time the country boy had won the victory in town. I went home with a little swelling of pride in my heart. I had used my sensational literature as my weapon. It meant something to me.

One may draw a moral from a comparison of those old popular literary papers with the weeklies and monthlies which have taken their places today. I suppose that the Ledger, the Saturday Night and the Weekly had circulations equal, as compared with the population, to the great popular publications of today. Like the latter, they were published for the great mass of the reading public. They had some

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Sport oxfords in smart combinations are now being shown by Florsheim dealers. Fine looking—perfect fitting—and *cool* because skeleton lined. They dress your feet in good taste.

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Wow! Isn't He Full of Pep

"No wonder; he eats SPRATT'S. Wish our people would give us SPRATT'S. If they only knew how good it is for us, I'll bet they would. SPRATT'S doesn't cost as much as all the other stuff they feed us, and it sure does taste a lot better.

"Gee! If we could only tell 'em about SPRATT'S."

SPRATT'S is a complete and properly balanced diet containing all of the body-building and nourishing elements that dogs require. No additional food is necessary. SPRATT'S is economical and clean to feed

Try SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket biscuit for all sizes and breeds of dogs. Your pet will love 'em. Insist on the genuine so that he will not be disappointed. Your Grocer or Pet Shop can supply you.

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Everything you ought to know about the care and feeding of your dog is contained in this valuable book. No dog owner should be without a copy. A 2c stamp will bring you one by return mail. Write for book No. 75.

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

of the characteristics of our present-day popular favorites—much fiction, some verse, a serious editorial page; but they had very little of the really important matter which now goes to millions through our basically popular journals. It will be remembered, too, that the present state of our popular literature has been reached through a competition between the trifling and the more or less serious writings. Some years ago I was asked by the owner and publisher of some popular publications to write a series of articles on so serious a subject as financial crises.

"I lose readers," said he, "whenever I publish anything but trash; but I want such articles as these I am asking you about to show to advertisers. They are for the advertiser, and not for the readers. All the readers want is trash."

This was always the attitude of this figure in the publishing world. Now as to the moral: The old sensational literary papers which I read have disappeared. And even as to the group of magazines controlled by the man who thought he lost readers whenever he deviated from trash, they have lost out in the competition with those edited by men who had faith in the demands of the people for solid reading matter mingled with that which is light in tone. I can draw only one inference—the intelligence of the American public has reached a higher plane since I was a boy.

The neighbors gradually came to know that whenever they had a book that cluttered the place up they could get rid of it by sending or giving it to Herbie Quick, no matter what its character. Someone brought me a copy of Harper's Monthly which had in it an article on Early American Art, and I lay awake of nights after reading of John Singleton Copley, Rembrandt Peale, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, Washington Allston and other early painters, and looking at woodcuts of their paintings. I was exalted. I was going to be a painter. Then someone lent me a copy of Headley's Lives of the Presidents, which had to be returned in so short a time that I needs must sit up of nights to read it. Here I learned that all our Presidents have not only been geniuses of the first order in statecraft but perfect in character!

A Barefoot Boy's Bible

I had to know several Presidents in order to get rid of this conventional prostitution of the noble sentiment of patriotism. It changed me then from an embryo painter to a future President. Fillmore Sproule, a man of forty, came three miles or more to bring me a description of Watkins Glen by that pioneer in entertaining descriptive literature for magazines, David H. Strother, who wrote good stuff and illustrated it under the name of Porte Crayon. Fillmore had lived at Watkins before coming to Iowa, and wanted to have a companion in the enjoyment of this article. I could not have been more than twelve years old.

William Vincent Allen was then a lawyer at Ackley, Iowa. He had some legal business in the court of a justice of the peace out in the country, and left behind him a book called Getting On in the World, by William Mathews, a college professor in Chicago. The wife of the justice was my aunt and, as a matter of course, brought the book to me. It was surcharged with the old self-help philosophy, filled with quotations, and consciously intended to spur the ambitions of young men. But Mathews was a professor of modern literature, and the success held up to the young men of his clientele was literary or professional success. I am sure that this book had a powerful directive effect upon me, for I kept it and read and reread it. It did not aid me in being content in that walk of life to which Providence had called me.

After I had grown up and entered the profession of the law via the back door, I lived in Sioux City, and was a member of the Democratic State Committee of Iowa. William V. Allen had removed to Nebraska, become a Republican, changed over to populism; and as we had reached the period of fusion, he used to come to Sioux City as a campaign speaker, and thus I met him in my official capacity. He then held the long-distance speaking record as an obstructionist orator in our great national chamber of obstruction. He was a man of good ability. One day I asked him if he had ever possessed Mathews' Getting On in the World, and if so what became of it.

"Yes," said he, "I had it; and Klaas Primus, a young German pettifogger in Grundy County, Iowa, stole it from me."

"You must acquit Klaas," said I. "You left it at S. G. Crane's, and Mrs. Crane gave it to me; and if you ever get it you will have to replevy it. It was for years the Bible of a barefooted boy out on the prairie, and he thinks a great deal of it."

"Keep it, with my blessing," said he. "No book ever printed contained a higher percentage of bosh."

'Tis thus we lose our illusions.

Knowledge Kept in Cold Storage

Charley Bohn, a Pennsylvania Dutchman—we never called him German—had removed from Ohio to Iowa and brought with him an old history of Ohio by counties. It was printed with the stupid matter in nice large type, and the stories of Indian wars, adventures, and the like, in small. Charley remembered that my mother had once lived in Conneaut and brought it to us, thinking that she might be interested in it. I read it and reread it. I learned of Lew Wetzel, Adam and Andrew Poe, Simon Girty, Tecumseh, Johnny Appleseed, Cornstalk and all the interesting people of the pioneer history of Ohio. There was a long account of Wayne's victory over the Indians, and of St. Clair's previous defeat, the latter carrying a long poem in the style of Chevy Chase, one stanza of which closed the description of the wounding of an American officer with these terrific lines:

He leaned against a tree
And cried, "Ye hounds of hell!
Revenged I will be!"

One never knows, in my sort of life at least, what use he may find for a bit of knowledge long kept in mental cold storage. After I was getting well along toward the status of an elderly man, two brothers in Cleveland asked me to come there and look over a problem which they had to solve. They were O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, now known of all. They had before the city government a contest on a franchise ordinance, which provided for the vacation of some streets that they might build their great freight, warehouse and sorting yards. After I had spent three days in looking it over and studying both the proposition itself and the character of their opposition, Mr. O. P. Sweringen asked me if I believed that as a public matter they ought to have the franchise. I replied that if I lived in Cleveland I should support it.

"Well," said he, "if you can conscientiously do so, I should be glad to have you take charge of our publicity."

"I'll do it," said I, "if the publicity is published as propaganda and is not put before the people as disinterested opinion."

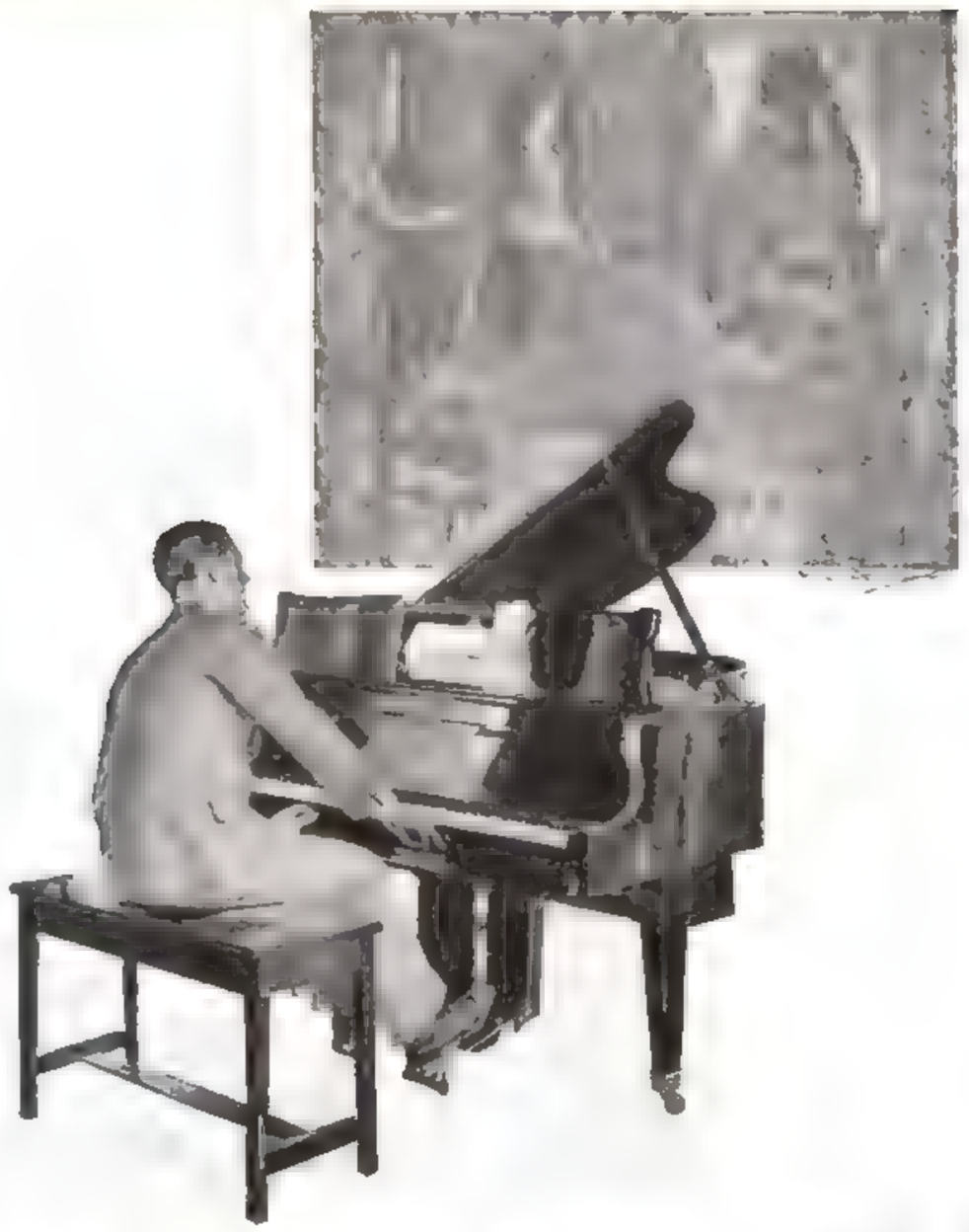
"Agreed," said he. "We'll have every item of it published as advertising matter."

I really believe that if all corporation propaganda were prepared and published with as much care for the principles of fairness to the public as was true in this case, both the corporations and the people would be much better off. He did not ask me to write until I was convinced that they had the right of it, and he was willing to have everybody know that the matter was part of a paid-for campaign.

I sat down to think over my mode of attack. As I had been prowling about the city, looking the ground over, the name of Kingsbury Run had been often mentioned. This stream flows down into Lake Erie through a deep ravine and divides the city. The first of the Van Sweringen mergers had been the consolidation of their street-railway

Continued on Page 165

A. G. Gulbransen introduces:



The first GRAND that Plays Roll Music with Your Own Expression

And Equals Hand Playing in Every Respect

As beautiful in tone—as simple to play with your own expression—as the celebrated Gulbransen Registering Upright

Plays ALL Rolls and Plays with your Interpretation

NOTHING that money can buy will give your home more social distinction, more fascination for your family and your friends than the Gulbransen Registering Piano—a melodious instrument—a home embellishment—playable both by roll and by hand.

Without previous training, anyone who likes music can now play like a talented musician. So do not confuse this with ordinary players that merely reproduce the notes as cut in the roll. With the Gulbransen you express the music to suit yourself—you completely control the Accent, Tempo (Time) and Touch. And Touch has always been the missing link between the mechanical playing of ordinary players and hand playing. It is so no longer. On the Gulbransen you can even select the key in which you play any piece.

The crowning achievement of A. G. Gulbransen's 50-year career has been the supplying of this missing art—the Personal Touch. He has given you the same control of the keys, the same personal expression in playing by roll that hand playing has. And because the Gulbransen registers your personal Accent, Time, and Touch, anyone can now play correctly, beautifully, inspiringly and easily.

Surprising Ways You Can Play It

You—or your guests—can play a piece and accent the melody alone—a piano solo. You can play popular music in perfect dance time. You can play a lively introduction to a popular ballad or an operatic aria, then play more slowly as you near the words, then pause for the singer, then subdue the melody-notes to a whisper, accenting only the bass—yes, just as an artist would play an accompaniment while the voice sings the air.

And people in the very same room cannot tell without looking whether you are playing by roll or by hand!

In 10 minutes you can understand the fundamentals of musical expression.

In a week or two you can master the marvelous musical possibilities of this instrument.

Picture tonight a Gulbransen in your home—family and friends gathered round it—singing or dancing—as the mood may be.

Or picture an evening alone—alone with the Gulbransen—as you play and sing those old-time favorites—"In the Gloaming," "Sweet Adeline," "The Stein Song," "My Wild Irish Rose"—*and live again the days of your youth!*

Can anything else contribute so much joy to home life?

Owned by Celebrated Musicians

Gulbransen Pianos are owned or recommended by famous musicians everywhere, including operatic singers and brilliant pianists.

And this new creation, the Registering Grand, is the climax of A. G. Gulbransen's life-time of work in making fine musical instruments.

Nineteen years ago he built his first Registering piano with the aid of one man and a boy. Today it requires a 4-acre plant to meet the world demand for his self-expression pianos.

For Grand or Upright, there is no other piano but Gulbransen that will play all rolls. Or will play any roll with your personal touch.

Price the Same the Nation Over

Pay as Convenient

Gulbransen pianos are sold at the same cash price, freight prepaid, throughout the United States. We stamp this price on the back, where you can read it. And Gulbransen dealers are prepared to deliver any model, Grand or Upright, for a small cash payment—balance to suit the purchaser. A reasonable allowance will be made for your present piano, if you own one.

Four Upright Models—Community, $450, Suburban, $530, Country Seat, $615, White House, $700; Straight Grand, $785; Registering Grand, $1275.

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano

FREE—color-illustrated Book de luxe "Your Unsuspected Talent—Its Discovery and Enjoyment"

You can have better times at home than anywhere else and for less money, and playing the Gulbransen 10 minutes at any Gulbransen show room will thrill you with a realization of this fact. Won't you accept our invitation to try it?

Only mail us the coupon and we'll send free our de luxe color-book—"Your Unsuspected Talent—Its Discovery and Enjoyment"—and the address of a nearby Gulbransen show room where you can see and try all Gulbransen models. Mail us the coupon now before you forget.

SEND THIS COUPON
to Gulbransen Company, 3232 Chicago Ave., Chicago
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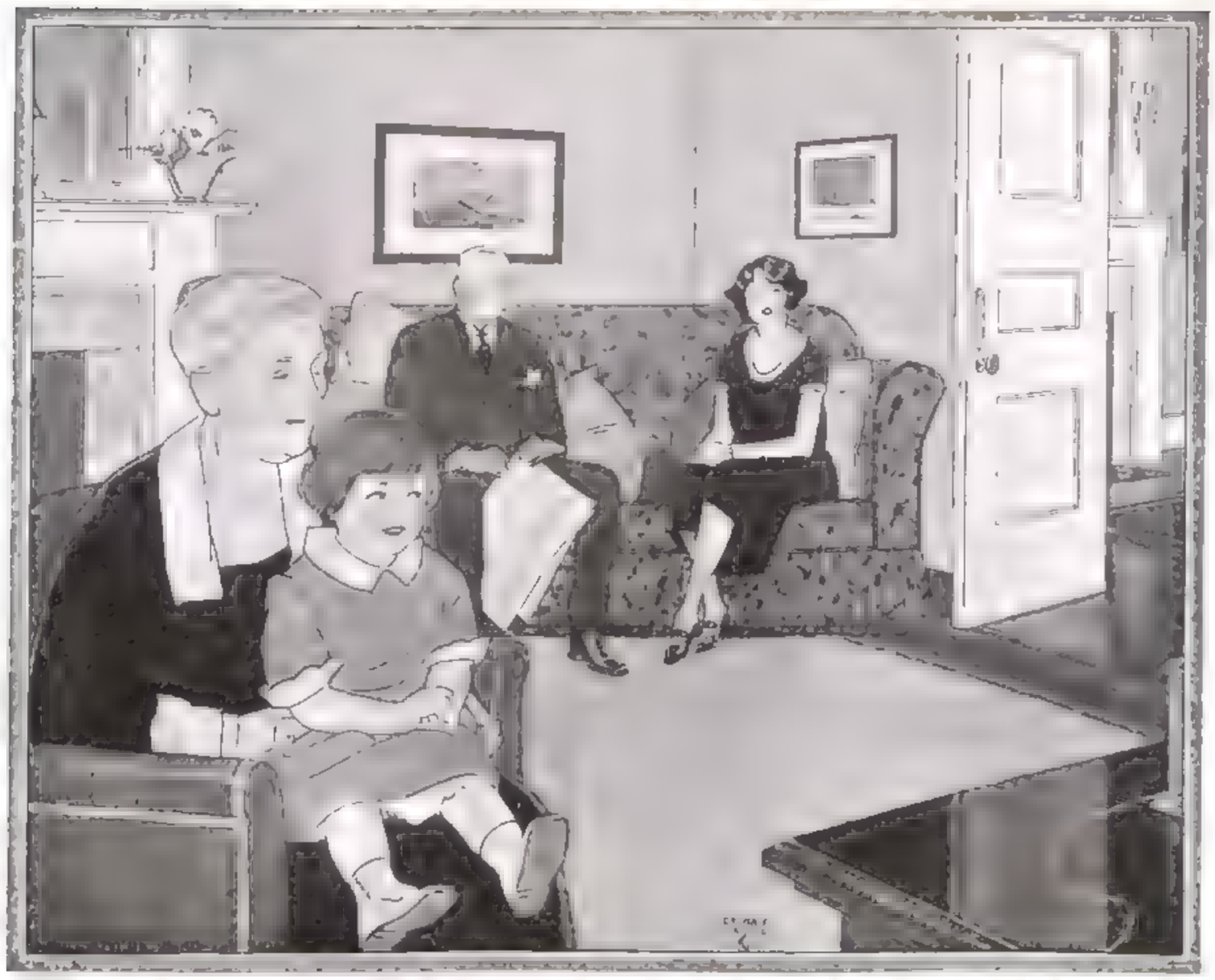
"Your Unsuspected Talent—Its Discovery and Enjoyment"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

☐ Check here if you own a piano and we will send you form enabling us to estimate value.



Who is going to buy Splitdorf radio reception?

MILLIONS of men and women do not know inductances from rheostats—and they do not care. A conglomeration of radio terms fails to kindle a spark of appreciation in the minds of these people. They simply refuse to be interested in technical points.

But they *do* know clear, mellow tones. They *will* appreciate radio reception that is simple, certain, dependable.

They *are* interested in having the best that radio offers.

And these people can see the advantages of dealing with the merchant who can qualify for the Splitdorf franchise—the broad-gauged merchant who knows that merchandising success depends upon customer-satisfaction.

Such is the market that Splitdorf will satisfy. WATCH!

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

Newark, New Jersey

Subsidiary of Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

SPLITDORF

(Continued from Page 162)

system which served the great suburban development of Shaker Heights with the paper Cleveland and Youngstown Railway; and the C. & Y. was routed down Kingsbury Run to the Van Sweringen terminus in the heart of Cleveland.

Along this route were the new freight yards, with the freight depot on a level with the business section. All railways using it would save the expensive hill climbing which burdened all of them except the Pennsylvania. It was a great project, though small compared with the gigantic ones which these transportation geniuses have since developed. They had not at that time acquired the Nickel Plate. They were just prominent real-estate men with a talent for town planning, who were developing a suburban rapid-transit system up and down the Kingsbury Run ravine, with a freight terminal on the side. And where had the name of Kingsbury attached itself to my mind in connection with Ohio?

Then the whole thing came to me. Judge Kingsbury was one of the pioneer heroes of Ohio of whom I had read out on Grundy Prairie in the old history of Ohio which Charley Bohn had given us. He had settled somewhere—I had forgotten where—and brought with him his young wife. The husband had gone back East for provisions and had left his wife in their log cabin. An early winter had prevented his return and she was left alone.

During the long cold winter she waited, wondering if he could reach her in her agony; for she was expecting a baby, which finally came to her as she lay there alone. She cared for it and for herself. She kept the fire going in the fireplace. She prepared her own food. Finally, however, the food supply dwindled and she faced starvation; but she did not give up. She had noticed that a wild turkey came every morning and scratched in the leaves where the earth was bare of snow under a great tree. Here was food if she could shoot that turkey. She had a rifle, but only one tiny charge of powder. The life of her babe, of which she thought much more than of her own, depended upon her skill in stalking that bird and of her use of that little, little portion of black powder.

Copy That Was Never Used

So she cleaned the rifle barrel carefully—think of the maternal provision of that!—so that none of her treasure should be lost by sticking to the gun barrel, poured it carefully in, rammed down a bullet which she had painstakingly trimmed so that it would go straight to the mark, meticulously primed the gun to prevent a misfire, hid herself before dawn, waited; and when the turkey came, shot it and used it to sustain life until Judge Kingsbury came, hoping against all probability to find her alive.

What a tremendous story that is of pioneer hardship and resourcefulness! I wondered now if this important Kingsbury Run might not have been named for its hero and heroine. I went out to the library of the Western Reserve University, found the book and the story, learned that the log cabin of the Kingsburys had stood in the forest near the right of way of the Cleveland and Youngstown Railway; and I knew that Charley Bohn's old book had placed in the mind of the little boy of those old Iowa days the very thing he needed to make his advertising matter attractive to the people of the great city which Judge Kingsbury helped to found. I wrote my appeals under the title The Story of Kingsbury Run, perfectly certain that they would be read, turned them in at the Van Sweringen offices, had them approved, and went back to my regular work, thus finishing the only advertising copy I ever have done. The Van Sweringens won the election, and I was much gratified—until I learned that little or none of my story had been published.

I made a little effort to find out why. Mr. O. P. Van Sweringen assured me that the work I had done was very valuable to him. He had wanted something like that for a long time. It was a pithy, an interesting, and at the same time an accurate epitome of their business affairs, already becoming very extensive. It was well worth all it had cost—but not a word as to why they had not published it. I finally found out, however; or satisfied myself at least. The Van Sweringens seem to be controlled by that psychic complex which governs the violet 'neath a mossy stone. They hate to be discussed or mentioned, and especially they hate to be praised. Now I had been forced to dwell to some extent on these very remarkable business men and their achievements, which were then already extraordinary. When it came to paying for space in the papers for praise for themselves, their gorge rose, they revolted, the advertising campaign was largely killed, and the copy was devoted to other and more private uses. In my process of sugaring off the sap I drew from Charley Bohn's history of Ohio, I had been balked by a rather phenomenal modesty. The whole affair shows, however, the ineradicable impressions made on the mind of a boy full of curiosity by the few and obscure books he was able to read, which is my present point.

A Mast-Fed Man of Letters

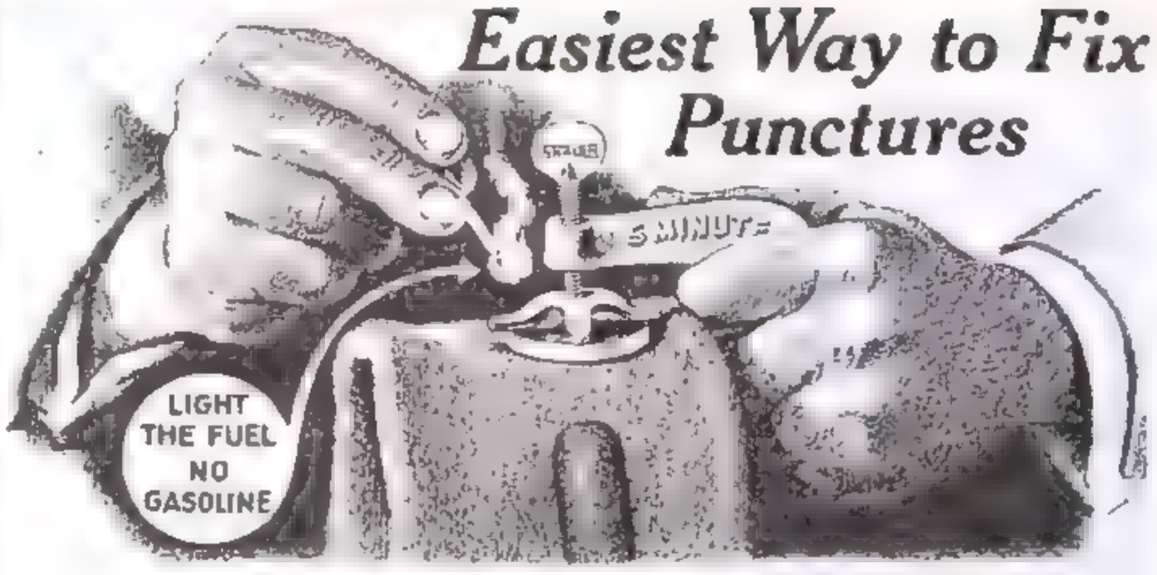
There was one other book which I must not fail to mention among the formative influences of my childhood. It was a little green-covered volume entitled Alice Learmont, or a Mother's Love, and was one of those old-fashioned fairy tales of Scotland shot through and through with the blood feuds of the Scottish border, the terror and glamour of fairyland, including such things as the water kelpie, the fate of the changeling and the peasant life, in which the love of a mother redeemed from the bonds of Faerie a daughter taken from the birth bed by the Queen of Fairyland. It was full of thrills, chills and fearsomeness. It was given to my sister Stella as a prize by one of our teachers. On the inside of the cover is the date, 1870. So I was nine years old when this tale came to me; for it so happened that I was the only one of the household who could make anything of the braid Scots dialect, which I think rather odd.

It opens with the sentence, "I wonder at ye, Mistress Thomas Learmont. It's no canny to do sic a thing." On the evening of the day of the birth of Alice Learmont, a descendant of Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoun—"him that was wonned into—into the land ye ken o'—for seven lang years, and came back; and was sent for by the gude folk, and never seen mair," the prospective mother whispered "The gloaming's unco' dark." Daft Simmie, the neighborhood half-wit, who naturally knew all the fairy mysteries, sang under the window:

"There were twa lads fechtin' on Eildon Hill,
With a hey and a ho and a hoodie craw;
The tane the tither's bluid did spill;
'Ho-ho,' says the hoodie craw."

To this he added the three stanzas of Bonnie George Campbell, in a form very different from that adopted by Mr. Burton Stevenson in his great anthology. Now this dialect was not very difficult for me. I seemed to know at the first reading that "coom ben" means "come in"; and if some Scots words like "speer" puzzled me for a while, such perplexity did not prevent my translation to fairyland.

Our parents did not think this book a very good one for us; but after I had inducted the other children into its mysteries it became a dissipation for all of us from which we could not be weaned. It formed for me the best possible introduction to Burns and the Scottish writers when their time came. I knew the language. I had learned 150 pages by heart in which it had thrilled and terrified me. Moreover, out there in the prosaic atmosphere of Iowa, I had lived in fairyland for years whenever I desired to do so. I had become a sort of Thomas the Rhymer myself, and went whenever the gude folk sent for me. It was one of the formative books of my life. I do not know by whom it was written. Its author's



Easiest Way to Fix Punctures

Anywhere on the Road

Better than the old way. Quicker, easier, more dependable. Just clamp a Patch-&-Heat Unit over the puncture. Light the prepared solid fuel it contains. Give it a few minutes to cool. That's all. No gasoline—no cement—even the rubber patch is cut to size. Nearly three million motorists carry it for making heat-vulcanized, lasting repairs anywhere on the road.

Get this "Hole Outfit" Today

Only $1.50 at Auto Supply Dealers' Everywhere.
Slightly Higher in Canada and Far West.

C. A. SHALER CO. Waupun, Wis.

SHALER

OUTDOOR COMFORT *starts* WITH YOUR FEET

BUCKHECT SHOES

The "RANGER" Style No. 62—14-inch

The greatest $10 high top shoe value in America.

$10 Prepaid

PATENTED comfort that you can't get in any other shoe

Buckhect Shoes are the result of 67 years specialization in outdoor shoes. They are known and worn all over the world. They are the favorite of Sportsmen, Ranchers, Farmers, Miners, Linemen, Engineers, and other outdoor men everywhere.

Every year thousands of people send to California for these shoes because of the *patented features* which insure wear and comfort *that cannot be found in other shoes.*

The "Ranger" is the leader of the line—the greatest $10 high top shoe value in America. Made of chocolate colored, oiled storm calfskin, with tough oak-tanned solid leather soles. A shoe that will give you the maximum of comfort and wear. Requires no breaking in. A Spartan for punishment. The patented "Buckstraps" moccasin construction adds smartness as well as comfort and durability. If you prefer a 16" boot order No. 61, $11.00.

Chicago Dealer:
Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.
New York City Dealer:
Jones & Van Doran, Inc., 800 Eighth Ave.
Philadelphia Dealer:
M & H Sporting Goods Co., 512 Market St.

4000 dealers west of the Rockies sell Buckhect *Shoes. We do no mail order business where we have dealer representation.*

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED

The measuring chart which we send you *absolutely guarantees* perfect fit. Buckhect Shoes are sold under a positive guarantee of complete satisfaction upon receipt, or your money back.

Free *Send for Beautiful Style Book of High-cut and Low-cut Outdoor Shoes for Men and Women.*

Don't delay: send coupon today. Find out about "America's favorite outdoor shoes." Style Book beautifully illustrated with California outdoor scenes showing Buckhect Shoes in use under all conditions.

BUCKINGHAM & HECHT
76 First Street, San Francisco
I'd like to have your free style book and measuring chart.
Name
Address

"X" LIQUID
Requires No Special Conditions to Repair Leaks
"X" makes a Permanent Repair under any condition. Big leaks or small, in old cars or new, can be instantly repaired.
No need to tie your car up for a long drawn out repair. A can of "X" LIQUID just poured into your radiator permits you to keep on going when you're on the road—or allows you to start when you have an engagement.
"X" is the liquid way—simple, economical and permanent.
Carried on all the big Government endurance flights including the Round the World Flight, the Trans-Atlantic Flight, and the Trans-Continental Non-Stop Flight. For years "X" has repaired leaks in the automobiles and trucks of the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, American Tel. & Tel., General Electric, etc.
"X" is a liquid. It can even be poured through a cloth as "X" contains no powder, meal, glue, cement, shellac, solder. Harmless.
For Fords, Stars, etc., 75c Size
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"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., New York
Factories: Boston and Toronto
Agents: England and Continent
Thomas & Bishop, Ltd.
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X LIQUID
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Repairs
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Cool Cash

WOULDN'T it be great, these warm summer days, to have a proposition which you could work at just when you felt like it—and which would pay in proportion to the time you spend? In other words, a little extra *cool cash*, earned easily, comfortably, would be "just the checker," wouldn't it?

Mr. H. A. Malin of Missouri looks cool, doesn't he? In a single month he earned as much as $80.00 clear, in his spare time. And he started without experience or capital.

The Curtis Publishing Company
718 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I am interested in your offer for ☐ full time ☐ part time. (Indicate choice.) Please tell me, but without obligation, all about it.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Send the Coupon and—

We'll make you such an offer, in either of two ways: (1) If you can spare only an odd hour now and then or (2) if you can sell us practically all your time. Up to $1.50 an hour should be easily possible for spare time; fifty or sixty dollars a week is not at all uncommon for full time.

Just arrange with us to become our local subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Profits from the very start. No experience or capital needed to succeed. Remember, the coupon will bring you all the details. Mail it now

name does not appear in our copy. I only know it was dedicated to "My Godchild Alice, with Tender Wishes and Future Hopes." I hope it did Alice as much good as it did me.

I have dwelt too long perhaps on the intellectual provender of a mast-fed man of letters. All this literature—good, bad and indifferent; but the great bulk of it what is generally called very bad—came to me by a series of accidents, and I read with no guidance or control whatever. I believe that most of the good which it brought to me arose from the fact that it was hard to obtain. I was not cloyed by too much reading, as are so many boys and girls today. Everything was grist that came to my mill, and there was such a scarcity that I ground it over and over again.

The most important element in personality is attitude. It doesn't make so much difference where one is or how fast he is moving, as which way he is faced. I received my intellectual regimen of nourishment, beverage and roughage in such small amounts and at such rare intervals that most of it was absolutely delicious and all of it palatable; and this gave me a powerful tropism toward the world of letters. All the education I was vouchsafed dealt with the printed page. The era of studies of actual things had not arrived in our schools; in fact, it is only now beginning to be seen as the important thing in education.

Most of our Iowa pioneers were farmers, though the town dwellers, being more articulate, have arrogated to themselves most of the written records. They were farmers who brought with them the desire merely to make homes and livings therefrom. Some of the covered-wagon people were possessed of the greed of land speculation, but most of them simply desired homes of their own; that and the satisfaction of the racial urge to follow the setting sun. They found the prairie lacking in the capacity to yield the satisfaction of as many of their wants as did the forest.

A Bond Servant to Wheat

There was no game to furnish skins for clothing. They had left the hemp and flax behind them. There were no maples for sugar, no bee trees for honey, little wild fruit for food. So for a while their regimen was far less adequate than that to which they were accustomed. There was no forest to give them logs for houses, and little timber fit for lumber. Soon they had fuel to buy. There were no salt licks for salt. In a thousand ways they were forced to resort to the production of a surplus to sell for money with which to buy supplies. This impelled them into wheat growing; and Illinois and Iowa began to glut the markets with it, and with quantities of oats, barley and such other cereals as could be sold. As soon as I was able to work I became a bond servant to wheat.

With the first honk of the wild goose in spring our minds turned to the cleaning of seed wheat; and I was called upon to turn the crank of the fanning mill which took out of it the chaff, oats and light kernels. At first all grains were sowed by hand. I remember seeing my father walking across the fields of black soil, a two-bushel bag held open with his left hand and slung across his shoulder, while, as he stepped, his right swayed with perfect rhythm out to the end of his graceful gesture, back with a skillful twist of the wrist as the grain was scattered evenly, and with the same movement went into the bag again for another handful. But the genius of inventors gave us all the time more and better tools. Soon came the seeder like a heavy two-wheeled carriage drawn by horses, which sowed the grain, covering the wheat with its shovels. Then came the grain drill.

In the work of seeding my job was to follow the sower with a team dragging the square, or forty-tooth, harrow. How I dreaded the time of walking after that drag, back and forth across the field of soft tilth until it seemed as if my feet and ankles, stiffened by poliomyelitis, would break under me. When I began this I was so small and such an inexperienced driver that sometimes at the ends of the field I turned my team too short, the outer section of the harrow whirled up into the air and I was in danger of an upset, which might throw the sharp steel teeth in such a way as to threaten the stabbing of horses, or myself perhaps, as it jerked about. But the farmer boy shoulders responsibility. He must take care of himself. He has a team and valuable tools in his charge. He is supposed to be as wise as a serpent, as harmless as a dove and as industrious as a beaver. That is why there is so much education for boys in rural life.

At first all we had to do was to tickle the new-broken prairie with a harrow and a few other things—a laborious tickle for us, of course—and it laughed with a harvest. Never was there a scene of such redundance as was exhibited by those virgin prairies at the flush of the wheat yield. In the beginning the landscape was a glorious undulating sea of waving prairie grass, on which floated here and there a quadrangular raft of tillage. The roads were wagon tracks, running diagonally from the villages to the farms, and in main roads from town to town; but these were gradually crowded by tillage from their antigodling courses over to their present places on the section lines, all running north and south or east and west.

The Spring Seeding Fever

Each farm became in its first season of new breaking a sea of tumbleweeds, the seeds of which must have been always normally scattered over the prairie, to germinate and grow into huge globes of green when their vegetable competitors were destroyed by the plow, to die in autumn, and then to roll over the plain before the wind, looking like ghosts in the twilight, or like scudding prairie wolves by day, and to drift in huge piles into our cornfields or groves. The German immigrants called them wolves. They were then a peculiar feature of the Iowa landscape. The Dakotas and Montana have their own type of tumble-weed in the pestiferous Russian thistle. Ours were really almost harmless.

After the encroaching area of cultivation assumed importance, industry touched the landscape with its magic wand and it became another sort of ocean—a sea of wheat. All our seeding was done in the spring. It was not until the Russian immigrants had brought along with the Russian thistle a more hardy type of winter wheat to the states west of us that fall seeding was known. Our spring fever was a fever of seeding. Teams, seeders and harrows moved across the black fields from early morn to dusk, the golden grain went into the soil for a fortnight or so, and then we waited for the sprouting.

Sometimes the sky was almost darkened by great flocks of what we called wheat birds, which whirled in evolutions of sport from field to field and, settling down, fattened on such grains as had not been covered. Since early days those great flocks of wheat birds have ceased to appear. They seem to have been of some species which, while there was still plenty of prairie grass in which to nest and a new supply of grain on which to feed, multiplied to many times their former numbers, but have since dwindled to a status which renders them again inconspicuous. I believe they were the prairie horned lark, that sweet-singing little darling which makes the Iowa twilight so melodious with his slow and gentle solo in spring.

The progress of the wheat had a stressful enchantment for us. First it showed a tinge of almost invisible green on the brows of hills after a rain; then its stiff spires stood sparkling in the morning sun, like the points of bright green nails driven up from below; then its broad blades of dark green began rippling like watered silk in the prairie breeze; and finally there it stood breast-high, waving in the wind in lakes of billows. Its progress meant weal to us and

Continued on Page 169

The Success of LONGVIEW, Wash. was Pre-determined

The City Practical that Vision Built

FROM the first master stroke—*the selection of its location*—Longview's ultimate development into one of the future great cities of the Pacific Northwest has been systematically planned.

The success of Longview was *pre-determined.*

Every essential of a successful city has been incorporated in its carefully calculated schedule of progress.

From a standing start, only two years ago, in a valley of farms and orchards, Longview already has become a city of more than seven thousand inhabitants. Great manufacturing plants have been built and the roar of industry is now a reality. Ocean liners—three and four at a time—are loading cargo at Longview docks. Millions of dollars are being spent in new projects. And so Longview moves rapidly in strict accord with the pre-determined plans and desires of its founders.

Today Longview offers ideally planned locations for factories, for wholesale, jobbing and retail businesses, for income property investment, for a home or for suburban garden land investment.

FACTORY INDUCEMENTS—Longview presents the ten essentials for successful industry.

1—Transportation by river, by sea, by rail and by highway.
2—Accessible markets, domestic and foreign.
3—Expertly planned industrial districts.
4—Reasonable land prices.
5—Raw materials.
6—Fuel and power.
7—Labor
8—Unexcelled climate.
9—A place to live with all the conveniences of a modern city.
10—Community spirit.

The great Long-Bell lumber manufacturing plants are now in operation and a second unit is being built. The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, largest holders of privately owned timber in America, has selected Longview for one of its great manufacturing plants.

The Fleishhacker banking interests of San Francisco, and other great business concerns have announced large investments in this new industrial city of the Pacific Northwest.

Big business must be sure.

Big business is sure of Longview.

The Longview Company invites the most rigid investigation by manufacturers in all lines.

PROPERTY INVESTMENT—No section of the country offers greater opportunities, or greater security for investments in income producing properties, than the Pacific Northwest.

The continued rapid growth of Longview, on a safe and sane basis, without the aid of boom methods, invites the utmost consideration of the careful, conservative investor in income properties.

Office buildings and store rooms, apartment houses, apartment hotels, suburban garden lands and rental houses are some types of income producing properties which will be needed to keep pace with Longview's mighty strides.

Longview's growth, although phenomenal, is not of the "mushroom" variety. In much the same manner that a great building is erected from the plans of an able architect, Longview is being built from the plans of expert city planners.

The millions that have been expended for construction in Longview are invested in permanent types of buildings.

Longview is not an experiment.

Longview is a *fact.*

WHOLESALE AND JOBBING—More wholesale and jobbing establishments, of the better class, will be required to serve Longview's ever increasing population and the rich territory adjacent.

Big industries permanently locating in Longview are bringing well paid workers and rapidly enhancing the business opportunities in many lines.

Longview is fifty miles from the nearest larger city. It is surrounded by several smaller towns and by an abundantly productive farming community. Located on two of the most popular national highways, Longview is visited yearly by thousands of tourists. Last year Longview had, it is estimated, more than 200,000 visitors.

Some of the best known retail store organizations in the world have placed the stamp of approval on this wonder city of the Pacific Northwest.

Longview's future is not a theory nor a dream. There will be no "boom".

"Fly-by-night" business concerns cannot thrive in Longview.

A HOME DELIGHTFUL—Who has not dreamed of just such a place as Longview for a home?

Situated in a beautiful valley where the Cowlitz River joins the mighty Columbia on its way to the Pacific Ocean—amid the grandeur of immense forests and mountain ranges—Longview is the dream come true for happy young home builders.

Out here in the great Pacific Northwest there is room to grow. Here great things are being accomplished and there are unlimited opportunities for sturdy young manhood and young womanhood.

Longview is not a straggling "boom-type" town. Longview is a city of vision—planned by expert city planners and built for permanence. Its industries and business enterprises provide many opportunities for progressive young Americans.

You will enjoy the progressive spirit of this modern young city. You will find the climate delightful. There are complete facilities for the education of your children, and every approved means for healthful recreation have been provided. Longview's stores are of the highest type. Living costs in Longview are moderate.

Monthly Payrolls Near Million Mark

Longview's payrolls will aggregate $800,000 a month as early as the middle of this summer, it is conservatively estimated. . . . . Longview has grown from nothing to a permanent, modern city in less than two years' time without the use of "boom methods".

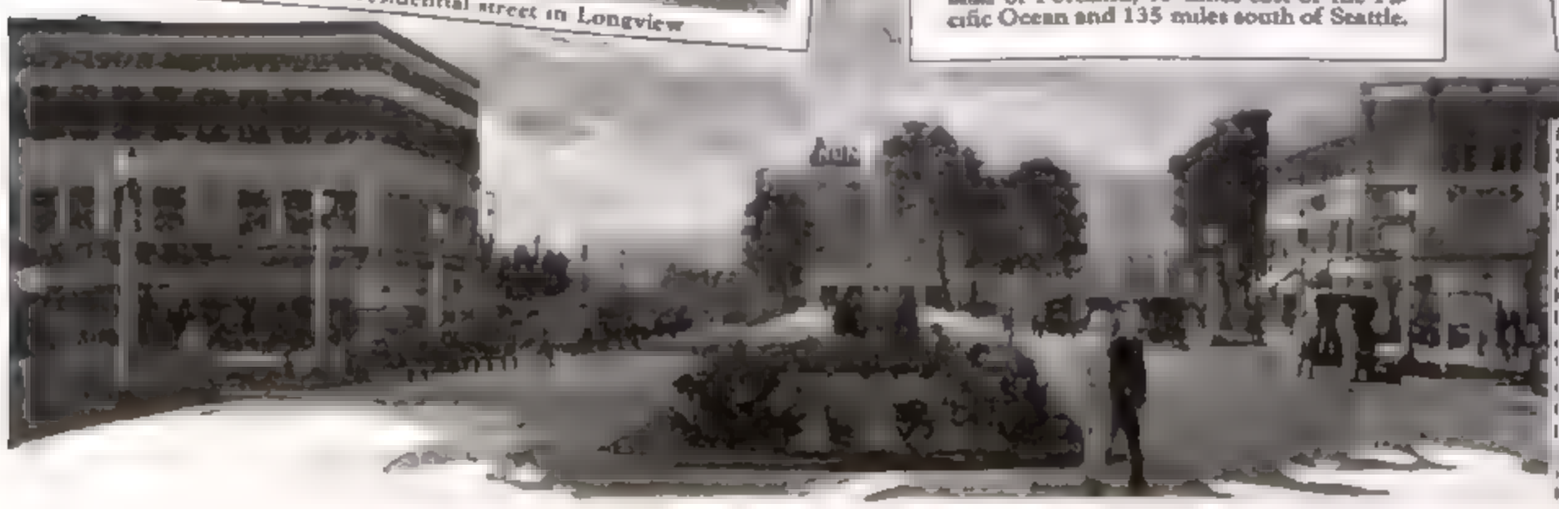
A typical residential street in Longview

Longview has all the essentials to make a city, and its foremost asset is Transportation—three trans-continental railways, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern; the Columbia River with its ocean-going commerce to the leading ports of the world; two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—and a third, the Ocean Beach Highway, now being built. Longview is 50 miles northwest of Portland, 50 miles east of the Pacific Ocean and 135 miles south of Seattle.

Building Activities This Year

The first unit of a $200,000 public hospital with 80 beds. A $150,000 public library. A $75,000 passenger station. A $125,000 community church. Five larger business buildings aggregating $250,000. A $100,000 addition to the public school. Fifteen additional miles of concrete paving.

Four ocean freighters loading cargo at Longview docks



PLEASE USE THE COUPON IN SENDING FOR LITERATURE

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Wash. Dept. 11

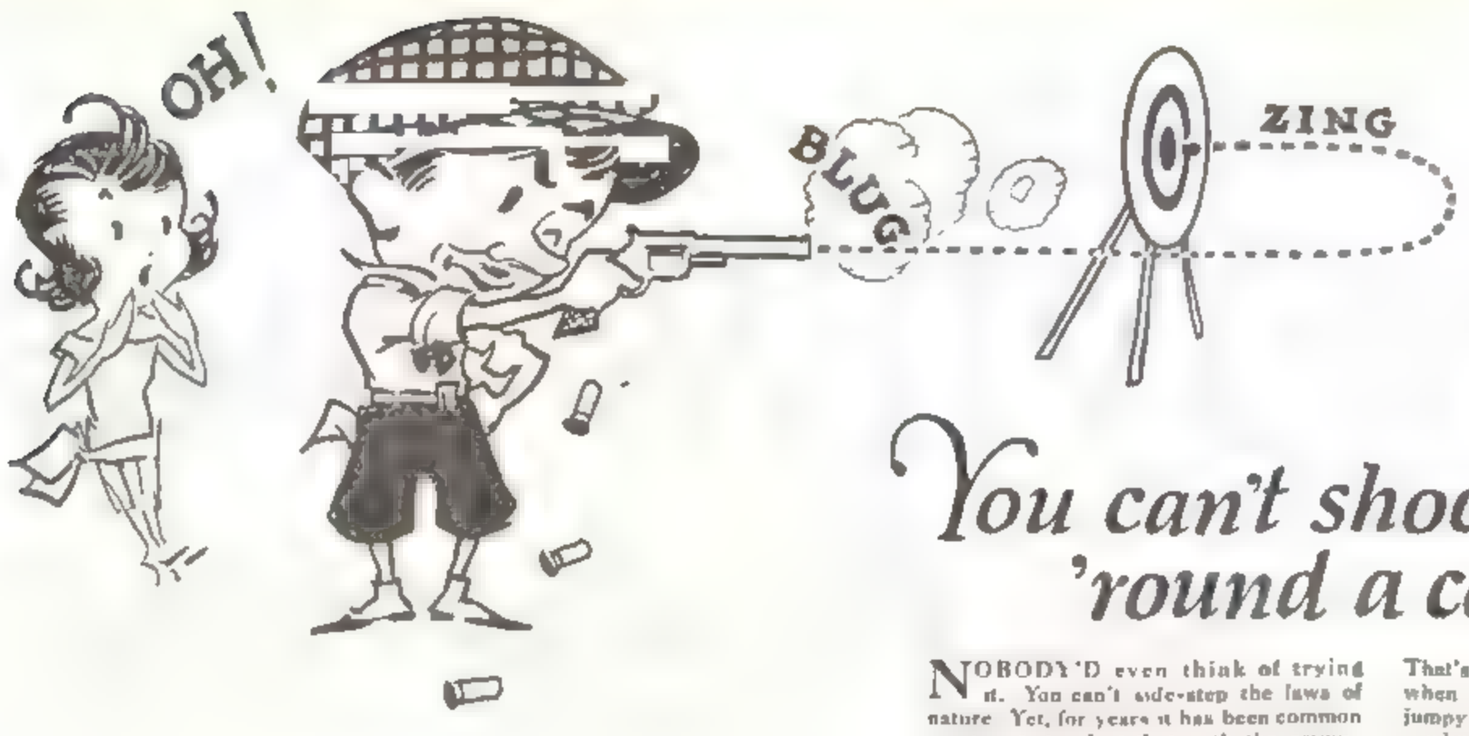
Gentlemen: Please send me literature concerning the new city of Longview. I am particularly interested in its opportunities for:

(Make a check mark in the square)

[ ] Manufacturing	[ ] Retail	[ ] Wholesale
[ ] Professional	[ ] Commercial	[ ] Home Site
[ ] Suburban Acreage	[ ] Income Property Investment	

Name _____

Address _____



You can't shoot a bullet 'round a corner

NOBODY'D even think of trying it. You can't side-step the laws of nature. Yet, for years it has been common practice to try just that with the ammunition we give our cars—the tiny drops of gasoline that make the wheels go 'round.

From the day of the early "fours," car manufacturers have been shooting gasoline from the carburetor into a manifold with graceful, sweeping curves that the mixture is supposed to follow—and often doesn't.

That's why most engines spit and sputter when they're started cold—why they're jumpy and jerky below 4 or 5 miles an hour—why some cylinders show more carbon and spark plug troubles than others. It's why, in most cars, some cylinders are over-fed with fuel and others almost die of starvation.

All these things are due to poor combustion caused by improper fueling—uneven distribution to the cylinders.

Perfect combustion in all cylinders guarantees *longer* car life-*better* motor performance -and a *great* saving in gasoline

THE Swan System is conceded to be the *most remarkable improvement yet achieved in carburetion.* It differs from other carburetion devices in three important fundamentals.

First—It's a complete system—a carburetor that provides the proper mixture, and a fuel distributor that carries this mixture in uniform quantities to each cylinder.

Second—It's designed and built to handle present-day fuel.

Third—Instead of bucking nature's laws, it uses them to accomplish the desired results in the simplest possible way.

And here are the results!

Any engine equipped with a Swan System shows substantially perfect combustion in all cylinders under all conditions. It starts on all cylinders—hot or cold. It throttles down to less than 5 miles in high without bucking or jerking. It has smoother, sweeter action and increased power at all speeds.

And—it will give you real economy both in fuel and upkeep.

These are reasons why licenses to use the Swan System as a whole, or the Swan Fuel Distributor, have been taken out by General Motors, Peerless, Buda, Lycoming Motors, American LaFrance, Yellow Sleeve Valve Engine Works and others.

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CARBURETOR AND FUEL DISTRIBUTOR

(Continued from Page 166)

its damage woe. It grew so rank sometimes that we trembled at every shower for fear it would lodge down into a slimy recumbence on the ground. When the grasshopper plague appeared west of us, we searched the air with our eyes and scanned the roadsides for locusts. We talked wheat, we swam in a medium of wheat.

Then came the harvest. My first memory of wheat is of my father cutting it with an old Seymour & Morgan hand-rake reaper. He sat in the seat and drove, while my brother-in-law stood or sat—I forget which—and raked off the sheaves into gavels to be bound. I could not then have been more than four years old. The hand-rake machine was not much of an improvement over the cradle, which was the first step forward from the sickle wielded by the harvesters after whom Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz.

Not for long were we left with no better harvesting machine than the hand-rake reaper. The development of the prairies and the genius of the inventors reacted upon each other. We soon had our choice among several better types. There was the McCormick reaper, with its reel to throw the standing grain on the platform back of the vibrating sickle, and its huge rake which rose at regular intervals like a great red beckoning hand, swept through the air, turned with an ingenious and effective twist and swept the sheaf into a gavel which lay beside its track—a most impressive and picturesque tool. But the Aultman-Taylor type was equally striking. All had their reels and platforms and reciprocating sickles, working in guards like fingers, which held the standing straws while the sickles cut them; but the Aultman-Taylor had a whole inflorescence of rakes which blossomed from a central root crown of machinery low down at the driver's left. These rakes, however, fooled their time away, as it seemed to me, by just giving the standing grain a backward shove against the sickle—all but one. This one rake, whenever it came around, mysteriously followed a course of its own, dropping down into some slot or channel, and raked off the sheaves as did the beckoning hand of the McCormick. It was a marvel to me—this rakish eccentricity of one of the whirling members. A third type of reaper was the Buckeye dropper, which carried the cut grain along on a row of slats, and the gavel was dropped to be taken up by the binders.

Binding One's Station

We divided into factions in support of our favorite machines. On our farm we were partisans of the dropper; but after a while we found that we were wrong. The Germans taught us. They deviated from the American plan of always having binders enough to take up what the machine could cut as fast as it slashed it down. They used their boys and girls and women in the harvest field. We hired men who would now be called hobos, but were really good industrious young fellows out to make money when wages were high. They often followed the harvests from Texas to Manitoba.

Our harvesters each bound his station, which consisted of every man binding his share of the sheaves raked off or dropped while the machine was going around the field. When the large-scale production of wheat began, the farmer was required to have six men to follow the machine. Then either economic pressure or increasing skill cut down the number to five, and in many fields to four.

In the latter case the binder had to bind a third of the way around the field while the machine made the circuit. If he didn't he was caught. To be caught by the machine was a sort of disgrace and the culprit was mercilessly chaffed. The *esprit de corps* was high, especially when, as was usually the case, a jug of whisky or of grain alcohol and water sweetened with brown sugar was occasionally brought out by the water carrier.

I began my harvesting as a water carrier; and I remember that the first time I took out the whisky—it was in a bottle—I stopped in the grove, just for devilment, and took a sip of it. I wanted to know how it tasted.

I handed the bottle to Henry, a dashing young wanderer who had been hired that morning.

"I seen you stop there behind the trees and take a drink," said Henry, who knew boy nature. "Don't think you can fool your Uncle Hank, son!"

I stammered and blushed. I wondered how he knew.

Whoever thinks it anything less than a man's job to bind a third of the round, while the team makes a whole one, ought to try it. The sun beat down with all the fierceness of a Sahara noon. The yellow straw seemed to condense the rays like a lens. The green katydids sailed off out of the path of the hasting feet. The meadow lark sang from the tops of tall gum weeds. The binder was inordinately proud of his skill sometimes. He pulled from the sheaf, as he threw it away, enough straw wherewith to make a band for the next, and as he walked he twisted it into form, the heads in the middle, the butts spread, his thumb on the crook back of the heads. As he approached the gavel his feet shoved the grain up into a sheaf, he dexterously squared it up with a single little toss, threw the band about it as he lifted it, laid it on the ground, cinched it up and tucked the straw into a knot; and then he threw it away, and at the same time snatched out the straw for the next band, gathered up such loose straw as might have been left so as to make a clean job of it, and was on to the next sheaf. Usually, however, he did the business of each sheaf during a pause in his progress. Often he had to trot from gavel to gavel.

At the end of his station, which was where the man ahead of him had begun, his shirt was dripping with sweat as he looked back for the on-coming reaping machine, and if there was time he sat or lay down, with his head on a sheaf, for a rest.

A Harvest Tragedy

Some farmers always believed that this system of binding stations had so much of emulation in it that it was economical. But the Germans abandoned it, cut whole fields of gavels to be bound up, and by using their women and children got their harvests in with less expense than was possible by the Yankee way.

Sometimes there would be a rattlesnake in a sheaf. One of our neighbors, a German settler fresh from the old country, took his wife into the harvest field to help with the binding. She took her baby along and parked it under a shock in the shade. One day the man came to the house of a neighbor just as they were sitting down to dinner. They invited him to join them and he accepted.

After eating heartily, he confided to them that his wife was sick.

"She vas vorkin' in te fielt," said he, "an' a snake stung her in de handt. Pretty soon she couldn't vork no more, ant so she vent to de house to git dinner; but ven I vent to dinner she didn't haf any got. I vas hungry too."

The German was astounded to see that family leap like a blade from the scabbard, put a boy on a horse to gallop posthaste for a doctor, while the wife hurried to the German's house to apply snake-bite remedies. But the poor woman died that night.

To us the attitude of our new neighbor was one justifying a sort of shocked contempt on our part. There had been in our ancestry a long line of pioneers familiar with rattlesnakes and a thousand other less horrible things related to the primitive. A man who could stick to his work after his wife had been snake-bit, send her to the house to get dinner after the virus in her veins had begun its deadly work, and then calmly sit down and eat a meal before mentioning it to a neighbor, stamped the entire

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class of immigrants in our rather narrow minds as being of a low order of intelligence. We could not make the proper allowances for the fact that he was densely ignorant of our conditions, including our snakes, had been an ignorant laborer in Germany, and, of course, could not react in the instant alarm of one of us to the peril which to him was a thing theretofore unheard of.

It is a story of some significance as to this great matter of assimilation of immigrants. These Germans were, after all, our sort of people. They belonged to our branch of the white race. They were basically quite as intelligent as we. They were quite as good people as we were. They responded with wonderful quickness to the tests of fitness for American citizenship. Now if even with them there were so many mutual adjustments to be made before we could really feel the sense of fellowship in citizenship, what argument can be offered against the strict regulation and the exclusion in large measure of the still more alien immigrants from Asia and from Eastern and Southern Europe, with whom we have so much less in common than with the Germans? Common citizenship calls for coöperation and mutual understanding. Our own shortcomings, if they prevent the approaches of citizen to citizen, are as necessary to be taken into account as those of the immigrants.

It is possible to imagine a people who ought to be excluded as immigrants precisely to the extent to which they might be superior to ourselves, if that superiority set them off from us. It is not a question of superiority at all, but one of fitness for fellowship in the great work of self-government.

There was a harvesting machine, still in use in some regions, I believe, which cut off the heads and threshed them as it ran. The straw was discharged in a windrow beside the machine, and the wheat dropped into a box, which needed but to be emptied occasionally, and the harvesting was done. Illinois was the great center of invention in harvesting machinery, and this combined reaper and thresher was given most of its tryouts there. Many of our German neighbors who came to us after a stay in the vicinity of Freeport, Illinois, brought with them a side-splitting story—to them—of how a German farmer there never called anything but Rich Fred had tried out this three-phase machine, if I may so describe it. He gave a party to show off his new tool. A crowd assembled. The wheat was nice and ripe and dry and the machine worked beautifully. The wheat box was filled and emptied. The straw lay in windrows along the sides of the fields of standing grain. The beer flowed as freely as it should when so many good Germans get together to celebrate so great an event—so freely that it fuddled the brains of the operators to the extent that they forgot to put back the wheat box after emptying it; and for a long summer's afternoon the wonderful machine sang its song, cut the grain, threshed it—and scattered it back on the earth whence it had grown.

"Rich Fred yust said damn, an' laid down under the machine and vent to schleep," was the end of the tale. "It vas awful funny."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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